


The Faith of Our Pioneer Fathers

By Bryant S. Hinckley

Published by
DESERET BOOK COMPANY
44 East South Temple
Salt Lake City, Utah

1959



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Preface

THE WORLD has never produced a better group of men than the pioneers of Utah, and no other group of men have done better pioneering. The reason for their superior work is not far to seek.

Those pioneers had in their hearts the love of God, a reverence for the Constitution of the United States, and a passion for freedom. Wherever their weary feet rested, the ground upon which they stood was dedicated to freedom.

Through the ages successful pioneering in all fields of honorable endeavor has been the result of vision backed by valor which means the capacity to see what can be done and the courage to do it. That is faith in the concrete; the faith by which our fathers lived and wrought.

Running through the center of their lives was a deep religious current, which gave direction to all they did—dominated their thinking and held them steadfastly to their purpose.

Work redeemed the desert, made the roads, bridged the streams, and built the schoolhouses, but religion put meaning and effectiveness into that work.

This faith was the impelling force that brought them to these distant vales—that girded them in their struggles for an existence, that enabled them to drive the frown of desolation from the face of the land and make it smile with plenty.

In no previous dispensation has there been more abundant and convincing proofs of divine power than in the present.

From that fruitful field we have gathered this material. The value of this book lies chiefly in making available the

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Printed by

Deseret News Press

In the United States of America

faith rewarding experiences in the lives of the honored dead, who laid the foundations of this commonwealth.

The faith of our fathers did more than subdue the wilderness and make it habitable. It established in this western land the ideals of democracy, upheld the majesty of law and planted here the love of peace, justice and freedom.

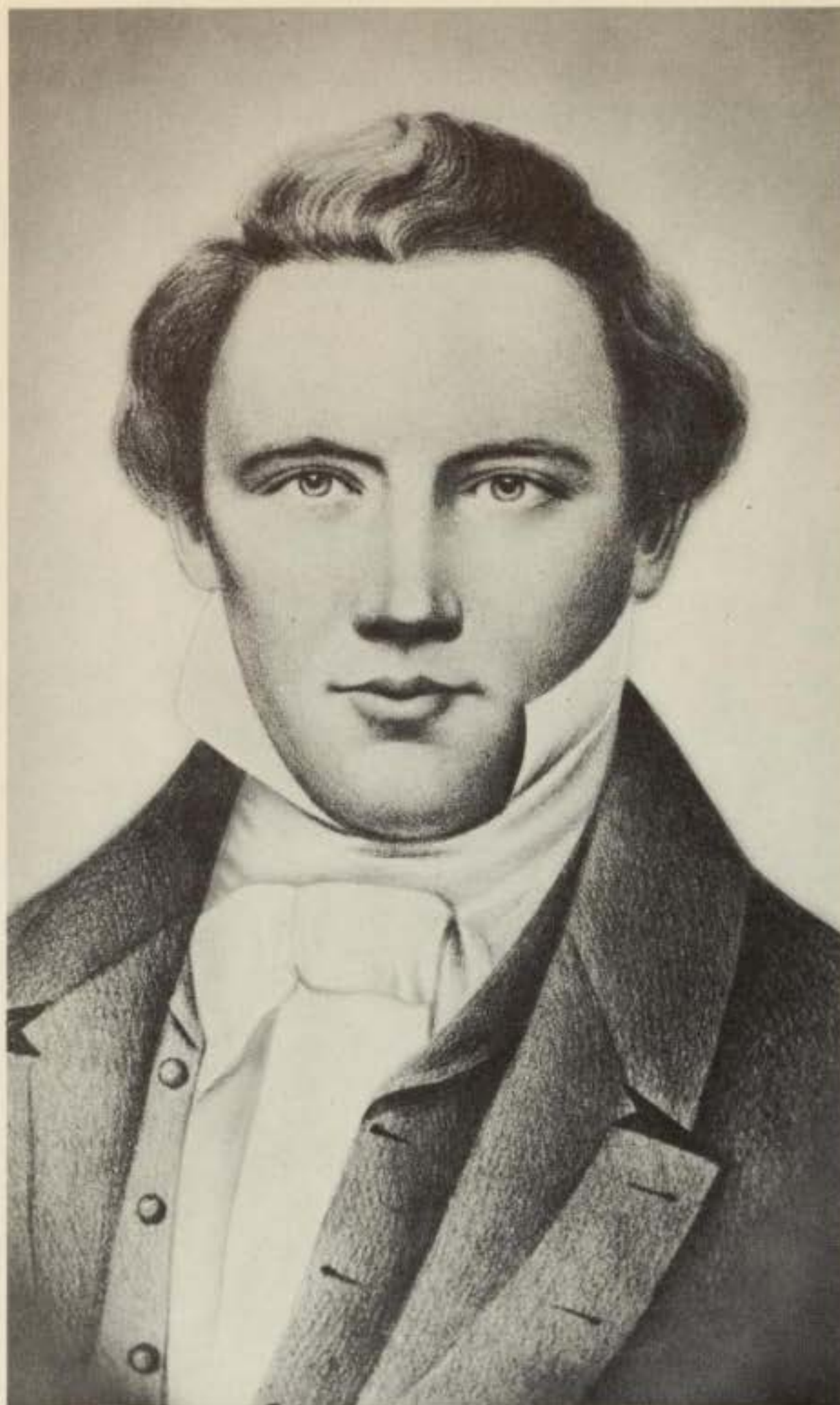
To make this faith live and grow in our hearts and in the hearts of our children is the object of this book.

BRYANT S. HINCKLEY

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JOSEPH SMITH

Joseph Smith, the Modern Prophet

AFTER a hundred years, Joseph Smith, the Modern Prophet, stands high among the towering figures of all time. His place is at the head of the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times, the crowning Gospel dispensation, the most exalted place conferred by heaven upon a mortal man.

There are no authentic portraits of him and there is no one living who saw him. Before he was 39 years of age he was martyred in cold blood at Carthage Jail, Illinois. George Q. Cannon who, as a young man, knew the prophet intimately, has left this description of him:

"He was a man of great physical beauty and stateliness, six feet in height, standing in his stockings, and grandly proportioned. In his mature years he weighed about two hundred pounds. His eyes were blue and tender; his hair was brown, plentiful and wavy; he wore no beard, and his complexion was one of transparency so rare as to be remarkable; the exquisite clearness of his skin was never clouded. His carriage was erect and graceful; he moved always with an air of dignity and power which strangers often called kingly. He was full of physical energy and daring. Without any appearance of effort he could perform astonishing feats of strength and agility; and without any apparent thought of fear he met and smiled upon every physical danger. When he had become educated and refined as gold in the furnace by his communion with the Holy Spirit, his words were heeded as if they were falling jewels. He never had to beg for listeners; nor had he to ask twice an audience with any one who had once met him. The great

men of the nation, with whom he came into contact, felt the power of his mighty spirit. He was their peer as a philosopher and a statesman. He was more, because he not only knew the past, but he saw the future.”*

In the following chapters, frequent reference is made to the prophet as the instrument through which the Gospel was restored and the Church organized again upon the earth, to his inspiration and power, to the majesty of his personality and the source of his remarkable leadership.† Two of his prophecies and their fulfillment are given in this chapter.

SAINTS DRIVEN TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

On Saturday, the fifth of August, 1842, while Joseph was conversing with several of his brethren in Montrose, Iowa, he uttered a marvelous prophecy which, like every other prediction from his lips, has been literally fulfilled. He declared that the Saints would continue to suffer much persecution and would finally be driven to the Rocky Mountains, many would apostatize, others would be put to death by their persecutors or lose their lives in consequence of their exile. And many of those who listened to him would live to assist in building cities and see the Saints become a mighty people in the tops of the Rocky Mountains.

That prophecy was uttered publicly and was placed on record at the time.

Joseph Smith never lived to see the Rocky Mountains with his natural eye, but many who listened to him on that occasion were driven to the Rocky Mountains and

*George Q. Cannon, *Life of Joseph Smith*, page 322.

†In Chapter IV is recorded the most remarkable case of healing that ever took place in this or any other dispensation, told by Wilford Woodruff who participated with the Prophet and others in this marvelous experience.

“Majesty in Chains,” descriptive of a scene in a Missouri jail, by Parley P. Pratt, and recorded in Chapter X, has long since found a place among the literary gems of this gifted writer and martyr for truth.

The tragic story of the martyrdom of the prophet and his brother, Hyrum, is told by John Taylor, an eye witness, in Chapter III.

spent their lives fulfilling the prophecy they heard fall from his lips on that August day.

The fulfillment of this prophecy records the greatest migration of its kind in all history. Between 1847 and 1869, the latter date marking the advent of the railroad, more than 80,000 people crossed the plains principally by ox teams. Of this number, however, 6,000 were unable to finish and were buried by the wayside, in nameless graves. This migration had a far reaching effect upon the destiny of America. Time only will reveal its place in history.

CIVIL WAR

Joseph Smith made another prophecy of great significance on Christmas Day, 1832. It is known as, “Revelation and Prophecy on War.” This was received twenty-eight years before Fort Sumter was fired upon. It reads as follows:

“Verily, thus saith the Lord concerning the wars that will shortly come to pass, beginning at the rebellion of South Carolina, which will eventually terminate in the death and misery of many souls;

“And the time will come that war will be poured out upon all nations, beginning at this place.

“For behold, the Southern States shall be divided against the Northern States, and the Southern States will call on other nations, even the nation of Great Britain, as it is called, and they shall also call upon other nations, in order to defend themselves against other nations; and then war shall be poured out upon all nations . . .

“And thus, with the sword and by bloodshed the inhabitants of the earth shall mourn; . . .” D. & C. 87:1, 2, 3, 6.

The revelation states, (1) that war will begin with the rebellion of South Carolina, (2) The Southern states will be divided against the Northern States, (3) The Southern States will call on Great Britain, who in turn will call upon all other nations to defend themselves, (4) War will be poured out upon the nations, (5) It will terminate in the

death and misery of many souls, (6) With the sword and by bloodshed the inhabitants of the earth shall mourn.

Let us examine the facts in this case: (1) Where did the war begin?

On November 5, 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. On December 10, the United States Senators from South Carolina resigned and on the 24th her representatives in Congress withdrew and on December 20, the State Convention passed the ordinance of secession. The first shot of rebellion was fired from the shores of South Carolina on the morning of April 12, 1861.

(2) This was the beginning of the war between the States. Very soon eleven Southern States joined the Confederacy, and the Southern States were divided against the Northern States, then followed four years blacked with the tempest of a devastating conflict which threatened the complete dismemberment of the Union. The Union was saved and the nation has grown in majesty and power and has become the pride and glory of the earth.

(3) The revelation declares that the Southern States will call upon Great Britain, who in turn will call upon other nations to defend themselves. In May 1861 the Confederacy sent commissioners abroad to seek recognition and aid from foreign powers. James A. Mason and John Slidell were sent as ambassadors to England and France, respectively. These men did not succeed in securing the open assistance of Great Britain, but it is well known that British sympathies were with the Confederate cause.

According to the words of the revelation, the Civil War would terminate in the death and misery of many souls. At that time the Civil War was considered to be one of the most tremendous conflicts on record. This is what the statistics show: The entire loss on both sides, including those who were permanently disabled, as well as those killed in battle and who died from wounds received and diseases con-

tracted in the service amount to one million men, and young men they were.* Referring to the losses of the Civil War, Brigham H. Roberts writes:

"To the terrible loss of life and property let there be added the consideration of the suffering of the wounded and the sick who languished in loathsome prisons, the sorrow of the widows and orphans, who looked in vain for the return of their husbands and fathers, who marched in the fullness of manly strength to war; the anguish of parents, whose dim eyes looked in vain for the sons thrown into unknown graves and the gentle, yet equally tender sorrow of sisters who in the fierce war lost the companions of their childhood. Let all of this I say be taken into account, as resulting from the war and the misery of many souls, no less than the death of many others will be apparent."†

TERRIBLE CONFLICTS FOLLOW

The Civil War was but the beginning of a series of wars vastly more terrible than it was. It is enlightening to note that there were inventions and discoveries made during this war that completely revolutionized warfare the world over. In 1862, the machine gun, or "Gatling gun" as we came to know it, was brought forth. This was the beginning of a new and terribly destructive weapon of war. Another invention was the revolving turret in connection with the iron-clad warship, developed in the *Monitor* when that vessel had its engagement with the *Merrimac*. This device subsequently was adopted on all gunboats. The first submarine was used during this war, the first military telegraph line and subsequently the telephone and railroads were used—developments which changed the whole technique of war.

Following the Civil War, Great Britain lost her sense of security, and the nations in their great alarm, because of

*U. S. News and World Report, Feb. 3, 1956, page 50, quotes "529,332 died" in U. S. Civil War.

†Brigham H. Roberts, *Comprehensive History of the Church*, Vol. I, pp. 299-300.

the new military methods which were being developed and their fear of other nations which followed, entered into alliances and secret agreements in order to protect themselves from assaults from other nations. At the outbreak of World War I, and during that war, other alliances were made until almost every nation on the face of the earth had taken sides. It was during World War I that Great Britain made her appeal to the nations to come to the defense of the standards of democracy. Her pleadings were heard around the world. The entire procedure conformed precisely to the prediction made by Joseph Smith, that she (Great Britain) should call on other nations in order to defend herself against other nations. No human wisdom could have foreseen these developments. The following statements of the revelation were tragically fulfilled: (4) "War shall be poured out on all nations," (5) "it will terminate in the death and misery of many souls," and (6) "with the sword and by bloodshed the inhabitants of the earth shall mourn."

Those who lived through World War I and were familiar with its ghastly character thought that never again in the world would it be paralleled. Then followed the conflict of 1939-45, World War II, which spread death, devastation, bloodshed and unspeakable suffering in all parts of the earth. It was frequently stated that this was not a new war, but in reality a continuation of the same conflict that had commenced in 1914. The twenty-five years intervening between the two hostilities, were devoted to a preparation for war. The horrors of World War II surpassed an hundredfold all that had gone before. The peace which all hoped would follow that war has resulted in years of unrest and of the gravest anxiety. It would seem that war, famine, plagues, earthquakes in divers places have all played their part in the fulfillment of this prediction.

Statistics for World War II are reported as follows: Deaths 22,060,000; wounded 34,400,000.

All of this transpired years after the Prophet's death,

but millions of people witnessed the tragic fulfillment of this prophecy. The last two ghastly wars were not fought on our shores and some of us did not see services on the battle front; but none went untouched by its chastening hand.

At the present time millions of Americans are under arms. The nations of the earth are aligning themselves on one side or the other of the issue over which was fought a great battle in heaven before the world was framed. That issue is the agency of man. Our democracy is built upon the idea that men are able to govern themselves; that they are happier when they do so;—that no man has the right to rule over another man without that man's consent. That is the issue. The dignity of man is at stake. In the end democracy will triumph—at what cost, we do not know.

As we have shown, Joseph Smith prophesied and his prophecies came true. He did more than prophesy. To use the words of one of his biographers, "On the threshold of an organizing age he established the most perfect social mechanism in the modern world and developed a religious philosophy that has challenged anything of the kind in history for completeness and coherence. He set up the machinery for an economic system that would take the brood of fears out of the hearts of men—the fear of want, sickness, old age, unemployment and poverty."*

Josiah Quincy, noted writer and a distinguished citizen of Boston, interviewed Joseph Smith at Nauvoo a short time before the martyrdom. Mr. Quincy in this interview propounded this question: "What historical American of the nineteenth century has exerted the most powerful influence upon the destinies of his countrymen?"

The question is far from being as problematical now as it was 100 years ago.

Many men and women look upon Joseph Smith "... as a greater leader than Moses, a greater prophet than

*John Henry Evans, *Joseph Smith, An American Prophet*, 1936, p. v.

Isaiah; . . ." His disciples number more than a million, "and already a granite staff pierces the sky over the place where he was born."†

†*Ibid.*

Brigham Young, Prophet, Pioneer and Colonizer

NO LEADER of men, since the days of Moses, ever demonstrated greater genius for pioneering and colonizing than did Brigham Young. Yet at times his patience and ingenuity were taxed almost to the breaking point. One of the most trying situations of his long and remarkable career was during the second winter in Utah (1848-49). The crops, the preceding summer, had partially failed; the weather was severe and the snow unusually deep that winter. The people were poorly clad, uncomfortably housed, without sufficient food, and far from the center of supply. This was enough to try the faith of the staunchest of them. Many became discontented; many murmured.

Brigham Young met this trying situation magnificently and faced the problems with dauntless courage and almost infinite wisdom. James Brown in his autobiography gives this graphic description of those critical days:

PROPHECY FULFILLED

"The winter of 1848-49 was quite cold. Many people had their feet badly frozen. In February and March there began to be some uneasiness over the prospects, and as the days grew warmer the gold fever attacked many so that they prepared to go to California. Some had brought choice fruit pips and seed, but said they would not waste them by planting in a country like the Great Salt Lake Valley; others stated that they would not build a house in the valley, but would re-



BRIGHAM YOUNG

main in their wagons, for certainly our leaders knew better than to attempt to make a stand in such a dry, worthless locality, and would be going on to California, Oregon, or Vancouver's Island; still others said they would wait awhile before planting choice fruits, as it would not be long before they would return to Jackson County, Missouri.

"This discouraging talk was not alone by persons who had no experience in farming. Good farmers said: 'Why the wheat we grew here last year was so short that we had to pull it; the heads were not more than two inches long. Frost falls here every month in the year—enough to cut down all tender vegetation. In fact, James Bridger has told President Young that he will give a thousand dollars for the first bushel of corn raised in the open air here, for he says it cannot be done.'

"It was at this time of gloom that President Young stood before the whole people, and said, in substance, that some people had misgivings, and some were murmuring, and had not faith to go to work and make their families comfortable; they had the gold fever and were going to California. Said he: 'Some have asked me about going. I have told them that God has appointed this place for the gathering of the Saints, and you will do better right here than you will by going to the gold mines.

" 'I promise you in the name of the Lord that many of you that go, thinking you will get rich, will wish you had never gone away from here, and will long to come back but will not be able to do so. Some of you will come back, but your friends who remain here will have to help you; and the rest of you who are spared to return will not make as much money as your brethren do who stay here and help build up the Church and kingdom of God; they will prosper and be able to buy you twice over. Here is the place God has appointed for His people. We have been kicked out of the frying-pan into the fire, out of the fire into the middle of the floor, and here we are and here we will stay. God has

shown me that this is the spot to locate His people, and here is where they will prosper; He will temper the elements for the good of His Saints; He will rebuke the frost and the sterility of the soil, and the land shall become fruitful. Brethren, go, now, and plant out your fruit seeds.'

"Stretching his arms to the east and to the west, with his hands spread out, he said: 'For in these elements are not only all the cereals common to this latitude, but the apple, peach, and plum; yea, and the more delicate fruits, the strawberry and raspberry (sic); and we will raise the grape here and manufacture wine; and as the Saints gather here and get strong enough to possess the land, God will temper the climate, and we shall build a city and a temple to the Most High God in this place. We will extend our settlements to the east and west, to the north and to the south, and we will build towns and cities by the hundreds, and thousands of the Saints will gather in from the nations of the earth. This will become the great highway of the nations. Kings and emperors and the noble and wise of the earth will visit us here, while the wicked and ungodly will envy us our comfortable homes and possessions. Take courage, brethren. I can stand in my door and can see where there is untold millions of the rich treasures of the earth—gold and silver. But the time has not come for the Saints to dig gold. It is our duty first to develop the agricultural resources of this country, for there is no country on earth that is more productive than this. We have the finest climate, the best water, and the purest air that can be found on the earth; there is no healthier climate anywhere. As for gold and silver, and the rich minerals of the earth, there is no other country that equals this; but let them alone; let others seek them, and we will cultivate the soil; for if the mines are opened first, we are a thousand miles from any base of supplies, and the people would rush in here in such great numbers that they would breed a famine; and gold would not do us or them any good if there were no provisions in the

land. People would starve to death with barrels of gold; they would be willing to give a barrel of gold for a barrel of flour rather than starve to death. Then, brethren, plow your land and sow your wheat, plant your potatoes; let the mines alone until the time comes for you to hunt gold, though I do not think this people ever will become a mining people. It is your duty to preach the Gospel, gather Israel, pay your tithing, and build temples. The worst fear that I have about this people is that they will get rich in this country, forget God and His people wax fat, and kick themselves out of the Church and go to hell. This people will stand mobbing, robbing, poverty, and all manner of persecution, and be true. But my greater fear for them is that they cannot stand wealth; and yet they have to be tried with riches, for they will become the richest people on this earth.' "

In this crisis Brigham Young's mind was illuminated by the light of heaven. He saw things which required a hundred years to bring to pass. One has only to study these utterances and to compare them with the recorded facts to convince himself that Brigham Young was not only a great pioneer and colonizer, but also a prophet of the living God. This prophecy was delivered in the spring of 1849, in the Old Fort on the Sixth Ward Square in Salt Lake City, Utah, when this vast territory was a desert, untouched by civilized man. The echo of the miner's pick had not broken the primeval silence that had wrapped these vales for a thousand years. None of the hidden treasures of the earth of which he spoke so confidently had been discovered.

It is impressive to examine now what he said a hundred years ago. Speaking with a voice of authority, he declared: (1) "*Here is the place that God has appointed for this people. We have been kicked out of the frying pan into the fire and out of the fire into the middle of the floor, and here we are and here we will stay.*" There was no equivocation in that courageous declaration. Those who listened to him and accepted his advice, and most of them did, realized all

the blessings he promised them. This is the place that God had appointed for his people!

(2) *"God will temper the climate and the land will become fruitful."* The writer recalls that during Benjamin Harrison's administration (1889-93) as President of the United States, the Department of Agriculture offered a prize of five hundred dollars for the best five acres of wheat grown in the United States, and a man by the name of William Gibby, in Farmers Ward, Salt Lake County, was awarded that prize. A prize was offered for the best yield of potatoes per acre in the United States, and a farmer in Spanish Fork, Utah County, won the prize.* God has rebuked the frost and the sterility of the soil.

(3) *"We will build a city and a temple to the most high God, and towns and cities by the hundreds. The noble and wise of the earth will visit us."* Salt Lake City is conceded to be one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and it is on the crossroads of the nation. The site for the Salt Lake Temple was located on July 28, 1847; the cornerstones were laid with great ceremony on the 6th of April, 1853. The Temple itself was dedicated forty years after—April 6, 1893. On the occasion of the laying of the cornerstones, President Young said:

"I scarcely ever say much about revelation or visions, but suffice it to say, five years ago last July, 1847, I was here and saw in spirit the temple not ten feet from where we have laid the cornerstones. I have not inquired what kind of temple we shall build. Why? Because it was represented before me. I have never looked upon the ground but the vision of it was there. I saw it as plainly as if it was in reality before me. Wait until it is done. I will say, however, that it will have six towers to begin with instead of one."

President Young never lived to see the completion of the

*The writer stood on the railroad platform at Provo, Utah, and heard the Secretary of Agriculture make that statement, speaking from the rear platform of his car.

temple, but it was well on its way when death overtook him. During his lifetime, up to 1877, more than two hundred cities were located in this territory.

(4) He declared: *"I can stand in my back door and see where there is untold millions of the rich treasures of the earth . . . As for gold and silver and the rich minerals of the earth, there is no other country equal to this."* At the time Brigham Young was speaking, the state boundaries were not established, and the territory within his vision included an area within a radius of five hundred miles. This territory is the richest spot on earth as far as minerals are concerned. The estimated production of the mines of Utah up to 1951 was \$3,521,379,767.00. They produce \$500,000 daily. The records show that the territory within the radius of five hundred miles of Salt Lake City produces:

61% of the copper of the United States
25% of the lead
21% of the zinc
74% of the gold
62% of the silver

Added to all of this are vast coal fields, mountains of iron, gas and petroleum of unknown quantities. There are in these fields undeveloped, untold, and unmeasured millions of dollars in value. "The consumption of coal in the West could be increased 500 percent with a use of only one percent of the reserve in a hundred years."* All of this adds up to this fact: If Brigham Young were living today, he could not state the case with reference to minerals with greater clearness or with more accuracy than he did a hundred years ago. The inspiration of heaven indited these words of wisdom and prophecy. The literal fulfillment of what Brigham Young said on that occasion shows clearly that he was indeed a prophet.

*Facts and Figures About Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce, 1952, page 5.

CRISIS OF 1857

Eight years afterward another crisis arose, indeed a grave crisis, of a very different character. Johnston's Army was on its way to Utah to install a new governor. The pioneers were alarmed about this and well they might have been. It required great occasions to reveal the fortitude and capacity of Brigham Young. Never in his life did he stand out in such bold relief as a leader of faith and indomitable purpose as he did in this crisis.

Captain Stewart Van Vliet, who was Assistant Quartermaster on General Harney's staff, had come to Salt Lake City to see whether he could buy supplies for the Army, forage for the animals, and secure a camping place. Brigham Young had known the Captain and had respect for his integrity. He invited him to accompany him to a service held in the Old Tabernacle, Sunday morning, September 14, 1857.

There were about four thousand people present, and Elder John Taylor, likewise a lion-hearted leader, addressed them. He spoke of the approach of the troops and declared that they should not enter the territory. He referred to the possibility of an overpowering force being sent against them, and desired all present who would apply the torch to their buildings, cut down their trees, and lay waste their fields, to hold up their hands. Every hand in the audience was raised at the same moment. It was then that the President, with the Captain sitting beside him, arose and said:

A COURAGEOUS DECLARATION

"I have been in this kingdom a good while—twenty-five years and upwards, and I have been driven from place to place; my brethren have been driven; my sisters have been driven; we have been scattered and peeled, and every time without any provocation upon our part, only that we were united, obedient to the laws of the land, and striving to worship God. Mobs have repeatedly gathered against this

people, but they never had any power to prevail until governors issued their orders and called out a force under the letter of the law, to hold the Mormons still while infernal scamps cut their throats. I have had all that before me through the night past, and it makes me too angry to preach. Also to see that we are in a government, whose administrators are always trying to injure us while they are constantly at the defiance of all hell to prove any just grounds for their hostility against us; and yet they are organizing their forces to come here and protect infernal scamps who are anxious to come and kill whom they please, destroy whom they please, and finally exterminate us.

"This people are free; they are not in bondage to any government on God's footstool. We have transgressed no law, and we have no occasion to do so, neither do we intend to; but as for any nation's coming to destroy this people, GOD ALMIGHTY BEING MY HELPER, THEY CANNOT COME HERE."*

Captain Van Vliet was convinced that Brigham Young meant what he said. On his return, he made it clear to the commanding officers and to the Secretary of War how the people felt, and pointed out the folly of shedding blood when there was a far better way of settling this matter. It was during these critical days that Colonel Thomas L. Kane, a long-time friend of the Mormon people, rendered signal service. As a result of his appeal, the newly appointed governor, Alfred Cummings, accompanied by Colonel Kane and two servants, came to Salt Lake City and were courteously received. The final result was the appointment of a commission which came to Utah to ascertain the facts. Our people had been lied about and misrepresented in the most infamous manner by corrupt federal appointees. These commissioners were convinced of this and made recommendation to the federal authorities that the matter be settled without bloodshed and in a spirit of peace and understand-

*Preston Nibley, *Brigham Young—The Man and His Work*, pp. 298-299.

ing. War was averted, and the people returned to their homes in the surrounding communities from where they had migrated pending the final settlement of the crisis.

Thus ended a really grave situation in the history of this people. This critical occasion revealed the magnificent courage of the leaders of the Church.

In his courageous defiance of the Government's action in sending troops to Utah there was no thought of disloyalty to the principles of the Constitution. Brigham Young regarded it as a safeguard of our freedom. This is what he said about it:

"We will cling to the Constitution of our country and the Government that reveres that sacred charter of freedom's rights; and, if necessary, pour out our best blood for the defense of every good and righteous principle."

A GREAT LEADER

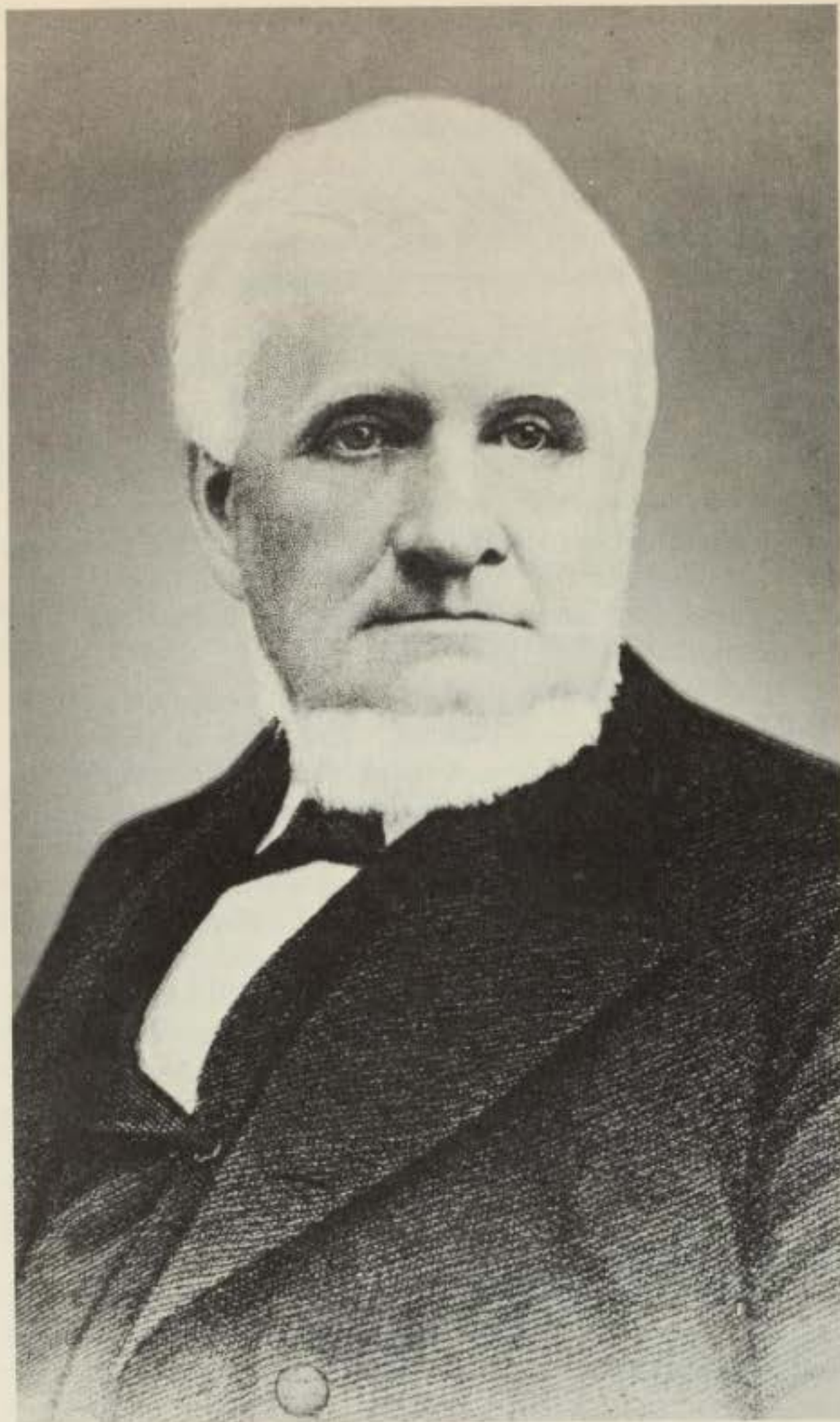
Brigham Young was born June 1, 1801, in Whittingham, a small town in Vermont. He died August 29, 1877, in Salt Lake City. Seventy-three years after his death a statue of him, heroic in size, created from Italian marble by his grandson, Mahonri Young, an internationally famous sculptor, was placed in the National Capitol Hall of Fame, Washington, D. C. Brigham Young combined spiritual insight and religious sincerity with practical wisdom in a way to make him a statesman of the highest order. He possessed the qualities that grow with greatness. In his historic career he stood undaunted amidst the vicissitudes and the turbulence of war and murder, yet he was gentle and benevolent toward all men.

It was said of him at the time of the dedication of this monument, that the mark of his genius was stamped on Western America. And he was appraised as "one of the most outstanding men that the Nineteenth Century has produced."

Herbert Hoover, former President of the United States, said: "One of the finest communities in the whole United States sprang from Brigham Young's founding." George Bernard Shaw had this to say: "Brigham Young lived to become immortal in history as an American Moses, by leading his people through the wilderness into an unpromised land."

At the unveiling of this statue, Vice President Alben W. Barkley said: "Brigham Young was no less a builder of a state than was Thomas Jefferson, George Rogers Clark, Lewis and Clark, or John C. Fremont, because Brigham Young was not merely a religious leader; he was a pioneer, carrying throughout the plains, deserts, and the mountains and the valleys of the West, the right of free worship, the right guaranteed under our Constitution, but he was also a statesman as well."

This is President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.'s estimate of him: "Brigham Young — a pioneer, unmatched in this whole hemisphere, a statesman, with a planned intermountain commonwealth of empire proportions; a friend of the poor, a lover of his fellow men, moving from Missouri the mob-driven, sick and destitute Saints; an unexcelled leader of men, trekking his people a thousand miles over plains, through mountain vastnesses, into barren valleys, and holding them there, intact, while gold seekers eddied about and flowed through and past them; a spiritual giant, loved, honored, obeyed, and trusted as in very deed the prophet, seer, and revelator of his people."



JOHN TAYLOR

John Taylor, a Lion-Hearted Leader

WE have selected only one event in the stirring life of this fearless leader. It is the tragic story of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith in Carthage Jail.

John Taylor was a martyr for the truth. His blood mingled with the blood of the Prophet and Patriarch in Carthage Jail. As we shall see, only through the providence of God was his life spared. During the critical years that followed the martyrdom he rendered eminent service to the people and the Church, distinguished himself as a brave leader of men and a prophet of God. He died in exile. It was said of him at the time of his death: "Today he occupies the place of a double martyr. President John Taylor has been killed by the cruelties of the officials who have in this territory represented the Government of the United States. There is no room for doubt that if he had been permitted to enjoy the comforts of his home, the ministrations of his family, the exercise to which he had been accustomed, all of which he was denied, he would have lived for many years yet. His blood stains the clothes of the men who in insensate hate have offered rewards for his arrest and have hounded him to his grave. History will yet call their deeds by their right names, but one greater than the combined voices of all historians will pronounce their dreadful sentence."*

President Taylor and Willard Richards were with the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum in Carthage Jail on that fateful afternoon of June 27, 1844. President Taylor carried with him to the grave the marks of the savage wounds

*Brigham H. Roberts, *Life of John Taylor*. p. 414.

which he suffered during the assault of the mob. He saw it all; he went through it. Here is the account substantially as he related it:

HE TELLS THE STORY

The four men occupied a room on the second floor of the jail, the room usually occupied by the jailor or by those imprisoned for some minor offense. A guard of eight was stationed around the jail. The afternoon was warm and the shadows of their impending fate seemed to fall upon them. Elder Taylor, at the others' request, sang that sweet and comforting hymn, the first verse of which is:

"A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer, Nay.

I had no power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why."

Shortly afterward, Hyrum asked Brother Taylor to sing it again, to which he replied: "I do not feel like singing." "Oh, never mind," said Hyrum, "commence singing and you will get the spirit." And he sang the hymn again with tender effect. Soon after finishing the song the second time, as he was sitting at one of the front windows in the jail, he saw a number of men with painted faces rushing around the corner toward the stairs. They were halted at the entrance of the jail but a moment by the guards who good-naturedly resisted them until they were disarmed.

The brethren must have seen this mob at the same time for they all leaped to the door to secure it. There was a lock and latch of little use on it. The mob, reaching the landing in front of the door, doubtless thinking it was

locked, fired a shot into the lock. Hyrum and Dr. Richards sprang back when instantly another ball crashed through the panel of the door and struck Hyrum in the face. At the same instant, evidently, a ball from the window facing the public square where the main body of Carthage Greys were stationed, entered his back and he fell exclaiming: "I am a dead man!"

With an expression of deep sympathy on his face, Joseph bent over the prostrate body of the murdered man and exclaimed: "Oh, my poor dear brother Hyrum." Then instantly arising to his feet, with a quick firm step and a determined expression on his face, he advanced to the door, snapped the pistol which had been handed to him by Cyrus Wheelock that day, six successive times. All but three of the loads were discharged.

While Joseph fired the pistol, Elder Taylor stood close behind him and as soon as he discharged it and stepped back, Elder Taylor took his place next to the door and with a heavy walking stick left there by Elder Markham, parried the guns as they were thrust through the doorway and discharged. The firing from within made the mob pause but it was only for an instant, and then the attack was more furious than ever.

The scene was terrible. The streams of fire belching forth from the ever increasing number of guns in the doorway, yet calm and energetic and determined, Elder Taylor beat down the muskets of those murderous guns. "That's right, Brother Taylor, parry them off as well as you can," said Joseph, as he stood behind him.

Meantime the crowd on the landing became more dense and were forced to the door by the pressure of those below crowding their way up the stairs. The guns of the assailants were pushed further and further into the room. The firing was more rapid and accompanied with demonical yells and horrid oaths and execrations.

Certain they would be overpowered any moment, Elder

Taylor sprang for the open window directly in front of the prison door, and also exposed to the fire of the Carthage Greys from the public square. As he was in the act of leaping from the window, a ball fired from the doorway struck him about midway of his thigh. He fell helpless on the window sill and would have dropped on the outside of the jail when another shot from the outside struck the watch in his vest pocket and threw him back into the room. As soon as he hit the floor, his animation returned and in order to avoid the range of fire from the door, he threw himself as rapidly as possible in his crippled condition under the bedstead that stood near the window. While on his way three other bullets struck him, one a little below the left knee. It never was extracted. Another tore away the flesh the size of a man's hand from his left hip and spattered the wall with blood and mangled fragments. Another entered the forepart of his left arm, a little above the wrist, passing down by the joint by the palm of the hand.

As he lay there wounded in his blood, he heard the mob at the door shout, "He has leaped from the window." There was a cessation of the firing and a general rush down stairs. At the same instant, Dr. Richards crossed the room and looked out of the window. It would seem that the Prophet Joseph also attempted to leap from the window, but on reaching it, he was instantly shot and fell to the ground. It was this that gave rise to the cry, "He has leaped from the window," which attracted the attention of Elder Taylor.

Brother Richards remained for the moment at the window and then started for the inner prison, the door of which opened on the main landing to the front of the door into the room the brethren had occupied. As he passed him, Elder Taylor said: "Stop, Doctor, take me along." After seeing if the door to the criminal cell was open, Elder Richards returned and dragged his wounded companion into it.

Inside the cell, he exclaimed: "Oh, Brother Taylor, is it

possible that they have killed Brothers Joseph and Hyrum? It cannot surely be and yet I saw them shoot them. O Lord, my God, spare thy servant!" he exclaimed several times, raising his hands to heaven with each exclamation. "Brother Taylor, this is a terrible event," he went on and then dragged him still further into the cell: taking up an old mattress, he threw it over the wounded man, saying: "I am sorry I cannot do better for you, but that may hide you, and you may yet live to tell the tale, but I expect they will kill me in a few moments."

The doctor then went out to learn for certain the fate which had befallen the Prophet. While he was gone, Elder Taylor suffered the most excruciating pain. Dr. Richards returned in a few minutes and confirmed his worst fears.

"I felt," recalled John Taylor later, "a dull, lonely, sickening sensation at the news, when I reflected that I had seen his brother in the cold embrace of death. It seemed as though there was a void or a vacuum in the great field of human existence to me, and a dark gloomy chasm in the Kingdom, and that we were left alone. Oh, how lonely was that feeling, how cold, barren and desolate. In the midst of difficulties, he was always the first in motion; in critical positions, his counsel was always sought. As our Prophet, he approached our God and obtained for us His will; but now our Prophet, our counselor, our general, our leader was gone and amid the fiery ordeal that we then had to pass through, we were left alone without his aid; and as our future guide for things spiritual or temporal and for all things pertaining to this world or the next, he had spoken for the last time unheard. These reflections and a thousand others flashed upon my mind. I thought, why must the good perish and the virtuous be destroyed; why must God's nobility, the salt of the earth, the most exalted of the human family, and the most perfect types of all excellence, fall victims to the cruel fiendish hate of mankind; all—why?"*

*Brigham H. Roberts, *Life of John Taylor*, p. 142.

Immediately after the terrible tragedy, the perpetrators were seized with panic and fled. A few of the inhabitants of Carthage gathered about the jail. Some of these went to the head of the stairs to see the work that had been done there. Elder Taylor was brought out of the cell to the landing at the head of the stairs. Through the open door leading into the room that he and his friends had occupied, he had a full view of Hyrum Smith. "There he lay as I left him," he writes. "He had not moved a limb. He lay placid and calm, a monument of greatness even in death, but his noble spirit had left its tenement and had gone to dwell in regions more congenial to its exalted nature. Poor Hyrum! He was a great and good man. My soul was cemented to his. If ever there was an exemplary, honest and virtuous man, an embodiment of all that is noble in human form, Hyrum Smith was its representative."

Among those who stood about Elder Taylor was a doctor, and feeling the ball that had lodged in the palm of the wounded man's left hand, he took a penknife and made an incision and then with a pair of carpenter compasses pried out the half-ounce ball. The alternate sawing with the dull penknife and prying with the compasses were simply surgical butchery. The doctor afterwards said that Elder Taylor had nerve like the devil to stand that operation. The crowd asked him to consent to be moved to the Hamilton Hotel where he could be cared for. Mark his reply:

"I don't know you. Who am I among? I am surrounded by assassins and murderers. Witness your deeds. Don't talk to me of kindness and comfort. Look at your murdered victims! Look at me! I want none of your counsel or comfort. There may be some safety here. I can be assured of none anywhere else."

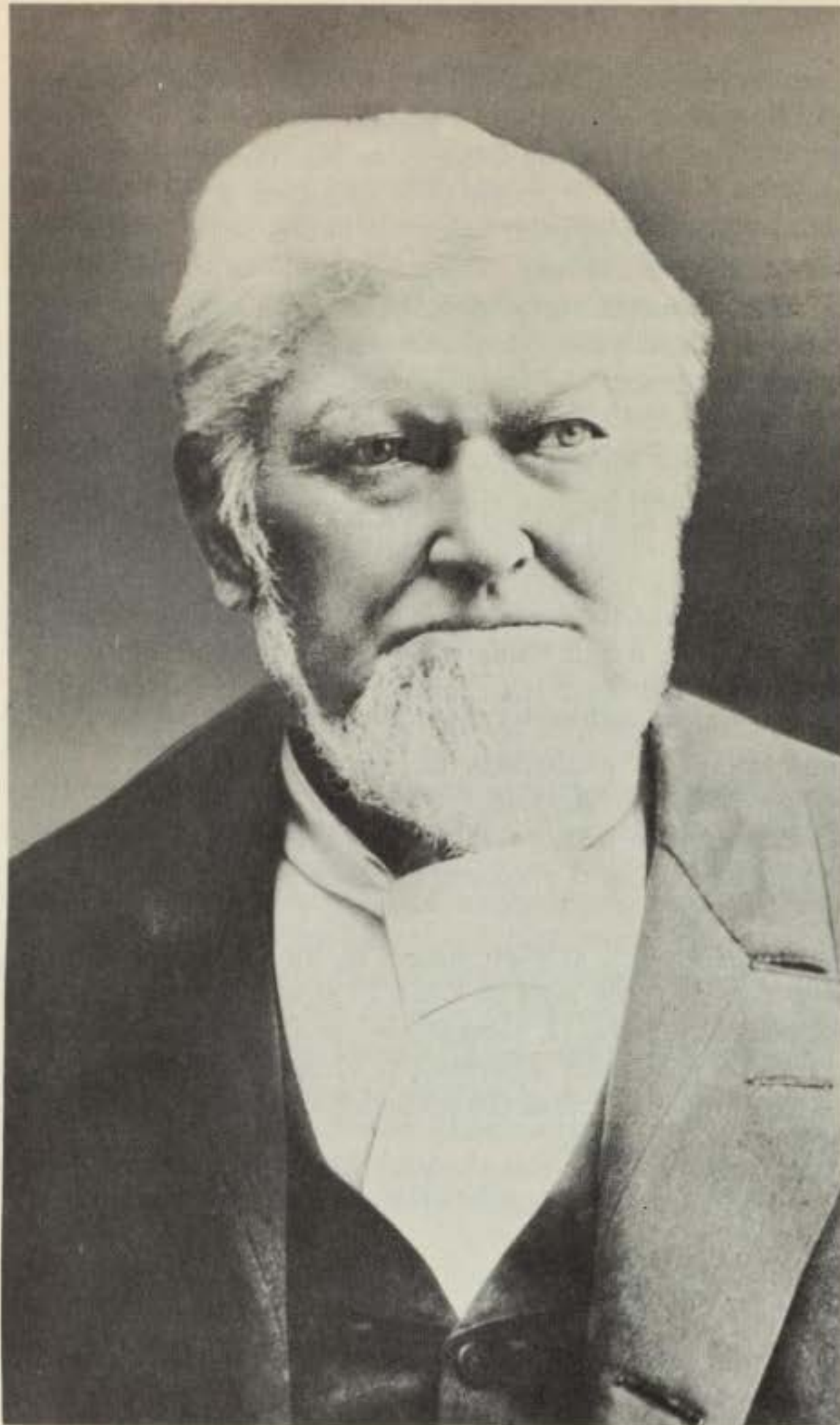
Elder Taylor finally was removed to the Hamilton Hotel. It was mid-morning before his wounds could be dressed and be made comfortable in any way. The day following, June 29th, his wife Leonora came to him, also

his father and mother as well as a number of other brethren, who had come to render such assistance as necessary in moving the remains of the martyrs to Nauvoo. Among those from Quincy was a doctor who extracted a ball that was giving Elder Taylor great pain. "Will you be tied during the operation, Mr. Taylor?" "Oh no, I shall endure the cutting all right," was the reply. And he did. The ball was buried in the flesh and flattened against the bone the size of a twenty-five cent piece, and the thigh was badly swollen; but the cutting was a relief from the pain he had endured.*

President John Taylor lived forty-three years after the martyrdom and became the third President of the Church. During those years, he rendered distinguished service to the Church in many capacities. One of the most cherished legacies he left was the watch that had saved his life when he was struck by a ball while lying in the window of the second story of Carthage Jail. This foul murder of two God-fearing and innocent men by a mob with painted faces cast a stain upon the escutcheon of Illinois. However, a great change has taken place in the attitude of the people of that state toward the Latter-day Saints. The present generation should not be held responsible for what a former group did.

The erection at New Salem of the Abraham Lincoln monument by the Sons of Utah Pioneers, under the sponsorship of Nicholas G. Morgan, Sr., is a noble and generous gesture of forgotten differences. This should show to all who read its inscription the tolerance and magnanimity of a once banished people.

*Brigham H. Roberts, *Life of John Taylor*, Chapters 15 and 16.



WILFORD WOODRUFF

Wilford Woodruff, a Great Modern-day Missionary

NEVER since the day of Pentecost when Peter stood up and preached Christ and Him crucified, with such convincing power that 3,000 were added to the Church, has there appeared a greater missionary than Wilford Woodruff.

His introduction to the ministry was conspicuously modest. He began as a humble priest, traveling afoot, without purse or scrip, carrying his luggage on his back, and he finished as the great High Priest of all the Church—the fourth President of the Church.

WALKED FORTY MILES A DAY

The following account, as related in his journal, is typical of his experiences during his first mission: The distance from Little Rock, Arkansas, to Memphis, Tennessee, was 170 miles. The missionaries walked through swamps and over roads covered with mud and water all the way. They walked forty miles a day.

He records that on the 24th of March, 1834, after traveling some ten miles, he was taken suddenly lame with a sharp pain in his knee. He sat down on a log with his companion who was so anxious to go home to Kirtland that he left Elder Woodruff and started for home. There Elder Woodruff was, in an alligator swamp, helpless, weary and

alone. What did this man of God do? He did not give up, but knelt in the mud and prayed. The Lord heard and healed him, and he went on his way rejoicing.

Three days later, he arrived at Memphis, travel-stained, penniless and hungry. In this condition he went to the best hotel in the city, kept by a man by the name of Josiah Jackson. He told Mr. Jackson that he was a stranger, that he had no money and asked if he would keep him overnight. Mr. Jackson wanted to know what his business was. Brother Woodruff told him that he was a preacher of the Gospel. The proprietor laughed and said: "You don't look much like a preacher to me." Brother Woodruff wrote: "I did not blame him, for all the preachers he had seen or ever had been acquainted with rode on fine horses or in fine carriages, clothed in broadcloth and had a large salary and would see the whole world sink into perdition before they would wade through 170 miles of mud to save the souls of people."*

The hotel proprietor said he would provide food and lodging if the young missionary would speak that night in the hotel ballroom before a group of invited guests. Wilford agreed, whereupon the hotelman contacted his friends, telling them he had arranged an amusing evening, to hear an unlikely looking young preacher attempt to speak. But Wilford Woodruff sought the Lord in prayer before he faced his audience of scoffers. He opened the meeting with himself singing and offering prayer. As he began to speak the power of the Lord rested mightily upon him and he was able to discern the personal lives of his listeners and he pointed out their sinful past. One by one the audience left, chagrined at what the youthful preacher was revealing. Finally, no one was left but the owner and Brother Woodruff. The amazed innkeeper ordered the best possible food and provided the choicest sleeping accommodations.

His missionary experiences were filled with many other

*Wilford Woodruff, *Leaves From My Journal*, 1881, pp. 16-17.

interesting and faith-building incidents of which the following are typical:

RAISED FROM THE DEAD

He had labored as a missionary on Fox Island where he succeeded in baptizing a number of people and in organizing two or three branches of the Church. He was sent back by the Church to bring these Saints, fifty-three in all, to Illinois. On his journey, which was a trying one, covering a distance of two thousand miles, his wife was stricken with a fever and became seriously ill.

Of this incident he wrote: "December 3rd found my wife very low. I spent the day taking care of her and the following day I returned to Eaton to get some things for her. She seemed to be gradually sinking and in the evening, her spirit apparently left her body and she was dead. The sisters gathered around her body, weeping, while I stood looking at her in sorrow. The spirit and power of God began to rest upon me, until for the first time during her illness, faith filled my soul, although she lay before me as one dead. I had some oil. I took it and consecrated it before the Lord for anointing the sick. I then bowed before the Lord and prayed for the life of my companion and I anointed her with oil in the name of the Lord and I laid my hands upon her and in the name of Jesus Christ, I rebuked the power of death and the destroyer and commanded the same to depart from her and the spirit of life to enter her body. Her spirit returned to her body from that hour and she was made whole. We all felt to praise the name of God and to trust in Him and keep His commandments. While this experience was going on with me, my wife related afterwards that her spirit left her body and she saw her body lying upon the bed, and the sisters weeping. She looked at them and at me and upon the babe, and while gazing upon this scene, two personages came into the room carrying a coffin and told her they had come for her body. One of these messengers informed her

that she could have her choice. She might go to rest in the spirit world or, on one condition, she could have the privilege of returning to her tabernacle and continuing in her body. The condition was if she felt she could stand by her husband and with him pass through all the cares, trials, tribulations and afflictions of life which he would be called to pass through for the Gospel's sake unto the end. When she looked at the situation of her husband and child, she said, 'Yes, I will do it.' At the moment that decision was made, the power of faith rested upon me and when I administered to her, her spirit entered her tabernacle and she saw the messengers carry the coffin out through the door."*

PROPHECY FULFILLED

President Woodruff records the fulfillment of a very remarkable prophecy made in July, 1838, which reads as follows: "Let them take leave of my Saints in the city of Far West on the 26th day of April next, on the building spot of my house, saith the Lord. Let my servant John Taylor, also my servant John E. Page, also my servant Wilford Woodruff, and also my servant Willard Richards be appointed to fill the places of those who have fallen, and be officially notified of this appointment."†

At the time this revelation was given, all was peace in Far West, Missouri, but before its fulfillment came, the Saints were driven out of the State of Missouri into the State of Illinois under the exterminating edict of Governor Lilburn W. Boggs. The Missourians had warned that even if all the other revelations of Joseph Smith are fulfilled, this one should not be. The revelation stated the day and the place where the Twelve should take leave of the Saints to go on their missions across the great waters and the mobocrats of Missouri had declared that they would see to it that it should not be fulfilled.

**Ibid.*, p. 52.

†*Doctrine and Covenants*, 118:5-6.

When the time drew near for the fulfillment of this commandment, Brigham Young was President of the Twelve Apostles. He called together those of the Twelve who were then in Quincy, Illinois, to see what their minds would be, about going to Far West to fulfill the revelation. The Prophet Joseph, his brother Hyrum, Sidney Rigdon, Lyman Wight and Parley P. Pratt were in prison in Missouri at the time, but Father Joseph Smith, the Patriarch, was in Quincy. He and others who were present did not think it wisdom for them to attempt the journey, as their lives would be in jeopardy.

When Brigham Young called the Twelve who were available together, he wanted to know what their feelings were on the subject. As the voice of one man, they said: "The Lord has spoken it and it is for us to obey. It is the Lord's business to take care of his servants and we will fulfill the commandment or die trying."

To appreciate this situation, one needs only to recall that Far West had been captured by the militia, which really was nothing more than an organized mob. Citizens had been compelled to give up their arms. All their leading men who could be seized had been taken to prison. The rest of the Saints, men, women and children, had had to flee as fast as possible out of the state to save their lives, leaving their houses, lands and other properties, which they could not carry with them, to be taken by the mob. It was only with the greatest difficulty that many of them got out of the state, especially the prominent men.

ARRIVE AT FAR WEST

Brigham Young, and his associates returned as previously determined and arrived at Far West, April 25th, and spent the night at the home of Morris Phelps. On the morning of the 26th, the appointed day, notwithstanding that tens of thousands of the Saints had been driven out of the state by the edict of the governor, and although the

Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum Smith, with other leading men, were in the hands of their enemies, in chains and in prison, these brethren moved to the temple grounds in the city of Far West, held a council and fulfilled the revelation and commandment given unto them. And they did many other things at this council.

Quoting Brother Woodruff: "We excommunicated from the Church thirty-one persons who had apostatized and become its enemies. The Mission of the Twelve was sung, and then we repaired to the southeast corner of the temple grounds and with the assistance of Elder Alpheus Cutler, the master workman of the building committee, laid the southeast corner stone of the temple according to the revelation. There were present of the Twelve Apostles: Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Pratt, John E. Page and John Taylor, who proceeded to ordain Wilford Woodruff, and George A. Smith to the Apostleship as members of the Quorum of Twelve, as they had been called by revelation, to fill the places of those who had fallen. The Twelve then took their leave and gave the parting hand to the Saints agreeable to the revelation. They had accomplished this mission without a dog moving his tongue, or a man saying: 'What do you do? Why do you do so?'"*

THE POWER OF HEALING

Never since the ministry of the Savior among the people of Judea and on the American continent has there been such a demonstration of the power of healing as was witnessed on the banks of the Mississippi on the morning of July 22, 1839.

This is Wilford Woodruff's eye-witness account of that miraculous event: "On the morning of the 22nd of July, 1839, he (the Prophet Joseph Smith) arose reflecting upon the situation of the Saints of God in their persecutions and afflictions, and he called upon the Lord in prayer and the power of God rested upon him mightily, and as Jesus healed

*Wilford Woodruff, *op. cit.*, p. 56.

all the sick around Him in His day, so Joseph, a Prophet of God, healed all around him on this occasion. He healed all in his house and dooryard, and then in company with Sidney Rigdon and several of the Twelve, he went among the sick lying on the banks of the river and he commanded them in a loud voice, 'In the name of Jesus Christ, come up and be made whole,' and they were all healed. When he healed all who were sick on the east side of the river, they crossed the Mississippi to Montrose, where we were. The first house they went into was President Brigham Young's. He was sick on his bed at the time. The Prophet went into his house, healed him and they all came out together. As they were passing by my door, Brother Joseph said: 'Brother Woodruff, follow me.' These were the only words that were spoken by any of the company from the time they left Brother Brigham's house till we crossed the public square and entered Brother Fordham's home.

A DYING MAN HEALED

"Brother Fordham had been dying for an hour and we expected each moment would be his last. I felt the power of God that was overwhelming His Prophet. When we entered the house, Brother Joseph walked to Brother Fordham, took him by the right hand—in his left hand he held his hat. He saw that Brother Fordham's eyes were glazed, and that he was speechless, unconscious, and after taking hold of his hand, he looked down into the dying man's face and said: 'Brother Fordham, do you know me?' At first he made no reply, but we could all see the effect of the Spirit of God resting upon him. He said again, 'Elijah, do you know me?' With a loud whisper, Brother Fordham answered 'Yes.' The Prophet then said, 'Have you not faith enough to be healed?' The answer which was a little plainer than before was: 'I am afraid it is too late. If you had come a little sooner, I think I might have been.' He had the appearance of a man awaking from sleep. It was the sleep of death.

"Joseph said: 'Do you believe that Jesus is the Christ?' 'I do, Brother Joseph,' was the response. Then the Prophet of God spoke with a loud voice, as in the majesty of the Godhead: 'Elijah, I command you in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, to arise and be made whole!' The words of the Prophet were not like the words of man, but like the voice of God. It seemed to me that the house shook upon its foundation. Elijah Fordham leaped from his bed like a man raised from the dead, a healthy color came to his face and life was manifested in every act. His feet were done up in Indian meal poultices. He kicked them off his feet, scattered the contents and then called for his clothes, put them on and he asked for a bowl of bread and milk and ate it; then put on his hat and followed us into the street to visit others who were sick.

"The unbeliever may ask: 'Was there not deception in this?' If there is any deception in the mind of the unbeliever, there was certainly none with Elijah Fordham, a dying man, nor with those who were present with him, for in a few minutes more he would have been in the spirit world, had he not been rescued. Through the blessings of God, he lived up to 1888, in which year he died in Utah, while all who were with him on that occasion, with the exception of one, were in the spirit world. No sooner had we left Brother Fordham's house, than we went into the house of Joseph B. Noble who was very low and dangerously sick. When we entered the house Brother Joseph took him by the hand and commanded him in the name of Jesus Christ to arise and to be made whole. He did arise and was immediately healed.

"While this was going on, the wicked mob in the place, led by one Kilburn had become alarmed and found us in Brother Noble's house. Before they arrived there, Brother Joseph had called upon Brother Fordham to offer prayer. While he was praying, the mob entered and all the evil spirits accompanied them, and as soon as they entered, Brother Fordham, who was praying, fainted and sank to the

floor. When Joseph saw the mob in the house, he arose and had the room cleared of both that class of men and their attendant devils. Then Brother Fordham revived and finished his prayer. This shows what power evil spirits have upon the tabernacles of men. The Saints were only safe from the power of the devil by the power of God.

"This case of Brother Noble's was the last one of healing on that day. It was the greatest day for the manifestation of the power of God through the gift of healing since the organization of the Church.

"When we left Brother Noble, the Prophet Joseph went with those who accompanied him from the other side of the banks of the river to return home. While waiting for the ferry boat, a man of the world, knowing of the miracles which had been performed, came to him and asked him if he would not go and heal two children of his about five months old, who were lying sick nigh unto death. We were some two miles from Montrose. The Prophet said he could not go, but after pausing some time, he said he would send someone to heal them and he turned to me and said: 'You go with the man and heal his children.' He took a red silk handkerchief out of his pocket and gave it to me and told me to wet their faces with the handkerchief when I administered to them and they should be healed. He also said to me: 'As long as you will keep this handkerchief, it shall remain a link between you and me.' I went with the man and did as the Prophet commanded me. The children were healed and I have possession of that handkerchief unto this day."*

MISSION TO EUROPE

When the members of the Quorum of the Twelve were set apart before going upon their first mission to Europe, the Prophet Joseph promised them if they would be faithful, that they would be blessed upon their missions, have many

**Ibid.*, p. 62.

souls as seals of their ministry and return again in peace and safety to their families and friends, all of which was fulfilled. They left for this mission under the most trying circumstances. Their families were unprovided for and the brethren were sick, scarcely able to move. It was only through the power of faith that they were able physically to pursue their journey.

BEGINNING OF A GREAT MISSIONARY WORK

They arrived in Liverpool, January 11, 1840, and immediately engaged in their missionary work. Brother Woodruff records: "On the 3rd of March, 1840, in fulfillment of the word of the Lord to me, I took a coach and rode to Wolverhampton, twenty-six miles, and spent the night there. On the morning of the 4th, I again took a coach and rode to Mr. John Benbow's Hill Farm, Castle Frome, Ledbury, Herefordshire. This was a farming country in the south of England, a region where no Elder of the Latter-day Saints had visited. I found Mr. Benbow to be a wealthy farmer, cultivating three hundred acres of land, occupying a good mansion and having plenty of means. His wife, Jane, had no children. I presented myself to him as a missionary from America, an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, who had been sent to him by the commandment of God as a messenger of salvation, to preach the Gospel of Life unto him and his household and to the inhabitants of the land. Mr. Benbow and his wife received me with glad hearts and thanksgiving.

"It was evening when I arrived, having traveled forty-eight miles by coach and on foot during the day, but after receiving refreshments, we sat down together and conversed until two o'clock in the morning. Mr. Benbow and his wife rejoiced greatly with the glad tidings which I brought unto them, of the fullness of the everlasting Gospel which God had revealed through the mouth of His Prophet, Joseph Smith, in these last days.

"I rejoiced greatly at the news that Mr. Benbow gave me that there was a company of men and women, over six hundred in number, who had broken off from the Wesleyan Methodists, and taken the name of United Brethren. They had forty-five preachers among them and had chapels and many houses that were licensed according to the laws of England for preaching services. This body of United Brethren was seeking for light and truth, but had gone as far as they could and were continually calling upon the Lord to open the way before them and send them light and knowledge that they might know the true way to be saved.

BAPTIZES MANY

"I retired to my bed with joy after offering my prayers and thanksgiving to God, and slept sweetly until the rising of the sun. I arose on the morning of the 5th and told Mr. Benbow I would like to go about my business by preaching the Gospel to the people. He had a large hall in his mansion which was licensed for preaching and he sent word throughout the neighborhood that an American missionary would preach at his home that evening. As the time drew nigh, many of the neighbors came in and I preached my first gospel sermon in the house. I also preached on the following evening at the same place and baptized six persons, including Mr. Benbow and his wife and four preachers of the United Brethren. I spent most of the following day clearing out a pool of water, preparing it for baptizing, as I saw there many to be baptized. I afterwards baptized six hundred in that pool of water. On the 21st of March, I baptized Elder Thomas Kingston. He was the superintendent of both preachers and members of the United Brethren. The first thirty days after my arrival at Herefordshire, I had baptized forty-five preachers, and one hundred sixty members of the United Brethren. They put into my hands one chapel and forty-five houses, which were licensed according to law for preaching service. This opened wide the field of labor, and

enabled me, through the blessings of God, to bring into the Church over one thousand eight hundred souls in eight months, including all of the six hundred United Brethren, except one person, and some two hundred preachers of the various other denominations. Here I was visited by President Young and Dr. Richards. Brother Benbow furnished us \$1,500.00 to publish the first Book of Mormon that was printed in England, and on the 20th of May, 1840, Brigham Young, Willard Richards and I held a council in the top of Malvern Hill and there decided that Brigham Young would go direct to Manchester and publish three thousand copies of the hymn book and three thousand copies of the Book of Mormon, this being the first publication of these Books in England.

MANY MIRACLES PERFORMED

"The power of God rested upon us and upon the mission. The sick were healed, devils were cast out, the lame were made to walk. One case, I will mention. Mary Pitt, a sister to William Pitt, who died in Salt Lake City, had not walked for eleven years. We carried her to the water and I baptized her, and on the evening of the 18th of May, 1840, at Brother Kingston's home in Dymock, Elder Brigham Young, Brother Richards and I laid hands upon her head and confirmed her. Brigham Young being mouth, rebuked her lameness and commanded her to arise and walk in the name of the Lord. The lameness then left her and she never afterwards used a staff or a crutch. She walked through the town of Dymock next day which created a stir among the people, but the wicked did not feel to give God the glory."*

THE FOUNDERS OF OUR REPUBLIC

There were many interesting and extraordinary events in the life of this humble, energetic, God-fearing man, Wil-

**Ibid.*, p. 78.

ford Woodruff. The writer knew him well, and in his later life, often heard him speak; and now, after the lapse of seventy-five years, he has a vivid recollection of a visit Brother Woodruff made to Fillmore on his return from St. George to Salt Lake City in 1877. At a meeting held in the old adobe meetinghouse, he related the following:

"I will say that two weeks before I left St. George, the spirit of the dead gathered around me wanting to know why we did not redeem them; they said, 'You have had the use of the endowment house a number of years and yet nothing has been done for us. We laid the foundation for the government you now enjoy, and we never apostatized from it but remained true to it and were faithful to God.'

"These were the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and they waited on me two days and nights. I thought it very singular that notwithstanding so much temple work had been done, and yet temple work had not been done for them. The thought never entered my head for the reason, I suppose, that heretofore our minds were reaching out after our own immediate friends and relatives.

"I straightway went into the baptismal font and called upon Brother McAllister to baptize me for the signers of The Declaration of Independence and fifty other eminent men, making one hundred in all, including John Wesley, Columbus, and others. I then baptized him for every President of the United States except three; and when their cause is just, somebody will do temple work for them."

DEDICATION OF THE SALT LAKE TEMPLE

The Salt Lake Temple was dedicated April 6, 1893. It was one of the many really great occasions in the long life of President Woodruff. It marked the end of forty years of unparalleled toil and sacrifice.

During this forty-year period, the Saints had suffered persecution and poverty. The entire Church looked forward

with great anticipation to this historic event. The people attached deep significance to it.

At the dedication, the writer heard President Woodruff say that from this time on the power of the adversary would be broken, that the enemy would have less power over the Saints, and would meet with greater failures in pursuing them, and that a renewed interest in the Gospel would be awakened throughout the world. He lived to witness the absolute fulfillment of this prophecy.

FUNERAL SERVICES

At the funeral services of President Woodruff, this eloquent tribute was paid to him by President George Q. Cannon:

"In the passing of President Woodruff, a man has gone from our midst whose character was probably as angelical as any person who has ever lived upon the earth. . . . He did no man an injury, nor was he too proud even in his apostolic calling to toil as other men toiled. . . . He was of a sweet disposition and possessed a character so lovely as to draw to him friends from every walk of life. . . . He was gentle as a woman and his purity was like unto that of the angels themselves. . . . For years, he lived on his twenty-acre farm and took great pleasure in beautifying his surroundings and wresting from the earth the elements to sustain life. . . . He was a heavenly being. It was heaven to be in his company. Nothing pleased him more than to do a good day's work with his hands."*

WILFORD WOODRUFF

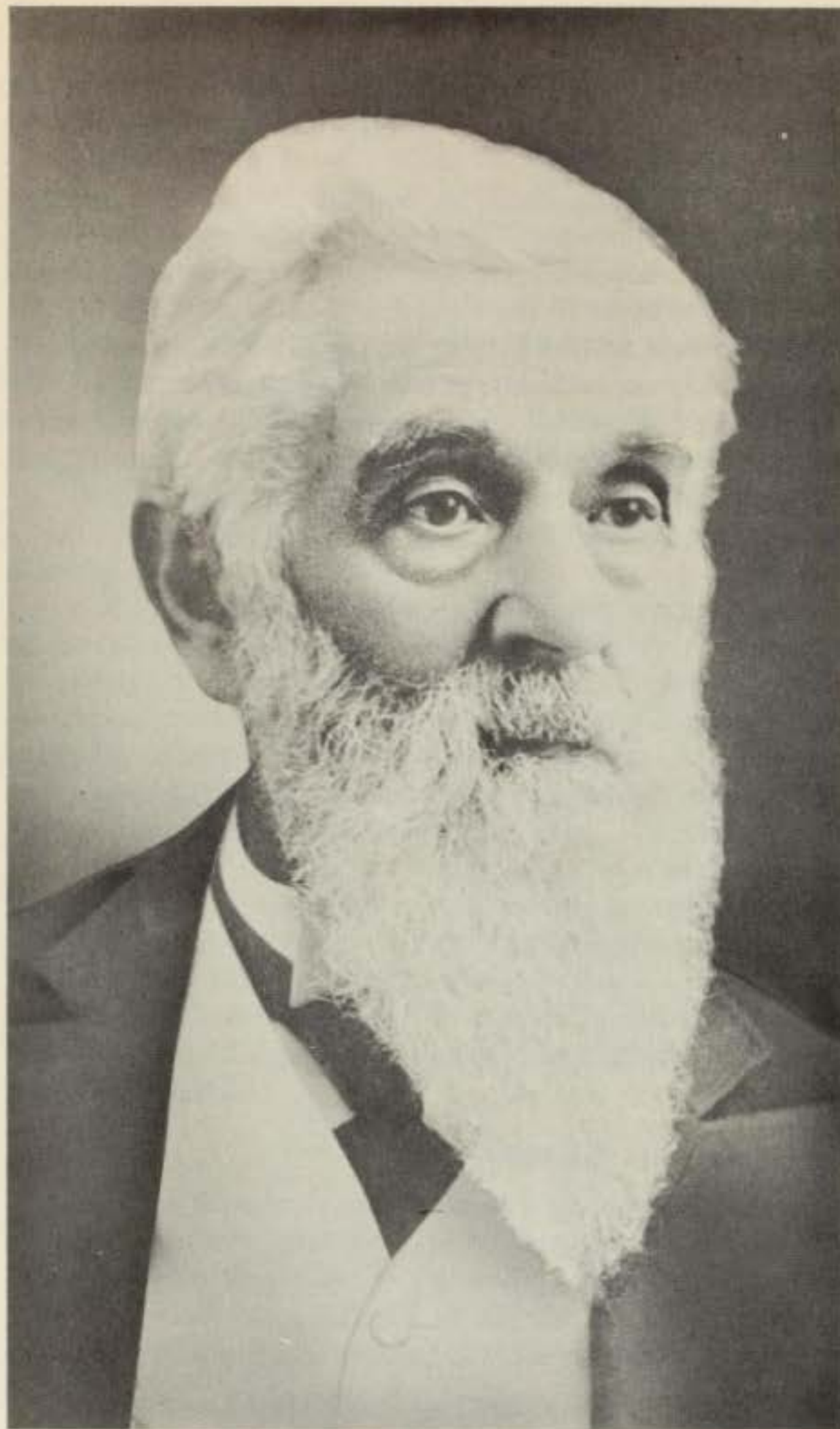
Wilford Woodruff was not only a great missionary who brought hundreds into the Church, but he was among the ablest pioneers that came to this valley. His leadership and influence were most helpful to all the people who were struggling under the hardships of those days. His loyalty to

*Preston Nibley, *The Presidents of the Church*, p. 169.

his leaders and his implicit faith in his Creator made him a pillar of strength to all the people. He ranked among the really great pioneers.

Brigham Young rode in Brother Woodruff's carriage when he came into the Valley and he was one of the President's most trusted and capable aids. It is reported that late in his life he came to the President's office and said he had to confess that he was getting old because this morning one of his grandsons could hoe potatoes as fast as he could.

Wilford Woodruff was inspired of the Lord in his ministrations among the people. We would name him as typical of the best pioneers of a great pioneer age.



LORENZO SNOW

Lorenzo Snow, a Strong and Gentle Leader of Men

“THE dead shall rise and come forth at thy bidding”— was the promise made to Lorenzo Snow, when he was a young man twenty-two years of age, by the first Patriarch of the Church, Joseph Smith, Sr.

The following remarkable experience, recorded by his son, LeRoi C. Snow, is so well authenticated by credible witnesses that it is entitled to a place among the miracles of this dispensation.

SHE GOES TO THE SPIRIT WORLD

For several weeks Ella Jensen had lingered between life and death with scarlet fever. On one particular night, a close girl friend, Lea Reese, now Mrs. Wilford Reeder of Brigham City, was staying with her to relieve Ella's over-weary parents of the night vigil. She relates: “About three o'clock in the morning I was suddenly awakened by Ella calling me. She was excited. She said: ‘They are coming to get me at ten o'clock in the morning. I am going to die and they are coming at ten o'clock to take me away. I must get ready. Will you help me?’ She asked me to call her parents. I explained to her that they were tired and asleep and it would be better not to disturb them. ‘You must call them,’ she said. ‘I want to tell them now.’ The parents were called, and she explained that her Uncle Hance, who was dead, had appeared to her while she was awake, her eyes open, and told her that the messengers were to be there at ten o'clock to conduct her into the spirit world. The parents thought that she was delirious and tried to get her to quiet

down and go to sleep, but she insisted that she was going to die and that they were coming for her. She wanted to see the members of the family and bid them goodbye. As ten o'clock approached while her father was holding her hand, he felt the pulse become very weak. A few moments later it stopped; he turned to his wife and said: 'She has gone; her pulse has stopped.' The grief-stricken parents concluded to send for President Lorenzo Snow, the girl's uncle, and advise with him."

President Snow, upon receiving the word, left a meeting in the Tabernacle and invited Rudger Clawson, who was then President of the Box Elder Stake of Zion, to accompany him to the Jensen home. President Snow was Brother Jensen's brother-in-law. When they arrived at the home they found the family almost hysterical with grief.

COME BACK, YOUR WORK IS NOT COMPLETED

President Clawson relates: "As we entered the home, we met Sister Jensen who was very much alarmed. We went to Ella's bedside. We were impressed by the thought that her spirit had passed out of the body and gone beyond. Turning to me, President Snow said: 'Brother Clawson, will you anoint her?' which I did. We then laid our hands upon her head and the anointing was confirmed by President Snow. He blessed her, and among other things, used this very extraordinary expression in a commanding voice: 'Come back, Ella, come back. Your work upon the earth is not completed. Come back.' Shortly thereafter, we left the home. President Snow said to the parents: 'Now do not mourn or grieve any more, it will be all right. Brother Clawson and I are busy and must go. We cannot stay, but you must be patient and wait, and do not mourn because it will be all right.'"

"Her father said that she remained in this condition for an hour and a half after President Snow left the house. Three hours from the time she first passed away, her parents re-

mained sitting by her bedside watching, and waiting, when all at once she opened her eyes. She looked about the room, saw us sitting there and still looked for someone else. First thing she said was: 'Where is he?' We asked: 'Who, where is who?' 'Brother Snow,' she replied. 'He called me back.' They told her that he had gone. She said: 'Why did he call me back? I was happy. I did not want to come back.'

EXPERIENCE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD

"Regarding the more than three and one half hours that Ella spent in the spirit world, she says: 'At ten o'clock, my spirit left my body. It took me some time to make up my mind to go as I could hear and see the folks crying and mourning over me. It was very hard for me to leave them. As soon as I had a glimpse of the other world I was anxious to go, and all the cares of the world left me. I entered a large hall. It was so long that I could not see the end of it, and it was filled with people. As I went through this hall, the first person I recognized was my grandpa, H. P. Jensen, who was sitting in one end of the room, writing. He looked up somewhat surprised to see me and said: 'Why, there is my granddaughter Ella.' He was very much pleased, greeted me and as he continued with his writing, I passed on through the room and met many of my relatives and friends. It was like going along the crowded streets of a city where you meet many people, only a very few of whom you recognize. People seemed to be in family groups. Some inquired about their friends and relatives on the earth. Among this number was my cousin. The people were all dressed in white, excepting Uncle Hance Jensen who had on his dark clothes, long rubber boots, the things he wore when he was drowned in the Snake River in Idaho. Everybody appeared to be perfectly happy. I was having a very pleasant visit with each one that I knew. When I reached the end of the long room, I opened the door and went into another room filled with children. They were all arranged in perfect order,

the smallest ones first, the larger ones according to age and size in the back rows all around the room. They seemed to be convened in a sort of a Primary or a Sunday School, presided over by Aunt Eliza R. Snow. There were hundreds of small children.

"It was while she was listening to the children sing that she heard President Snow's voice. He said: 'Sister Ella, you must come back as your mission is not finished here on earth.' Ella relates: 'So I just spoke to Aunt Eliza and told her that I must go back.' She obeyed this call although it was very much against her desire, such perfect peace and happiness prevailed there. There was no suffering, no sorrow. This was always a source of comfort to her. She learned by this experience that we should not grieve too much for our departed loved ones, especially at the time they leave us.

" 'As I was leaving,' relates Ella, 'the only regret that I had was that the folks were grieving so much for me, but I soon forgot all about this world in my delight with the other. For more than three hours my spirit was gone from my body. As I returned, I could see my body lying on the bed and the folks gathering about in the room. I hesitated for a moment, then thought, 'Yes, I will go back for a little while.' I told the folks I would stay only a short time to comfort them."

She described that there was practically no pain on leaving the body in death, but the pain was intense in coming back to life.

President Clawson writes concerning this case: "Sometime before this advent into the spirit world, Uncle Hance, who lived in Brigham City, counseled with me as President of the Stake concerning the propriety of moving into Snake River country, Idaho, to engage in salmon fishing. His idea was that if he was successful, he could ship salmon from the north to Brigham City at a good profit and thus profit himself financially. He needed the help that such a business

would bring him. I said that if it was his wish to get into that business, it was all right with the stake presidency and the matter was for him to decide for himself. He left for the north and at once turned his attention to salmon fishing. One morning, he went from the home where he was staying, clothed in a jumper and overalls with gumboots to fish but he never returned. His oldest brother, Jacob Jensen, came to me greatly alarmed and said that no word had been received from Hance for some time, and nobody seemed to know where he was. He was greatly excited about it and feared that his brother had been drowned in the Snake River. Jacob organized a posse of men and at once instituted a search covering a period of some two or three weeks at Snake River, but their efforts were fruitless. No trace could be found of Hance, and he was never again heard from until his niece, Ella Jensen, met him in the spirit world. She said that he was dressed in a jumper and overalls with gumboots. The mystery was solved. There seemed to be no doubt thereafter that Hance Jensen was drowned in the Snake River. It is said that when the dead manifest themselves to the living, they usually appear as they were last seen on earth so that the living may recognize them. If that be true, it accounts for the strange habit that her uncle was wearing.

MEETS HER KINSPEOPLE

"While in this large building in the spirit world, she met a woman who greeted her, said she was Aunt Mary and told her she died 'while Ella was a baby.' Her mother asked if she could describe her. The answer was, 'Yes, she was a tall woman with black hair, dark eyes and thin features,' 'Yes,' the mother answered: 'Surely you have described your Aunt Mary.' 'I also met another woman there, who said she was my Aunt Sarah, and had died before I was born.' 'Will you describe her,' the mother said. 'Yes, she was rather short and somewhat fleshy, with round features, light

hair and blue eyes,' 'Why yes, Ella, that is your Aunt Sarah. You have described her perfectly.'

"It may well be thought," Brother Clawson continues, "that Ella Jensen's work was not completed as indicated by President Snow, for she afterwards became President of the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association in Brigham City, and afterwards she married and became a mother in Israel. Surely a woman can do no greater work in the world than to become a mother in Israel."*

Ella Jensen was born August 3, 1871. This experience occurred March 3, 1891, in her twentieth year. She married Henry Wright, March 20, 1895, and is the mother of eight children and lives in Brigham City, Utah.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED

Lorenzo Snow became President of the Church in September, 1898. He was then in his 85th year, frail in body but sound of memory and alert of mind. This was a critical period in the history of the Church. It was faced with financial ruin. President Snow had always been wise in the management of his affairs, paid his way and kept out of debt. Consequently he was deeply concerned over this situation. Immediately he had a careful audit made of the financial condition of the Church and discovered to his amazement that its indebtedness amounted to about two million dollars, much of which bore ten per cent interest. The Church was not able to meet its current expenses and pay the interest on its obligations. What was to be done?

In this quandary, the President sought the Lord for guidance and was instructed of Him to go to St. George, for what reason he knew not. Southern Utah was at that time suffering from one of the severest drouths in its history. This drouth had continued for several years. Streams had dried up. Even the wells dried. The cattle had to be driven to the canyons for water. Thousands of them had died on the

*LeRoi C. Snow, *Improvement Era*, Vol. 32, Sept., 1929.

range. In fact, the U. S. Weather Report showed that the year 1898 was the driest ever recorded in the history of St. George. The frosts had played havoc with the grapes, and the prospects were most discouraging.

Concerning this drouth, President Snow said on his return: "All through Dixie, we found everything drying out. The stock were dying by the hundreds. We could see them as we were driving along. Many of them being nothing but skin and bones and many were lying down, never, I suppose, to get up again." It was the middle of June and the people were so discouraged that many of them would not plow their land and were not willing to risk the seed for another planting. Some of the settlers had already moved away and many others were preparing to do so.

RAIN PROMISED

A conference was called in St. George. People came from far and near to hear the aged President, who was accompanied by many of the General Authorities of the Church. When he arrived there, President Snow did not know just why he had gone to St. George except that the Lord had directed him to do so. In speaking, he referred to the serious drouth conditions and was inspired to promise the people if they would observe the law of tithing from then on, remain faithful, and be honest with the Lord, that they might go ahead, plow their lands and plant their seed. The power of heaven rested upon him and he promised them in the name of the Lord that the clouds of heaven would gather, the rains would descend, the lands would be drenched, the rivers and ditches filled and they would reap a bounteous harvest that very season. He further promised that the rains would continue if the Saints would remain faithful and the land would be fruitful.

This prophecy was made on the 17th of June. The people believed confidently that this declaration of the venerable President would be fulfilled. Not only did they pay

their tithing, but they plowed their lands, planted their seed and proceeded with perfect assurance that all he had promised them would be fulfilled if they would do their part.

The rains did not come. On his return to Salt Lake City, he watched with great anxiety the weather reports and every morning he studied them. The days went by, summer was well advanced, no rain had yet descended, the crops were drying up. His heart was filled with deep anxiety. Those who were skeptical began to wonder. His son, LeRoi, who was the President's private secretary, describes a very dramatic situation in the fulfillment of this wonderful prophecy.

AUGUST AND NO RAIN

It was the beginning of August and the heavens were still as brass over their heads. The crops were in dire need of moisture. LeRoi went to the Church office one morning and his father was not there. They told him he had gone to the Beehive House where he lived, and so LeRoi went over and as he ascended the stairs leading to his father's bedroom, he heard the President's voice and saw him, through the door which was ajar, kneeling before the Lord, and he reverently listened to him pleading with his Father in heaven for rain, explaining that the people had been obedient to His word; they had paid their tithing, plowed their land, planted their seeds and no rain had come to reward them. LeRoi said that he could never describe the fervor with which his father pleaded with the Lord in behalf of the people for rain—it must come soon or the crops would be lost. Almost immediately thereafter word came from the south that the clouds were gathering and it looked like rain, and soon thereafter word came that it was raining. The rain descended, their lands were drenched, the rivers and the ditches were filled, and they reaped a bounteous harvest that very season.

This prophecy was made June 17th and its fulfillment began with the first rain on August 2nd. They were able to

harvest their crops, the cattle were saved, the people were encouraged and the words of the prophet were literally fulfilled. No sooner had it started to rain than the aged President retired again to his bedchamber and poured out the gratitude that filled his heart to overflowing because the Lord had heard and answered his appeal.

Incidentally the inspiration which he received on this occasion stimulated the people all over the Church to pay their tithing. It came in, in small and large amounts from every ward and branch, and as a result the credit of the Church was preserved, its debts were paid and the people were prospered. In three years, Lorenzo Snow lifted the Church from the slough of financial despondency to a place of financial security.

SAVED FROM DROWNING

In March 1864, Lorenzo Snow in company with other Elders went on a mission to the Hawaiian Islands. The entrance to the harbor is a narrow passage between two coral reefs. The sea at that time was very rough, which made it doubly dangerous to enter the harbor. In the attempt to reach the dock, the boat capsized, and they were thrown into the foaming sea. The boat was bottom side up; barrels, hats, umbrellas were floating in every direction. Nothing could be seen of Brother Snow, although the natives had been swimming and diving searching for him in every direction. Finally one of them edged himself around the capsized boat, and felt Brother Snow with his foot, and pulled him partially from under the boat. As soon as they got him into the boat, they told the boatman: "Pull for the shore with all possible speed." Life apparently was extinct. A. I. Smith and W. W. Cluff laid him across their laps and on the way to shore, they quietly administered to him asking the Lord to spare his life.

On reaching the shore, they carried him to some large, empty barrels on the beach. They laid him face downward,

rolled him back and forth until the water he swallowed was out of him. They washed his face with camphor, but there was no indication of returning life. Bystanders said: "There is no use." But they continued to pray and to work over him. Finally they were impressed to place their mouths over his and to make an effort to inflate his lungs, and they set up artificial respiration. This they persevered in, until they inflated his lungs. Soon there was a faint indication of life—a slight movement of the eye, and a rattle in his throat; finally consciousness was restored. This was fully an hour after the boat capsized. Brother Snow rested and soon regained partial strength.

"Are all the brethren safe?" were his first words.

"Yes," they replied, "all are safe."

This answer filled his heart with gratitude, for his life and theirs had been saved.*

LORENZO SNOW

Lorenzo Snow seemed constitutionally a very delicate man but the fiber of his mind and his body was of the strongest and finest texture. In hard pioneer days in Brigham City he built up a self-sustaining community life that not only demonstrated his initiative and leadership but was the best example of the United Order that has been made in this dispensation.

In addition to his high spiritual endowment Lorenzo Snow was a keen, capable business executive who pulled the Church out of the depths of financial poverty, restored its credit, stimulated the Saints to pay their tithing and started the Church on the road to economic prosperity.

He was 65 years a member of the Church, 49 of which he was an Apostle and 3 years President of the Church. He passed through the period of persecution and pioneering and was acquainted with hardships, privation and imprisonment for the truth.

*Preston Nibley, *Pioneer Stories*, p. 111.

Of all men that we have known, Lorenzo Snow, in his last days, looked most like a Prophet. When you met him, you felt that you were in the presence of one who had stepped out of a finer world; one who was fit to mingle with the elect in the holiest places. He lived very close to the Lord.

*Joseph F. Smith, a Great Preacher of
Righteousness*

THOSE who knew this great Church leader will always think of him in terms of reverence and affection. He was a great character and a greater preacher of righteousness. In these respects, he had no superior.

Joseph F. Smith was born in Far West, Missouri, November 13, 1838. His father, Hyrum Smith, at that time was a prisoner languishing in jail on unfounded charges. Long years after, Joseph F. made a visit to Nauvoo and pointing to a place in the road, he said to those with him: "This is the exact spot where I stood when the brethren came riding up, on their way to Carthage, June, 1844. Without getting off his horse, father leaned over in his saddle, picked me off the ground, kissed me goodbye, put me down again and I saw him ride away." That was the last time he saw his father alive.

The following beautiful story gives a glimpse of his saintly and heroic mother, Mary Fielding Smith, who died when Joseph F. was fourteen years of age. Her death was a bitter and tragic experience for this boy. He idolized her. She was his teacher and companion, and with a sacred affection, he cherished her memory so long as he lived. He writes:

HOW WIDOW SMITH FOUND HER OXEN

"In the fall of 1847 my mother and her brother, Joseph Fielding, made a trip down the Missouri River to St. Joseph, Missouri, about fifty miles, for the purpose of obtaining provisions and clothing for the family for the coming winter,



JOSEPH F. SMITH

and for the journey across the plains the following spring. They took two wagons with two yoke of oxen on each. I was almost nine years of age at the time, and accompanied my mother and uncle on this journey as a teamster. The weather was unpropitious, the roads were bad, and it rained a great deal during the journey, so that the trip was a very hard, trying and unpleasant one. At St. Joseph we purchased our groceries and drygoods, and at Savannah we laid in our store of flour, meal, corn, bacon and other provisions. Returning to Winter Quarters, we camped one evening in an open prairie on the Missouri River bottoms, by the side of a small spring creek, which emptied into the river about three-quarters of a mile from us. We were in plain sight of the river, and could see over every foot of the little open prairie where we were camped. . . . On the other side of the creek were some men with a herd of beef cattle which they were driving to Savannah and St. Joseph for market.

"We usually unyoked our oxen and turned them loose to feed during our encampments at night, but this time, on account of the proximity of this herd of cattle, fearing that they might get mixed up and driven off with them, we turned our oxen out to feed in their yokes. Next morning when we came to look for them, to our great disappointment our best yoke of oxen was not to be found. Uncle Fielding and I spent all the morning, well nigh until noon, hunting for them, but without avail. The grass was tall and in the morning was wet with heavy dew. Tramping through this grass and through the woods and over the bluffs, we were soaked to the skin, fatigued, disheartened and almost exhausted. In this pitiable plight I was the first to return to our wagons, and as I approached I saw my mother kneeling down in prayer. I halted for a moment and then drew near enough to hear her pleading with the Lord not to suffer us to be left in this helpless condition, but to lead us to recover our lost team, that we might continue our travels in safety. When she arose from her knees I was standing near by.

The first expression I caught upon her precious face was a lovely smile, which, discouraged as I was, gave me renewed hope and assurance that I had not felt before. A few moments later Uncle Fielding came to the camp, wet with the dews, faint, fatigued, and thoroughly disheartened. His first words were: 'Well, Mary, the cattle are gone.' Mother replied in a voice which fairly rang with cheerfulness, 'Never mind, your breakfast has been waiting for hours, and now, while you and Joseph are eating, I will just take a walk out and see if I can find the cattle.' My uncle held up his hands in blank astonishment, and if the Missouri River had suddenly turned to run upstream, neither of us could have been much more surprised. 'Why Mary,' he exclaimed, 'what do you mean? We have been all over this country, all through the timber and through the herd of cattle and our oxen are gone—they are not to be found. I believe they have been driven off, and it is useless for you to do such a thing as to attempt to hunt for them.' 'Never mind me,' said mother, 'get your breakfast and I will see,' and she started toward the river, following down, proceeding out of speaking distance. The men in charge of the herd of beef cattle rode up from the opposite side of the creek and called out: 'Madam, I saw your oxen over yonder in that direction this morning about daybreak,' pointing in the opposite direction from that which mother was going. We heard plainly what he said, but mother went right on, paid no attention to his remark and did not even turn her head to look at him. A moment later the man rode off rapidly toward his herd, which had been gathered in the opening near the edge of the woods, and they were soon under full drive for the road leading toward Savannah, and soon disappeared from view.

"My mother continued straight down the little stream of water, until she stood almost on the bank of the river, and then beckoned to us. (I was watching her every moment and was determined that she should not get out of my

sight.) Instantly we rose from the mess-chest, on which our breakfast had been spread, and started toward her, and like John who outran the other disciples to the sepulchre, I outran my uncle and came first to the spot where my mother stood. There I saw our oxen fastened to a clump of willows growing in the bottom of a deep gulch which had been washed out of the sandy banks of the river by the little spring creek, perfectly concealed from view. We were not long in releasing them from bondage and getting back to our camp, where the other cattle had been fastened to the wagon wheels all the morning, and we were soon on our way—homeward bound, rejoicing. This circumstance was one of the first practical and positive demonstrations of the efficacy of prayer I had ever witnessed. It made an indelible impression upon my mind and has been a source of comfort, assurance and guidance to me throughout my life.”*

Joseph F. Smith was only fifteen years of age when he went on his first mission to the Hawaiian Islands. Soon after arriving there, he became very ill, nigh unto death, when a kindly great-hearted Hawaiian mother nursed him tenderly until he recovered. Fifty years later, President Smith and others made a visit to the Islands and Charles W. Nibley gives this touching and graphic description of what took place:

“It was a beautiful sight to see the deep-seated love, and even tearful affection that these people had for him. In the midst of it all I noticed a poor old blind woman, tottering under the weight of about ninety years, being led in. She had a few choice bananas in her hand. It was her all—her offering. She was calling, ‘Iosepa, Iosepa.’ Instantly when he saw her he ran to her and clasped her in his arms, hugged her, and kissed her over and over again, patting her on her head, saying, ‘Mama, mama, my dear mama.’

“And with tears streaming down his cheeks he turned to me and said, ‘Charlie, she nursed me when I was a boy,

*Preston Nibley, *The Presidents of the Church*, pp. 230-233.

sick and without anyone to care for me. She took me in and was a mother to me.’

“Oh, it was touching—it was pathetic. It was beautiful to see the great, noble soul in loving, tender remembrance of kindness extended to him, more than fifty years before; and the poor old soul who had brought her love offering—a few bananas—it was all she had—to put into the hand of her loved Iosepa!”*

HE HEARD A VOICE SAY “GO IN AND SIT DOWN”

Bishop Nibley records this event:

“While Joseph F. Smith was a hard-headed, successful business man, yet very few in this dispensation have been more gifted with spiritual insight than he. As we were returning from an eastern trip, some years ago on the train, just east of Green River, I saw him go out to the end of the car, on the platform, and immediately return and hesitate a moment, and then sit down in the seat just ahead of me. He had just taken his seat when something went wrong with the train. A broken rail had been the means of ditching the engine and had thrown most of the cars off the track. In the sleeper we were shaken up pretty badly, but our car remained on the track.

“The President immediately said to me that he had gone on the platform, when he heard a voice saying, ‘Go in and sit down.’

“He came in, and I noticed him stand a moment, and he seemed to hesitate, but he sat down.

“He said further that as he came in and stood in the aisle he thought, ‘Oh pshaw, perhaps it is only my imagination’; when he heard the voice again, ‘Sit down,’ and he immediately took his seat, and the result was as I have stated.

“He, no doubt, would have been seriously injured had he remained on the platform of that car, as the cars were all jammed up together pretty badly. He said, ‘I have heard

**Ibid.*, p. 262.

that voice a good many times in my life, and I have always profited by obeying it.'**

VISION OF THE REDEMPTION OF THE DEAD

This vision was given to President Joseph F. Smith on the 3rd of October, in the year 1918. He relates it as follows: "I sat in my room pondering over the Scriptures and reflecting upon the great atoning sacrifice that was made by the Son of God for the redemption of the world, and the great and wonderful love made manifest by the Father and the Son in the coming of the Redeemer into the world, that through His Atonement and by obedience to the principles of the Gospel, mankind might be saved.

"While I was thus engaged, my mind reverted to the writings of the Apostle Peter, to the primitive saints scattered abroad throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, and other parts of Asia where the gospel had been preached after the crucifixion of the Lord. I opened the Bible and read the third and fourth chapters of the First Epistle of Peter, and as I read I was greatly impressed, more than I had ever been before, with the following passages:

"For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit;

"By which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison;

"Which sometime were disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved by water."†

THE SPIRITS OF THE JUST GATHERED

"For, for this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according

*Ibid., p. 265.

†I Peter 3:18-20.

to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit.*

"As I pondered over these things which are written, the eyes of my understanding were opened, and the Spirit of the Lord rested upon me, and I saw the hosts of the dead, both small and great. And there were gathered together in one place an innumerable company of the spirits of the just, who had been faithful in the testimony of Jesus while they lived in mortality, and who had offered sacrifice in the similitude of the great sacrifice of the Son of God, and had suffered tribulation in their Redeemer's name. All these had departed the mortal life, firm in the hope of a glorious resurrection, through the grace of God the Father and His Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ.

"I beheld that they were filled with joy and gladness, and were rejoicing together because the day of their deliverance was at hand. They were assembled awaiting the advent of the Son of God into the spirit world, to declare their redemption from the bands of death. Their sleeping dust was to be restored unto its perfect frame, bone to his bone, and the sinews and the flesh upon them, the spirit and the body to be united never again to be divided, that they might receive a fullness of joy.

THE SON OF GOD APPEARED

"While this vast multitude waited and conversed, rejoicing in the hour of their deliverance from the chains of death, the Son of God appeared, declaring liberty to the captives who had been faithful, and there he preached to them the everlasting Gospel, the doctrine of the resurrection and the redemption of mankind from the fall, and from individual sins on conditions of repentance. But unto the wicked he did not go, and among the ungodly and unrepentant who had defiled themselves while in the flesh, his voice was not raised, neither did the rebellious who rejected the testimonies and the warnings of the ancient prophets

*I Peter 4:6.

behold his presence, nor look upon his face. Where these were, darkness reigned, but among the righteous there was peace, and the saints rejoiced in their redemption, and bowed the knee and acknowledged the Son of God as their Redeemer and Deliverer from death and the chains of hell. Their countenances shone and the radiance from the presence of the Lord rested upon them and they sang praises unto His holy name.

"I marveled, for I understood that the Savior spent three years in His ministry among the Jews and those of the House of Israel, endeavoring to teach them the everlasting Gospel and call them unto repentance; and yet, notwithstanding His mighty works and miracles and proclamation of the truth in great power and authority, there were but few who hearkened to His voice and rejoiced in His presence and received salvation at His hands. But His ministry among those who were dead was limited to the brief time intervening between the crucifixion and His resurrection; and I wondered at the words of Peter wherein he said that the Son of God preached unto the spirits who sometime were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, and how it was possible for Him to preach to those spirits and perform the necessary labor among them in so short a time.

HE WENT NOT IN PERSON TO THE DISOBEDIENT

"And as I wondered, my eyes were opened, and my understanding quickened, and I perceived that the Lord went not in person among the wicked and the disobedient who had rejected the truth, to teach them; but behold, from among the righteous He organized His forces and appointed messengers, clothed with power and authority, and commissioned them to go forth and carry the light of the Gospel to them that were in darkness, even to all the spirits of men. And thus was the Gospel preached to the dead. And the chosen messengers went forth to declare the acceptable day

of the Lord, and to proclaim liberty to the captives who were bound; even unto all who would repent of their sins and receive the Gospel. Thus was the Gospel preached to those who had died in their sins, without a knowledge of the truth, or in transgression, having rejected the prophets. These were taught faith in God, repentance from sin, vicarious baptism for the remission of sins, the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, and all other principles of the Gospel that were necessary for them to know in order to qualify themselves that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit.

WHAT THE SAVIOR DID IN THE SPIRIT WORLD

"And so it was made known among the dead, both small and great, the unrighteous as well as the faithful, that redemption had been wrought through the sacrifice of the Son of God upon the cross. Thus was it made known that our Redeemer spent His time during His sojourn in the world of spirits, instructing and preparing the faithful spirits of the prophets who had testified of Him in the flesh, that they might carry the message of redemption unto all the dead unto whom He could not go personally because of their rebellion and transgression, that they through the ministration of His servants might also hear His words.

"Among the great and mighty ones who were assembled in this vast congregation of the righteous were Father Adam, the Ancient of Days and father of all, and our glorious Mother Eve, with many of her faithful daughters who had lived through the ages and worshiped the true and living God. Abel, the first martyr, was there, and his brother Seth, one of the mighty ones, who was in the express image of his father Adam. Noah, who gave warning of the flood; Shem, the great High Priest; Abraham, the father of the faithful; Isaac, Jacob, and Moses, the great lawgiver of Israel; Isaiah, who declared by prophecy that the Redeemer was anointed to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the

captives, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound, were also there.

"Moreover, Ezekiel, who was shown in vision the great valley of dry bones which were to be clothed upon with flesh to come forth again in the resurrection of the dead, living souls; Daniel, who foresaw and foretold the establishment of the kingdom of God in the latter days, never again to be destroyed nor given to other people; Elias, who was with Moses on the Mount of Transfiguration; Malachi, the prophet who testified of the coming of Elijah—of whom also Moroni spake to the Prophet Joseph Smith, declaring that he should come before the ushering in of the great and dreadful day of the Lord, were also there. The prophet Elijah was to plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to their fathers, foreshadowing the great work to be done in the temples of the Lord in the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times, for the redemption of the dead and the sealing of the children to their parents, lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse and utterly wasted at His coming.

"All these and many more, even the prophets who dwelt among the Nephites and testified of the coming of the Son of God mingled in the vast assembly and waited for their deliverance, for the dead had looked upon the long absence of their spirits from their bodies as a bondage. These the Lord taught, and gave them power to come forth, after His resurrection from the dead, to enter into His Father's Kingdom, there to be crowned with immortality and eternal life, and continue thenceforth their labors as had been promised by the Lord, and be partakers of all blessings which were held in reserve for them that love Him.

MODERN APOSTLES THERE

"The Prophet Joseph Smith, and my father, Hyrum Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, and other choice spirits who were reserved to come forth

in the fullness of times and take part in laying the foundations of the great latter-day work, including the building of the temples and the performance of ordinances therein for the redemption of the dead, were also in the spirit world. I observed that they were also among the noble and great ones who were chosen in the beginning to be rulers in the Church of God. Even before they were born, they, with many others, received their first lessons in the world of spirits, and were prepared to come forth in the due time of the Lord to labor in His vineyard for the salvation of the souls of men.

"I beheld that the faithful Elders of this dispensation, when they depart from mortal life, continue their labors in the preaching of the Gospel of repentance and redemption, through the sacrifice of the Only Begotten Son of God, among those who are in darkness and under the bondage of sin in the great world of the spirits of the dead. The dead who repent will be redeemed, through obedience to the ordinances of the House of God, and after they have paid the penalty of their transgressions, and are washed clean, shall receive a reward according to their works, for they are heirs of salvation.

"Thus was the vision of the redemption of the dead revealed to me, and I bear record, and I know that this record is true, through the blessings of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, even so. Amen."*

This Vision of the Redemption of the Dead was submitted October 31, 1918, to the Counselors in the First Presidency, the Council of the Twelve, and the Patriarch, and by them unanimously accepted.†

JOSEPH F. SMITH

Joseph F. Smith knew pioneering with all its hardships and privations. As a boy of nine years he helped his

*Joseph F. Smith, *Gospel Doctrine Sermons and Writings*, pp. 472-476.

†*Improvement Era*, Vol. 22, December, 1918, pp. 166-170.

widowed mother in the long hard journey across the plains to Utah. He yoked and unyoked his oxen and drove them all the way taking his turn with the men in guarding the cattle.

Four years after their arrival in the Valley his brave mother, worn and weary with hardship, died, leaving Joseph an orphan at fourteen. At fifteen years of age he went on a mission to the Hawaiian Islands and after two other missions was called to the Apostleship and thereafter devoted himself, almost entirely, to the service of the Church.

At the dedication of the Joseph Smith Monument at Sharon, Vermont, December 23, 1905, he was presented with a token of friendship by the Utah party. He was deeply moved by this kindness and in response said: "My heart is like that of a child. It is easily touched, especially with love. I can much easier weep for joy than for sorrow. I suppose, perhaps, it is due to some extent to the fact that all my early remembrances were sorrowful—The persecution of the Prophet and of the people in Missouri and Illinois, the final martyrdom of the Prophet and my father, the expulsion of the Saints from Nauvoo, the driving out of the widows and orphans from their homes, the journey across the plains, the hardships we endured in settling the valley of the Great Salt Lake and trying to make a home there; my experiences on the plain, in standing guard, herding cattle, and going to the canyons, and then the starting out at the age of fifteen on a mission to the Sandwich Islands, so far away, alone apparently, without father or mother, without kindred or friends. All of this had a tendency in my youth to depress my spirits, but I have had the strength, through the grace of God, to keep myself from deadly sin and now when I experience the expressions of confidence and love from my brethren and sisters it goes directly to my heart."

In the annals of the Church the stalwart figure of Joseph F. Smith will shine forever among the great ones. The world never produced better men than those pioneers.

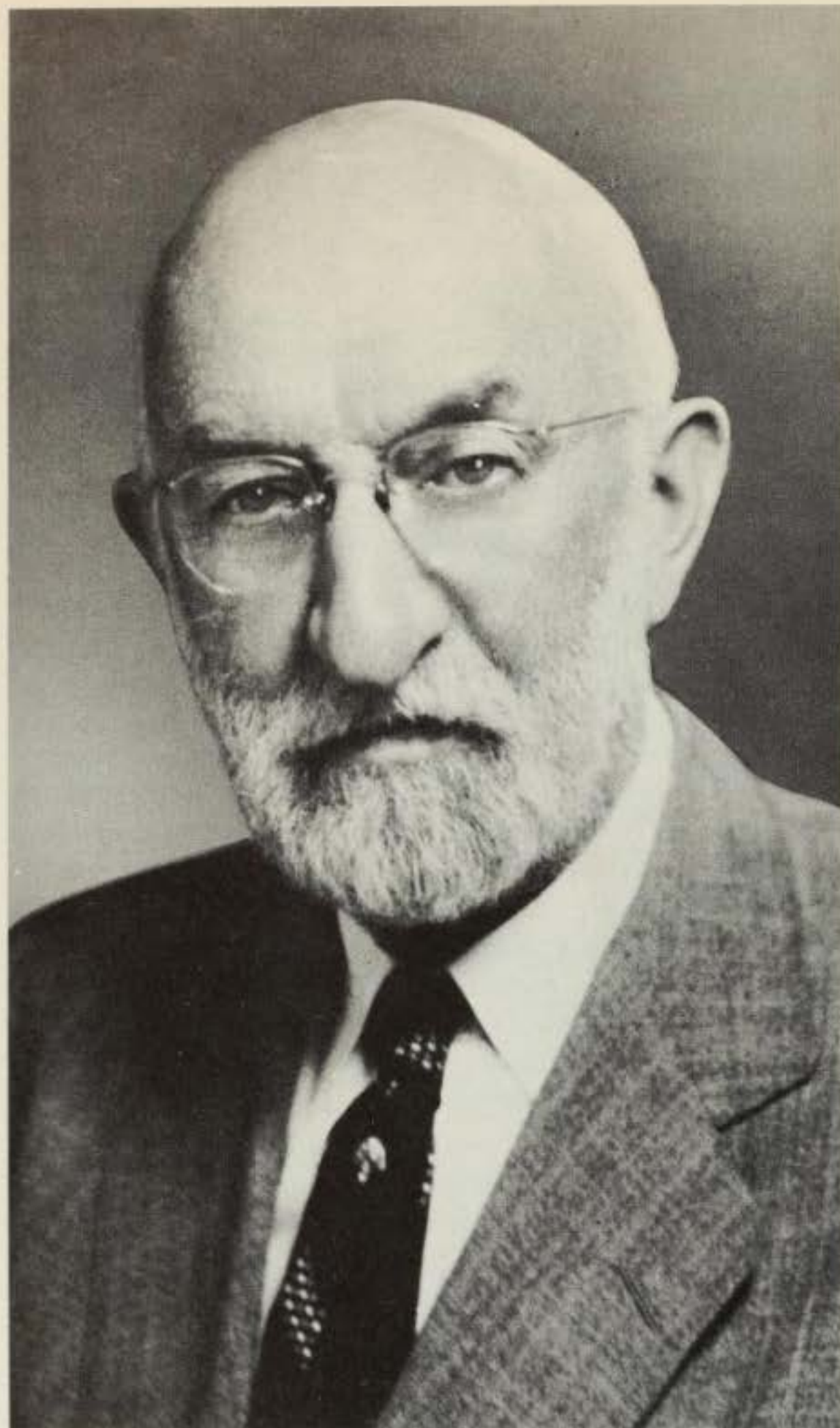
Heber J. Grant, a Doer of the Word

FOR years, Heber J. Grant's mother cherished in her heart promises which were made to her son in childhood. She had implicit faith in the fulfillment of those promises, provided he lived worthy of them. Referring to his mother, President Grant said: "My mother always told me, 'Behave yourself, Heber, and some day you will be an Apostle. If you do not behave yourself, you will not be, because we have a revelation recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants which specifically states "there is a law irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of the world upon which all blessings are predicated, and when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated." * I said, 'Mother, I do not want to be an Apostle. I do not want to be a bishop. I do not want to be anything but a business man. Just get it out of your head.' "

When he was called to the apostleship, she asked him if he remembered a meeting where certain blessings were promised him. He replied: "No, I do not remember anything, only that when Aunt Zina was talking she said, 'You will become a great man in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and one of the Apostles of the Lord, Jesus Christ.' "

His mother said: "That is the reason I have told you to behave yourself. I knew it would not come true if you did not live worthily, but it has come true." Then she asked, "Do you remember Heber C. Kimball picking you up when you were a young boy and putting you on a table and talking to you at a great dinner he was having for a lot of his

*D. & C., 130:20.



HEBER J. GRANT

friends?" "Yes." "Do you remember anything that he said?" "No, I only remember that he had the blackest eyes I have ever looked into. I was frightened. That is all I can remember." "He prophesied in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ that you would become an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ and become a greater man in the Church than your own father, and your father, as you know, became one of the counselors to President Brigham Young. That is why I have told you to behave."

FAITH REWARDED

The following is so typical of the quality of Heber J. Grant's faith and of his honesty with the Lord that it is an inspiration to record it. He said: "I remember as a young man, I had fifty dollars in my pocket on one occasion which I intended to deposit in the bank. When I went on Thursday morning to fast meeting—the fast meeting used to be held on Thursday instead of Sundays—the Bishop made an appeal for donations. I walked up and handed him fifty dollars. He took five dollars of it and put it in the drawer and gave the forty-five dollars back to me and said that was my full share. I said: 'Bishop Woolley, by what right do you rob me of putting the Lord in my debt? Didn't you preach here today that the Lord would reward fourfold? My mother is a widow and she needs two hundred dollars.' He said: 'My boy, do you believe that if I take this other forty-five dollars you will get your two hundred dollars quicker?' I said: 'Certainly.' Well, he took it."

While walking from the fast meeting to the place where he worked, an idea suddenly came to him. He sent a telegram to a man asking him how many bonds of a certain kind he would buy at a specified price within forty-eight hours allowing Heber to draw a draft on him through Wells Fargo's Bank. He did not know the man. He had never spoken to him in his life, but had seen him a time or two on the streets of Salt Lake. The man wired back

that he wanted as many as he could get. Heber's profit on the transaction was two hundred eighteen dollars and fifty cents.

The next day he walked down to the Bishop and said: "Bishop, I have made two hundred eighteen dollars and fifty cents, after paying that fifty dollars donation the other day, and so I owe twenty-one dollars and eighty-five cents in tithing. I will have to dig up the difference between twenty-one dollars eighty-five cents and eighteen dollars fifty cents. The Lord did not quite give me the tithing in addition to his 'four to one' income."

In relating this story President Grant said: "Some will say that it would have happened anyway. I do not think it would have happened. I do not think that I would have had the idea. I do not think I would have sent the telegram. I feel in my heart that we grow financially, spiritually and in every other way as Latter-day Saints by doing our duty. When we are obedient to the commandments of the Lord, generous with our time and our means, we grow in the spirit and testimony of the Gospel. I do not believe that we are ever poor financially."

THE CONVERSION OF B. F. GRANT

Referring to the conversion of his brother, B. F. Grant, in whom he had great interest, and who was not baptized until he was forty years old, the President said: "I remember what to me was the greatest of the great incidents of my life in this Tabernacle. I saw for the first time, sitting in the audience, my brother who had been careless, indifferent and wayward and who had evinced no interest whatsoever in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I saw him for the first time in this building and as I realized that he was seeking God for light and knowledge regarding the divinity of this work, I bowed my head and I prayed to God that if I were requested to address the audience that the Lord would inspire me by the revelations of His Spirit, by that Holy Spirit in which

every Latter-day Saint believes, that my brother would have to acknowledge to me that I had spoken beyond my natural ability, that I had been inspired of the Lord. I realized that if he made that confession, then I would be able to point out to him that God had given him a testimony of the divinity of the work. . . . When I stood up, I prayed for the inspiration of the Lord and for the faith of the Latter-day Saints. I closed the book from which I intended to read and I never thought of it from that minute until I sat down at the end of a thirty-minute address. I closed my remarks twelve minutes after three o'clock expecting that George Q. Cannon would follow me. Angus M. Cannon, who presided, said to his brother George: 'Please occupy the balance of the time.' He said: 'No, I do not wish to speak.' Brother Angus refused to take 'no' for an answer, so George Q. Cannon said finally: 'All right, go take your seat, and I will say something.' And he arose and said in substance: 'There is a time when the Almighty inspires some speakers by the revelation of His Spirit. And that person is so abundantly blessed by the inspiration of the living God that it is a mistake for anybody else to speak following him. One of those occasions has been today, and I desire this meeting be dismissed without further remarks,' and he sat down. I devoted thirty minutes of my speech almost exclusively to a testimony of my knowledge that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ and to the wonderful and marvelous labors of the Prophet Joseph Smith, bearing witness to the knowledge God had given me that Joseph Smith was in very deed a Prophet of the true and living God. The next morning, my brother came to my office. He said, 'Heber, I was in meeting yesterday and heard you preach.' I said: 'The first time you ever heard your brother preach I guess.' 'Oh no,' he replied, 'I have heard you many times. I generally come in late and go into the gallery. I also go out before the meeting is over, but you have never spoken as you did yesterday. You spoke beyond your natural ability. You were inspired of the Lord.' When

I heard George Q. Cannon say to himself, 'Thank God for the power of that testimony,' the tears gushed from my eyes like rain and I rested my elbows on my knees and put my hands over my face so that the people by me would not see that I was weeping like a child. I knew when I heard those words of George Q. Cannon that God had heard and answered my prayer. I knew that my brother's heart was touched. The next day when he came and repeated my words, I said to him: 'You are still praying for the testimony of the Gospel?' He said, 'Yes, I am going nearly wild.' I asked, 'What did I preach about yesterday?' He replied: 'You know what you preached about.' I said: 'Well, you tell me.' 'You preached about the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith.' I answered that I was inspired beyond my natural ability, and that I had never spoken before at any time as he had heard me speak yesterday. 'Do you expect the Lord to get a club and knock you down? What more testimony do you want of the Gospel of Jesus Christ than that a man speaks beyond his natural ability and under the inspiration of God when he testifies of the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith?' The next Sunday, he applied to me for baptism."*

His brother became a marvelous missionary. His words were permeated with a conviction that pierced the hearts of those who listened to him. If there was a spark of love for the truth in a wayward soul, he could fan it into a flame.

SPEAKS IN PARAGONAH

President Grant always loved to relate this incident. The Bishop of Paragonah invited his brother, Fred,[†] to come down and speak in his ward. He had known him well when they were in Milford, when Fred used to profane and ran a saloon. Fred went down and said to the Bishop: "I want you to send out to his ranch for McBride." The Bishop said:

*Bryant S. Hinckley, *Life Of A Great Leader*, p. 185.

†Fred, referred to in this incident is B. F. Grant.

"I won't do it. I would not have him in my meeting house. He would only come here and mingle with the boys on the outside before the meeting, wait until he had heard the first song and prayer, the second song, and then he would come into the meeting and the first thing he would be liable to do would be to call you a thief and a liar or something of that kind." Fred said: "I want him here. I know him, and I would like to have him here." The Bishop said: "you don't know him as well as I do. He is my son-in-law. We have tried to get my poor daughter to leave him, but she will not do it. When he is not drunk, he is very kind to her. I do not propose to have that kind of man around here." Fred said: "If you won't send for him, I will. I have come two hundred miles to preach at your request. I will hire a boy and put him on a horse and send him for McBride myself." The Bishop said: "If you feel that way about it, I will send for him." Fred said, "I want him here. All I ask is that you save a seat for him on the front row."

McBride came, mingled with the boys on the outside, waited until they had the two songs and prayer and then he came in saying, "Well, you damn old thief. You have turned preacher, have you?" Fred said: "Yes, I have." McBride said: "Do you remember how when a man, who had a very fast horse, came in Milford and you hired him to let a poor horse beat him and how he cleaned up the people in the whole town?" Fred said: "Yes, I remember many devilish and mean things you and I did together. I was just confessing my sins, but if you would like to do it for me, it will save me the trouble; however, only one can speak at a time." McBride said: "I have nothing else I want to say." Fred said: "Come up here and take a seat. I have saved a seat for you."

After the services, McBride asked Fred to go home with him and he went out to his ranch, slept with him, or more properly speaking, he stayed awake with him all night alone

and the next day he drove him over to Milford to get the train. When he was leaving, Fred said to the Bishop: "Bishop, when your son-in-law applies for baptism, will you please write me?" He said: "Yes, I will send you a special delivery letter." And he laughed at the idea.

"Some months later, Fred handed me a letter from the Bishop which read: 'Brother Grant, my wife, myself and my daughter have not language to express our gratitude to you for what you did for our son-in-law when you spent the night with him. He has been a model husband. We have no language to express our gratitude to you for the reformation you brought in him.' This is only one case out of many where 'BF' brought wayward, indifferent men into the active service in the Church."*

SAVED TWO BANKS

The story of how Heber J. Grant saved two Church banks during the prolonged and disastrous panic of 1891-93 is so characteristic of his faith that we give this account of it. He made a trip to New York City in 1891 to sell \$100,000.00 worth of Z.C.M.I. notes owned by one of the banks. Money was then lending on the New York Stock Exchange at one-half of one per cent a day, one hundred eighty-two and one-half per cent per year. These notes bore six per cent interest. Think of it! He states:

"Before starting, I was talking with President Woodruff who knew why I was going. He smiled and said, 'You are going east on a very difficult mission. Sit down on this chair and let me give you a blessing.' I sat down and he gave me a wonderful blessing, stating that I would get all the money I needed and more would be offered to me if I needed it. I went out with a feeling of perfect assurance that I would be successful. I heard that the directors of the Deseret National Bank were laughing at the idea of my being foolish enough to think I could cash Z.C.M.I. notes in the

*Bryant S. Hinckley, *Life of a Great Leader*, p. 189.

East at six per cent per annum when money was one-half of one per cent a day."

He stopped, on the way, at Omaha and asked the president of the Omaha National Bank, a correspondent of one of his banks, to cash a note of twelve thousand dollars. The president smiled and said: "The idea of your coming down here, trying to get money when it is one-half of one per cent a day. Your banks are as well fixed financially if not better than ours. Young man, let me give you some advice. Go home and call your bank friends together and decide to lend a little more than would be considered strictly safe and the money will circulate around and come back into your bank again to take care of your own bank."

Brother Grant told this gentleman he was not asking for advice, that he had to go east for one hundred thousand dollars, that he intended to get it and on his return he would call on him and tell him where he got it. The bank president said: "Well, Mr. Grant, it will be a long time before I will see you."

When Brother Grant got to Chicago, he asked the vice-president of a bank there to cash two notes for twelve thousand dollars each. This bank was also one of their correspondents. He did not even ask Brother Grant to come into the bank. He stood on the outside of the counter, smiled and declined to cash the notes. He said: "Young man, have you read the morning papers?" "Certainly," Brother Grant replied. "Have you read the financial sheet?" "Yes." "What is money loaning for in New York?" Brother Grant answered: "One-half of one per cent a day." "Well, do you expect to get any money at six per cent per annum?" "Yes, I do," responded Brother Grant, "because that is the rate you charge your customers if their balances are good enough to justify your making loans." Again, he replied: "I did not come to Chicago to get advice. I had the same advice from the president of the Omaha Bank. I told him I would go on my way, then on my way home I would call and tell him

how I got the money, and I'll do the same with you." The vice-president smiled and said that he did not expect to see him for a long time.

When he reached New York, he had not sold one of his notes, but from then on he was divinely guided. It is a long and interesting story, but this is what he said in conclusion: "I borrowed \$336,000 all told. Before going to the train to go home, I received a telegram saying that we needed forty-eight thousand dollars more. I felt sure it was a mistake, that they did not need it, and I started for Chicago and wired one of my insurance friends at Hartford and he made arrangements to get forty-eight thousand dollars if I needed it after I got home. After I got home, it was not needed; therefore, it was never borrowed."*

From the day President Woodruff blessed him, and promised him that he would get all the money he wanted and more if he needed it, he proceeded with the most perfect assurance that this promise made by a Prophet of God would be fulfilled and it was fulfilled to the very letter. This is the same faith that heals the sick and works miracles, but its application is in a different way. On his return, he called on the banker in Chicago who didn't expect to see him for a long time. He had only been gone a short time, and had much more money than he expected. When he got to Omaha, he did the same thing. The banker was utterly astonished. He felt he was a marvel, he wondered how Brother Grant did it.

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE

Brother Grant was constantly troubled with a feeling of unworthiness, a lack of knowledge and capacity to fill the exalted place of an Apostle to which he had been called. Day and night this thought pursued him. He felt at times he should resign. In February, 1883, with a number of other

**Ibid.*, p. 60.

brethren he was visiting some of the stakes in Arizona. He and Lot Smith, president of one of the stakes, were riding horseback in the rear of the company. They reached a point where a trail led off from the main traveled road when he asked: "Where does this trail lead to?" "It leads back into the main road three or four miles ahead," Brother Smith replied. "Is there any danger in taking this trail alone?" Brother Smith answered, "No." "I want to be alone," Brother Grant said, "you go on with the company. I will meet you over there where the trail and road join." He had perhaps gone a mile or more when he had the most marvelous experience. He said: "In the kind providence of the Lord, it was manifested to me perfectly so far as my intelligence is concerned—I did not see heaven—I did not see a council held there, but like Lehi of old I seemed to see, and my very being was so saturated with the information that I received as I stopped my animal and sat there and communed with heaven, that I am as absolutely convinced of the information that came to me upon that occasion as though the voice of God had spoken the words to me.

"It was manifested to me there and then that it was not because of any particular intelligence that I possessed, that it was not because of any knowledge that I possessed more than a testimony of the Gospel, that it was not because of my wisdom, that I had been called to be one of the Apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ in this last dispensation, but it was because the Prophet of God, the man who was the chosen instrument in the hands of the living God of establishing again upon the earth the plan of life and salvation, Joseph Smith, desired that I be called, and that my father, Jedediah M. Grant, who gave his life for the Gospel, and who had been dead for nearly twenty-six years, desired that his son should be a member of the Council of the Twelve. It was manifested to me that the Prophet and my father were able to bestow upon me the apostleship because of their faithfulness, inasmuch as I had lived a clean life,

but now it remained for me to make a success or a failure of that calling. I can bear witness to you here today that I do not believe that any man on earth from that day, February, 1883, until now, has had sweeter joy, more perfect and exquisite happiness than I have had in lifting up my voice and testifying of the Gospel at home and abroad in every land and in every clime where it has fallen my lot to go.”*

THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE

In all of the vicissitudes of life, Heber J. Grant was sustained by an unfaltering faith in God. This is shown by the following pathetic experience:

“About one hour before my wife died, I called my children into her room and told them that their mother was dying and for them to bid her good-bye. One of the little girls, about twelve years of age, said to me: ‘Papa, I do not want my mama to die. I have been with her in the hospital in San Francisco for six months. Time and time again when mama was in distress, you have administered to her, and she has been relieved of her pain and quietly gone to sleep. I want you to lay hands upon my mama and heal her.’

“I told my little girl that we all had to die sometime, and that I felt assured in my heart that her mother’s time had arrived. She and the rest of the children left the room.

“I then knelt down by the bed of my wife (who by this time had lost consciousness) and I told the Lord I acknowledged His hand in life, in death, in joy, in sorrow, in prosperity, or adversity. I thanked Him for the knowledge I had that my wife belonged to me for all eternity, that through the power and authority of the priesthood here on the earth that I could and would have my wife forever if I were only faithful as she had been. But I told the Lord that I lacked the strength to have my wife die and have it affect

**Ibid.*, p. 101.

the faith of my little children in the ordinances of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and I supplicated the Lord with all the strength that I possessed that He would give to that little girl of mine a knowledge that it was His mind and His will that her mama should die.

“Within an hour my wife passed away, and I called the children back into the room. My little boy, about five and one-half or six years of age, was weeping bitterly, and the little girl twelve years of age took him in her arms and said: ‘Do not weep, Heber; since we went out of this room, the voice of the Lord from Heaven has said to me that in the death of mama, the will of the Lord shall be done.’”*

DEATH OF HIS SON

“I had been blessed with only two sons. One of them died at five years of age and the other at seven.

“My last son died of a hip disease. I had built great hopes that he would live to spread the Gospel at home and abroad and be an honor to me. About an hour before he died I had a dream that his mother, who was dead, came for him, and that she brought with her a messenger, and she told this messenger to take the boy while I was asleep. In the dream I thought I awoke, and I seized my son and fought for him and finally succeeded in getting him away from the messenger who had come to take him, and in so doing I dreamed that I stumbled and fell upon him.

“I dreamed that I fell upon his sore hip, and the terrible cries and anguish of the child drove me nearly wild. I could not stand it, and I jumped up and ran out of the house so as not to hear his distress. I dreamed that after running out of the house I met Brother Joseph E. Taylor and told him of these things.

“He said: ‘Well, Heber, do you know what I would do if my wife came for one of her children—I would not strug-

**Ibid.*, p. 243.

gle for that child; I would not oppose her taking that child away. If a mother who had been faithful had passed beyond the veil, she would know of the suffering and the anguish her child may have to suffer. She should know whether that child might go through life as a cripple and whether it would be better or wiser for that child to be relieved from the torture of life. And when you stop to think, Brother Grant, that the mother of that boy went down into the shadow of death to give him life, she is the one who ought to have the right to take him or leave him.'

"I said, 'I believe you are right, Brother Taylor, and if she comes again, she shall have the boy without any protest on my part.'

"After coming to that conclusion, I was awakened by my brother, B. F. Grant, who was staying that night with us. He came into the room and told me that the child was dying. I went in the front room and sat down. There was a vacant chair between me and my wife who is now living, and I felt the presence of that boy's deceased mother sitting in that chair. I did not tell anybody what I felt, but I turned to my wife and said, 'Do you feel anything strange?'

" 'Yes, I feel assured that Heber's mother is sitting between us, waiting to take him away.'

"Now, I am naturally, I believe, a sympathetic man. I was raised as an only child with all the affection that a mother could lavish upon a boy. I believe that I am naturally affectionate and sympathetic and that I shed tears for my friends—tears of joy for their success and tears of sorrow for their misfortunes. But I sat by the deathbed of my little boy and saw him die, without shedding a tear. My living wife, my brother, and I upon that occasion experienced a sweet, peaceful, and heavenly influence in my home, as great as I have ever experienced in my life. And no person can tell me that every other Latter-day Saint that has a knowledge of the Gospel in his heart and soul can really

mourn for his loved ones, only in the loss of their society here in this life.

"I never think of my wives and my dear mother, my two boys, my daughter, my departed friends, and my beloved associates as being in the graveyard. I think only of the joy they have in meeting with father and mother and loved ones who have been true and faithful to the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. My mind reaches out to the wonderful joy and satisfaction and happiness that they are having, and it robs the grave of its sting."*

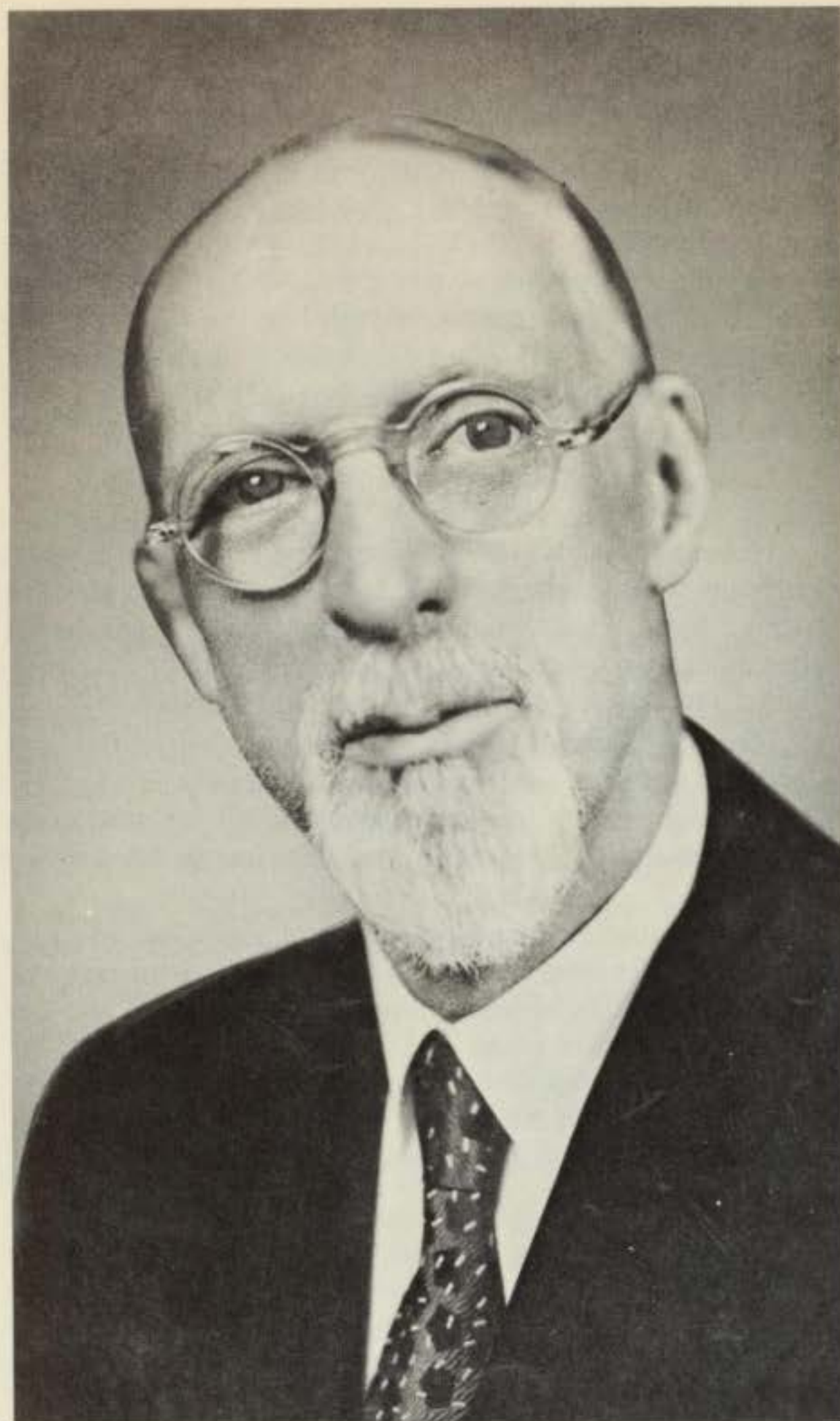
HEBER J. GRANT

Heber J. Grant was born November 22, 1856, in the pioneer home located where Z.C.M.I. now stands. On his 88th birthday it was said that he knew this city and its people better than any other living person, and that he had contributed more to its growth than any other living man.

Heber J. Grant was sagacious in temporal affairs, and a leader in spiritual matters. He was intensely loyal to his friends and his convictions, unwavering in his devotion to his country, steadfast in his faith, and untiring in his zeal for the truth.

His magnanimity and generosity of soul were princely. To know him at close range was to discover a tenderness of heart and a nobility of soul unknown to the public. We are well within the truth when we say that no other man of his means was more generous to the widow and the orphan, to those overtaken with misfortune or sorrow than he was. He was indeed one of the great ones of the earth.

**Ibid.*, pp. 246-248.



GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

George Albert Smith, a Friend to Mankind

PRESIDENT George Albert Smith traveled more than a million miles in the service of the Lord. He looked upon all mankind as our Father's children and wherever he went he made friends and preached the gospel of peace and love. That same attitude of peace and love was shown to him. He relates: "On one occasion, a family gave all they had to eat and the next morning when the time came for them to prepare food for themselves, they found meal in their barrel, and nobody but the Lord could have put that meal in the barrel."*

We give these experiences as they were related by President George Albert Smith.

A PRAYER ANSWERED

He said at a conference held in Provo: "I am standing on what to me is sacred ground. My grandparents and my parents and many other relatives lived here in Provo and some still live here. My father as a young man came near losing his life in the Provo River, not far from where we are now. His father, who was in Salt Lake City, felt impressed to go into a room that had been set apart for prayer. He clothed himself in Temple robes, knelt down at the altar and said: 'Heavenly Father, I feel that there is something seriously wrong with my family in Provo. Thou knowest that I cannot be with them there and be here. Heavenly Father, wilt Thou preserve and safeguard them, and I will be grateful to Thee and honor Thee.'

*George Albert Smith, *Sharing the Gospel With Others*, pp. 216-217.

"At the time when he was praying, just as near as it was possible to indicate by checking the time, my father had fallen into the river. It was at flood time. Logs and rocks were pouring down from the canyon, and he was helpless. Those who were near saw his predicament, but they could not reach him. The turbulence of the water was such that nobody could live in it. They just stood there in horror. Father was doing everything he could to keep his head above water, but he was being thrown up and down and being dashed against the rocks and logs. All at once a wave lifted him bodily from the water and threw him upon the shore. It was a direct answer of the prayer of a servant of the Lord."*

YOUR GOOD NAME

"A number of years ago I was seriously ill, in fact, I think everyone gave me up but my wife. With my family I went to St. George, Utah, to see if it would improve my health. We went as far as we could by train, and then continued the journey in a wagon, in the bottom of which a bed had been made for me.

In St. George we arranged for a tent for my health and comfort, with a built-in floor raised about a foot above the ground, and we could roll up the south side of the tent to make the sunshine and fresh air available. I became so weak as to be scarcely able to move. It was a slow and exhausting effort for me even to turn over in bed.

"One day, under these conditions, I lost consciousness of my surroundings and thought I had passed to the Other Side. I found myself standing with my back to a large and beautiful lake, facing a great forest of trees. There was no one in sight, and there was no boat upon the lake or any other visible means to indicate how I might have arrived there. I realized, or seemed to realize, that I had finished

**Ibid.*, pp. 83-84.

my work in mortality and had gone home. I began to look around, to see if I could find someone. There was no evidence of anyone living there, just those great, beautiful trees in front of me and the wonderful lake behind me.

"I began to explore, and soon I found a trail through the woods which seemed to have been used very little, and which was almost obscured by grass. I followed this trail, and after I had walked for some time and had traveled a considerable distance through the forest, I saw a man coming towards me. I became aware that he was a very large man, and I hurried my steps to reach him, because I recognized him as my grandfather. In mortality he weighed over three hundred pounds, so you may know he was a large man. I remember how happy I was to see him coming. I had been given his name and had always been proud of it.

"When grandfather came within a few feet of me, he stopped. His stopping was an invitation for me to stop. Then—and this I would like the boys and girls and young people never to forget—he looked at me very earnestly and said: 'I would like to know what you have done with my name.'

"Everything I had ever done passed before me as though it were a flying picture on a screen—everything I had done. Quickly this vivid retrospect came down to the very time I was standing there. My whole life had passed before me. I smiled and looked at my grandfather and said: 'I have never done anything with your name of which you need be ashamed.'

"He stepped forward and took me in his arms, and as he did so, I became conscious again of my earthly surroundings. My pillow was as wet as though water had been poured on it—wet with tears of gratitude that I could answer unashamed.

"I have thought of this many times, and I want to tell you that I have been trying, more than ever since that time, to take care of that name. So I want to say to the boys and

girls, to the young men and women, to the youth of the Church and all the world: Honor your fathers and your mothers. Honor the names that you bear, because some day you will have the privilege and the obligation of reporting to them (and to your Father in Heaven) what you have done with their name.”*

THE PRAYER OF A CHILD

“A little boy was upon the operating table, ready to undergo an operation for appendicitis—an orphan boy, about eight years of age. It was a rather unusual case, and by the way a charity case. As the boy lay there he looked up at the surgeons—there were several of them present—and addressing the surgeon in charge he said: ‘Doctor, before you begin to operate won’t you pray for me?’ The surgeon looked at the boy amazed and said, ‘Why, I can’t pray for you.’ Then the little fellow turned his eyes from one to the other, asking each if they would pray for him. Each in turn declined. Then the little man said: ‘If you won’t pray for me, won’t you please wait while I pray for myself?’ The little fellow got up on the operating table on his knees, folded his hands and uttered a prayer. He said to the Lord: ‘Heavenly Father, I am only a little orphan boy, but I am awful sick, and these doctors are going to operate. Will you please help them that they will do it right? And now, Heavenly Father if you will make me well I will be a good boy. Thank you for making me well.’ He then turned over and laid on his back and looked up at the doctors and nurses who were all standing around, but he was the only one in the room who could see because the others had tears in their eyes. He said: ‘Now I am ready.’

“A few days after that a man went into the office of the Chief Surgeon and asked him to tell him the story of the little boy he had operated on a few days before. The surgeon said: ‘I have operated on a good many little boys.’ ‘Yes, I

**Ibid.*, pp. 110-112.

know, but this was an unusual case—tell me about it.’ Then the Doctor looked at him for some time and said, ‘I don’t know whether I will tell you or not. I am not sure but what it is too sacred to talk about.’ ‘Please tell me,’ he replied, ‘I will treat it as sacred, too.’ Then the Doctor told the story as I have related it, and when he got through the visitor said, ‘My, that was a remarkable experience, wasn’t it?’ The doctor said, ‘Remarkable? That was the most remarkable experience of my whole life. I have operated on hundreds of men, women and children, and I have known some of them to pray, but never until I stood in the presence of that little boy, have I heard anyone talk to their Heavenly Father face to face.’ ”*

NARROWLY ESCAPED DROWNING

“I was considered a very good swimmer and thoroughly enjoyed the sport. This particular day the tide was very high and very swift. As I left the shore and swam out into the ocean, I dived through the big breakers as they would crest and spray over me. My objective was the large swells beyond the breakers, where I could lie on my back and ride the big swells up and down. While engaging in this interesting sport, one very huge wave crested and broke before I could right myself following the dive through the previous one. The second one caught me and threw me to the floor of the ocean. I could feel myself being dragged out by the undertow. At this particular time many waves come in rapid succession and I was not able to right myself before I had to dive from one into another. I realized that my strength was rapidly leaving me, that it was going to be necessary for me to find some means of help. As I rode to the crest of one huge wave, I saw the underpilings of a pier close at hand, and I thought if with super-human effort I could reach the security of the pilings that I would be able to save my life. I silently asked my Heavenly Father to give me the

**Ibid.*, pp. 144-145.

strength to reach my objective. As I was washed into arm's length of the pier, I reached out and put my arms around one of the posts. They were covered with sharp dark blue barnacles, and as I wound my arms and legs around its security, they cut my chest, legs and thighs. I hung on as long as I could stand the pain and watched for a big friendly swell to come my way that I might throw myself on it and travel closer to shore. Each time with a prayer in my heart I would make the effort traveling from one pile to another with the aid of the rolling swell. Slowly but surely and with great difficulty, I made my way to the shore where the water was shallow enough for me to walk to the beach. When I reached the safety of the warm sand, I fell exhausted. I was so weak, and so nearly drowned I was unable to walk home until I had rested for some time. Lying on the sand with its warmth and security, I thought of the harrowing experience that I had just endured and my heart was filled with gratitude and humility that the Lord had again spared my life."*

SAVED FROM DEATH BY OBEYING AN IMPRESSION

While laboring in the Southern States as a missionary the following happened:

"Late one evening in a pitch-dark night, Elder Stout and I were traveling along a high precipice. Our little walk was narrow; on one side was the wall of the mountain, on the other side, the deep, deep river. We had no light and there were no stars and no moon to guide us. We had been traveling all day and we knew that we would have hospitality extended to us if we could reach the McKelvin home, which was on the other side of a high valley. We had to cross this mountain in order to reach the home of Mr. McKelvin. Our mode of travel of necessity was very halting. We walked almost with a shuffle, feeling each foot of ground as we ad-

*A Story to Tell, Compiled by the Primary Association General Board and the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, pp. 158-159.

vanced, with one hand extended toward the wall of the mountain. Elder Stout was ahead of me and as I walked along I felt the hard surface of the trail under my feet. In doing so I left the wall of the mountain which had acted as a guide and a steadying force. After I had taken a few steps away I felt impressed to stop immediately, that something was wrong. I called to Elder Stout and he answered me. The direction from which his voice came indicated I was on the wrong trail so I backed up until I reached the wall of the mountain and again proceeded forward. He was just a few steps in front of me, and as I reached him we came to a fence piling. In the dark we carefully explored it with our hands and feet to see whether it would be safe for us to climb over. We decided that it would be secure and made the effort. While I was on the top of this big pile of logs, my little suitcase popped open and the contents were scattered around. In the dark I felt around for them and was quite convinced I had recovered practically everything. We arrived safely at our destination about eleven o'clock at night. I soon discovered I had lost my comb and brush, and the next morning we returned to the scene of my accident. I recovered my property and while there my curiosity was stimulated and aroused to see what had happened the night before when I had lost my way in the dark. As missionaries, we wore hob-nails in the bottom of our shoes to make them last longer, so that I could easily follow our tracks in the soft dirt. I retraced my steps to the point where my tracks left the mountainside and discovered that in the darkness I had wandered to the edge of a deep precipice. Just one more step and I would have fallen over into the river and been drowned. I felt very ill when I realized how close I had come to death. I also was very grateful to my Heavenly Father for protecting me. I have always felt that if we are doing the Lord's work and ask Him for His help and protection, He will guide and take care of us."*

*Ibid., pp. 156-158.

CALM UNDER GUNFIRE

Also while laboring as a missionary in the Southern States he had this experience:

"We were in a wooded rural area. During the day we had held meetings with the people in the neighborhood who were very friendly and very receptive to our message. One of the local saints had invited us to accept the hospitality of his home for the night. It was a humble home, built of split logs. It consisted of two rooms and a small log lean-to. There were six missionaries in the group, so it strained the capacity of the little house to be there.

"About midnight we were awakened with a terrible shouting and yelling from the outside. Foul language greeted our ears as we sat up in bed to acquaint ourselves with the circumstances. It was a bright moonlight night and we could see many people on the outside. President Kimball jumped up and started to dress. The men pounded on the door and used filthy language, ordering the Mormons to come out that they were going to shoot them. President Kimball asked me if I was going to get up and dress and I told him 'no'—I was going to stay in bed, that I was sure the Lord would take care of us. In just a few seconds the room was filled with shots. Apparently the mob had divided itself into four groups and they were shooting into the corners of the house. Splinters were flying over our heads in every direction. There were a few moments of quiet, then another volley of shots was fired and more splinters flew. I felt absolutely no terror. I was very calm as I lay there, experiencing one of the most horrible events of my life, but I was sure that as long as I was preaching the word of God and following His teachings that the Lord would protect me, and He did."*

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

President George Albert Smith was born April 4, 1870, in Salt Lake City, Utah, and was ordained an Apostle on

October 8, 1902, sustained as President of the Church May 21, 1945, and died April 4, 1951.

President Smith was a patriotic citizen, who descended from a long line of distinguished Americans and he was also of staunch pioneer stock. He sought always to further the interests of his country and promote the happiness and well-being of those about him. Beside all of this he was a friend-maker and a man of great human kindness, a father to the fatherless, and a friend to the forsaken. He possessed the rare and priceless gift of planting hope in the human heart, of restoring confidence and starting men anew on life's journey—the journey that leads to peace and achievement. Much of his best work was done in unseen places, at unknown hours, and with forgotten and neglected people.

Through his service to the Scout movement, he won many distinguished honors having received the Silver Buffalo Award. He was president of the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association. He stood foremost among the men of his time in his efforts to glorify the achievements of the pioneers and to honor their memories.

**Ibid.*, pp. 155-156.



DAVID O. MCKAY

*President David O. McKay, Educator
and Church Leader*

PRESIDENT DAVID O. MCKAY has a quality of leadership that is rare indeed. People follow him because they love him. The world responds to that kind of leadership; it carries with it the characteristic that distinguishes the real educator. He has a magic power that calls forth the best that is in others. When you go from his presence, you feel better, you take something with you.

He came to the leadership of the Church with a world-wide knowledge of its needs, its opportunities and its mission. The responsibility of his high office is very great. He is surrounded by able assistants and has shown great wisdom in delegating responsibilities to others, but you cannot delegate personality. The President has a personal charm that wins friends and secures the allegiance and gratuitous following of others. Cultured, handsome and affable, he is eminently qualified as an ambassador of a great people and as a brilliant exponent of their faith. This, with his large experience, pre-eminently fitted him for the world tours which he made.

In 1921-22, President McKay, then an Apostle, and Elder Hugh J. Cannon officially visited all the missions of the Church outside of the United States. This historic journey required thirteen months of time and 62,500 miles of travel. Since becoming President, he has traveled approximately 150,000 miles visiting most of the civilized countries of the world. He has encircled the globe dedicating new lands for the preaching of the Gospel, blessing the people,

healing the sick, meeting the great and the near great of many lands and everywhere spreading abroad the Gospel of peace and good will toward all men. These visits have brought the saints of other lands closer to the main body of the Church and made them feel a kinship not before experienced.

The limits of this chapter permit the selection of only a few of the faith-promoting and interesting experiences in his career as a church leader.

In the life of the President there are many manifestations of Divine Power, but they are not spectacular. His prayers are answered; the sick are healed; people have understood him when he did not speak their language. These events are extraordinary, but they seem to come about naturally.

His vision of the mission of the Church is world-wide. His faith in the Redeemer of the world is inspiring and perfect. His love for mankind is universal; warm-hearted, loyal and tolerant, he stands as one of the most beloved leaders that ever presided over any people.

A CHILD'S PRAYER ANSWERED

Speaking in the October Conference, 1951, the President said, "Since childhood it has been very easy for me to believe in the reality of the visions of the Prophet Joseph Smith. What I am going to say may seem very simple to you, but to me it is a heart petal.

"When a very young child in the home of my youth, I was fearful at night. I traced it back to a vivid dream in which two Indians came into the yard. I ran to the house for protection, and one of them shot an arrow and hit me in the back. Only a dream, but I felt that blow, and I was very much frightened, for in the dream they entered the house, a tall one, and a smaller one, and sneered and frightened Mother.

"I never got over it. Added to that were the fears of my Mother, for when Father was away with the herd, or on some mission, Mother would never retire without looking under the bed; any burglars or men who might enter the house and try to take advantage of Mother and the young children were real to me.

"Whatever the conditions, I was very much frightened. One night I could not sleep, and I fancied I heard noise around the house. Mother was in another room. Thomas E. by my side was sleeping soundly. I became terribly wrought in my feelings, and I decided to pray as my parents had taught me.

"I thought I could pray only by getting out of bed and kneeling, and that was a terrible test. But I did finally bring myself to get out of bed and kneel and pray to God to protect Mother and the family. And a voice, speaking as clearly to me as mine is to you, said, 'Don't be afraid, nothing will hurt you.' Where it came from, what it was, I am not saying. You may judge. To me it was a direct answer.

"I say it has been easy for me to understand and believe the reality of the visions of the Prophet Joseph. It was easy for me in youth to accept his vision, the appearance of God the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ, to the boy praying. I thought of nothing else. Of course that is real. It was easy for me to believe that Moroni came to him there in the room. Heavenly Beings were very real from my babyhood on, and as years came those impressions strengthened by reason and strengthened by the inspiration of God directly to my soul.

"I know that those visions were real, and that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and when we say this, it means that we know that Jesus lives, that Christ is our Redeemer, and that this is His Church. We are merely His representatives. When we accept that, then the reality of God the Father, Father of our spirits, is easy to accept.

"These things being real, brethren, we cannot do any-

thing else but try our utmost to do what Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, asks us to do, for He has given us the Gospel that bears His name, and in the words of Peter, '... there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.' " (Acts 4:12.)*

A PROPHECY FULFILLED

It was during the time that he was President of the Scottish District that the following incident occurred, as related by the President in 1934:

"I was on my first mission, president, at the time, of the Scottish conference, in the year 1899. Presiding over the European Mission were Elder Platt D. Lyman, Henry W. Naisbitt and James L. McMurrin. President McMurrin represented the European Mission presidency at a conference held in Glasgow, Scotland. Following a series of meetings, we held a most remarkable priesthood meeting—one that will never be forgotten by any who was present.

"I remember as if it were but yesterday, the intensity of the inspiration of that occasion. Everybody felt the rich outpouring of the spirit of the Lord. All present were truly of one heart and one mind. Never before had I experienced such an emotion. It was a manifestation for which as a doubting youth I had secretly prayed most earnestly on hill-side and in meadow. It was an assurance to me that sincere prayer is answered 'sometime, somewhere.'

"During the progress of the meeting, an elder on his own initiative arose and said, 'Brethren, there are angels in this room.' Strange as it may seem, the announcement was not startling; indeed, it seemed wholly proper; though it had not occurred to me that there were divine beings present. I only knew that I was impressed, however, when President James L. McMurrin arose and confirmed that statement by pointing to one brother just in front of me and saying, 'Yes, brethren, there are angels in this room, and one

**Conference Report*, October, 1951, pp. 182-183.

of them is the guardian angel of that young man sitting there,' and he designated one who today is a patriarch of the Church.

"Pointing to another elder, he said, 'And one is the guardian angel of that young man there,' and he singled out one whom I had known from childhood. Tears were rolling down the cheeks of both of these missionaries, not in sorrow or grief, but as an expression of the overflowing spirit; indeed we were all weeping.

"Such was the setting in which James L. McMurrin gave what has since proved to be a prophecy. I had learned by intimate association with him that James McMurrin was pure gold; his faith in the gospel implicit; that no truer man, no more loyal man to what he thought was right ever lived; so when he turned to me and gave what I thought then was more of a word of caution than a promise, his words made an indelible impression upon me. Paraphrasing the words of the Savior to Peter, he said: 'Let me say to you, Brother David, Satan hath desired you, that he may sift you as wheat, but God is mindful of you.' Then he added, 'If you will keep the faith, you will yet sit in the leading councils of the Church.' At that moment there flashed in my mind temptations that had beset my path, and I realized even better than President McMurrin, or any other man, how truly he had spoken when he said, 'Satan hath desired thee.' With the resolve then and there to keep the faith, there was born a desire to be of service to my fellow men, and with it a realization, a glimpse at least, of what I owed to the Elder who first carried the message of the Restored Gospel to my grandfather and grandmother who had accepted the message years before in the north of Scotland and in South Wales.

"Following that meeting I had an occasion to visit the scenes of my grandparents' childhood, and I more fully and completely comprehended what the gospel had done for them and their descendants."*

*Clare Middlemiss, *Cherished Experiences*. pp. 13-14.

INTERPRETATION OF TONGUES

In 1921, President McKay and Elder Hugh J. Cannon made a tour of the missions of the world. For the first time in the history of the Church, many of the Saints had the opportunity of meeting and listening to an Apostle. In an illustrated lecture on this tour, Elder McKay related the following:

"One of the most important events on my world tour of the missions of the Church was the gift of the interpretation of the English tongue given to the saints of New Zealand, at a session of their conference, held on the 23rd day of April, 1921, at Puketapu, Huntly, Waikato.

"The service was held in a large tent, beneath the shades of which hundreds of earnest men and women gathered in anxious anticipation of seeing and hearing an Apostle of the Church, the first one to visit that land.

"When I looked over that vast assemblage and contemplated the great expectations that filled the hearts of all who had met together, I realized how inadequately I might satisfy the ardent desires of their souls, and I yearned, most earnestly, for the gift of tongues that I might be able to speak to them in their native language.

"Until that moment I had not given much serious thought to the gift of tongues, but on that occasion, I wished with all my heart, that I might be worthy of that divine power.

"In other missions I had spoken through an interpreter, but, able as all interpreters were, I, nevertheless, felt hampered, in fact, somewhat inhibited, in presenting my message.

"Now, I faced an audience that had assembled with unusual expectations, and I then realized, as never before, the great responsibility of my office. From the depth of my soul, I prayed for Divine assistance.

"When I arose to give my address, I said to Brother Stuart Meha, our interpreter, that I would speak without his translating, sentence by sentence, what I said, and then, to the audience I continued:

" 'I wish, oh, how I wish I had the power to speak to you in your own tongue, that I might tell you what is in my heart; but since I have not the gift, I pray, and I ask you to pray that you might have the spirit of interpretation, of discernment, that you may understand at least the spirit while I am speaking, and then, you will get the words and the thought when Brother Meha interprets.'

"My sermon lasted forty minutes and I have never addressed a more attentive, a more respectful audience. My listeners were in perfect rapport—this I knew when I saw tears in their eyes. Some of them at least, perhaps most of them, who did not understand English, had the gift of interpretation.

"Brother Sidney Christie, a native New Zealander, who had been a student at the Brigham Young University, at the close of my address, whispered to me, 'Brother McKay, they got your message.'

" 'Yes,' I replied, 'I think so, but for the benefit of some who may not have understood, we will have Brother Meha give a synopsis of it in their language.'

"During the translation, some of the New Zealanders corrected him on some points, showing that they had a clear conception of what had been said in English.

"Two subsequent experiences, one of which occurred on that memorable world tour, enabled me to realize more clearly how the spirit of interpretation may come.

"On one occasion when I was addressing an audience at Aintab, Syria, I realized that Elder J. Wilford Booth, who was translating in the Turkish language, had interpreted incorrectly a thought I had expressed and, although I did not then—and do not now—understand a word of Turkish,

I stopped Brother Booth in his translation and said, 'That was the wrong interpretation, Brother Booth.'

"I then repeated my sentence.

" 'How did you know, Brother McKay?' he asked, 'I gave the opposite meaning.'

"Later when I was called to preside over the European Mission, I was one day addressing an audience at Rotterdam, Brother Cornelius Zappei was interpreting and, on that occasion, I had an experience identical to that which occurred with Brother Booth. When I called Brother Zappei's attention to what I felt was not the correct interpretation, he laughingly said to the audience, before making the correction, 'There is no need of my interpreting, Brother McKay understands Dutch.'

"I cite these two incidents merely to emphasize the fact that, although I did not realize when I was in New Zealand, how the spirit of interpretation operated on others, yet, I accepted it as a fact, as a truth that later was demonstrated to me by the Spirit of the Lord.

"Another lesson that these incidents have taught me is this: that none of us should be too prone to condemn things which we do not fully understand.

" 'For what man knoweth the things of man, save by the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God.' (1 Cor. 2:11.)

"My experience has taught me that the safe anchor of the soul, and indeed, the security and happiness in life, are founded upon a faith in God, upon a faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ and in His Gospel of peace and life, upon a faith in the efficacy of prayer and, in the power of the Priesthood as bestowed upon the Prophet Joseph Smith, and through him, conferred upon others who have been and are worthy to receive this blessed possession.

"Such a faith becomes as fixed and constant in its guidance as the Polar Star. It enables one to overcome trials

and discouragements, to face life with courage, to meet disaster with fortitude, and, when the final event comes, to face death without fear."*

SIGHT RESTORED

Melvin T. Mickleson of Grace, Idaho, tells this story of the restoration of his sight following an administration by President McKay:

In March of 1939, Brother Mickleson was stricken with a serious affliction in his right eye. He went to his local doctor who suggested that he go at once to a specialist in Salt Lake City. He arrived in Salt Lake City at five o'clock the next morning and had an appointment with the doctor at six a.m. After a thorough examination by the specialist, he said that it would probably be necessary for him to remove both of his eyes. The doctor advised him to keep on his feet and walk around if possible. This was accomplished by his wife leading him, for he had practically lost sight of both eyes. After one week of careful treatment, the doctor decided one morning that the only thing to do was remove his right eye, that by so doing he could possibly save the left. About two hours after he had left the doctor's office, President McKay came to his door and told him that he had heard of his sickness and wondered if he would not like a blessing. Brother Mickleson describes the President's visit as follows:

"No one could deny the feeling of peace which came with him. As he blessed me, the pain became easy and then left me. As President McKay left the room, my wife's words of faith were, 'You'll be all right.' . . . The next morning, I returned to the doctor's office. After examining my eye, he said, 'Some miracle has happened. We won't have to remove that eye. Why, you have received 15 to 20 per cent of your eyesight.' The next day he told me 75 per cent of my vision would come back, and on the third day, perhaps all of my vision. I was so humble and thankful that I could not

*Jeremiah Stokes, *Modern Miracles*, pp. 64-67.

tell the doctor what had happened. I do not know if he knows what happened and why he did not have to perform an operation, but I know."

In a letter under date of March 8, 1954, addressed to George R. Hill, General Superintendent of Sunday Schools, Brother Mickleson said, "I do not know why the Lord saw fit to give me such a great blessing when I was so sick, but this I know, that when President McKay was told they were going to remove one of my eyes the next morning, he promised me by the authority which he held that I should be made well and receive my normal vision. No one could possibly know the feeling of joy and peace which came to my wife and to me in those few moments we spent with the Prophet of God that day, and while his hands were still upon my head, the pain, which was greater than I could explain, left my head.

"Two or three years later, an eye specialist looked at my eyes and said, 'You have a lot of scar tissue in your eyes, but I have never seen more perfect vision.'

"I have a desire to serve the Lord in all things, and to work wherever I am called for all that I have I owe to him. With this desire in mind constantly, I will help where I am called to serve."*

FAITH PROMOTING EXPERIENCES

Referring to his world tour in 1921, the President says, "Inspiration was given to us on this trip. That is why I touch this theme.

"I want to testify to you that God was with us when we stood beneath that tree in old China when we dedicated that land to preaching of the Gospel. My words may not convince you of the fact, but no disputant can convince us that our souls were not filled to overflowing with the Spirit of God on that occasion.

*Clare Middlemiss, *op. cit.*, pp. 163-164.

"Again the veil was thin between us and departed friends, when we stood in prayer on the side of old Haleakala, the largest extinct volcano in the world, and poured out thanksgiving to God for what He had done for Presidents Joseph F. Smith, George Q. Cannon, Elders Francis A. Hammond, James Hawkins, and their wives, and other missionaries who carried the Gospel message to the Hawaiian people.

"I knew of his protecting care in the Tongan Islands; for when the vessel was submerged by a mountainous wave, we felt peace and security."

Continuing, he says, "Another memorable example of God's guiding hand was experienced when we met Joseph Wilford Booth at the very time and place that we should have met him in order to make our mission to the Armenians successful. He did not know where we were, and we knew not where he was. He was praying that the hope of President Grant, expressed in a letter, might be realized; (for the President of the Church, too, was praying that Brother Booth would meet us and that we three would go to Armenia together); we were praying that we might meet him, so that our mission there would not be a failure; and God answered our prayers. If I narrated the details, most of you, too, would be convinced that there was some power above chance that brought about that meeting."*

A LESSON ON TITHING

In an address delivered at the Salt Lake Tabernacle, September 25, 1951, President McKay related this:

"What does it mean to obey the law of sacrifice? Nature's law demands us to do everything with self in view. The first law of mortal life, self-preservation, would claim the most luscious fruit, the most tender meat, the softest down on which to lie. Selfishness, the law of nature, would

*David O. McKay, *Gospel Ideals*, pp. 554-555.

say, 'I want the best; that is mine.' But God said: 'Take of the firstlings of your herds and of your flocks.' (Deut. 12:6.)

"The best shall be given to God; and the next you may have. Thus should God become the center of our very being.

"With this thought in view, I thank my earthly father for the lesson he gave to two boys in a hayfield at a time when tithes were paid in kind. We had driven out to the field to get the tenth load of hay, and then over to a part of the meadow where we had taken the ninth load, where there was 'wire grass' and 'slough grass.' As we started to load the hay, father called out, 'No, boys, drive over to the higher ground.' There was timothy and redtop there. But one of the boys called back (and it was I) 'No, let us take the hay as it comes.'

" 'No, David, that is the *tenth* load, and the best is none too good for God.'

"That is the most effective sermon on tithing I have ever heard in my life, and it touches, I found later in life, this very principle of the law of sacrifice. You cannot develop character without obeying that law. Temptation is going to come to you in this life. You sacrifice your appetites; you sacrifice your passions for the glory of God; and you gain the blessing of an upright character and spirituality. That is a fundamental truth."*

A MOTHER HEALED THROUGH HER CHILDREN

The President relates the following:

"On Sunday, June 29, 1952, Sister McKay and I were in Berlin, Germany, near the Iron Curtain. Arrangements had been made for a meeting of the Saints, investigators, and friends in the 'Mercedes Palast' theater, the largest hall in North Berlin.

"Prior to the meeting I had received word through the

*Clare Middlemiss, *op. cit.*, pp. 19-20.

presidency of the East German Mission that one of the members of the Church in that mission—a sister—had lost her husband and her eldest son under communist rule. She had been driven from her home, and was subsequently exposed to the rigors of the weather and lack of nutrition until she finally became paralyzed and had been confined to her bed for five years. She had heard of my coming to Berlin, and being unable to travel herself, she expressed the desire that her two little children—a boy and a girl about ten and twelve years of age—be sent over to the meeting to meet the President of the Church. This good sister said: 'I know if I send my children to shake hands with President McKay, and then they come home and take my hand—if I can hold their little hands in mine—I know that I shall get better.'

"Arrangements were made for them to take the trip. Some of the Saints contributed to the clothing of the little children, and the missionaries contributed to pay their expenses. I asked the mission president to point out these little children as they came to the meeting. Two little children among thousands who were assembled! Anticipating meeting them, I took a new handkerchief, and when that little girl and boy came along, I went to them and shook their hands, and said, 'Will you take this handkerchief to your mother with my blessings?' I later learned that after I had shaken hands with them, they would not shake hands with anyone else, for they did not want to touch anyone with their hands until they got back to their mother.

"We heard no more about it; however, the incident was well known throughout the crowd. I saw the children again in the conference house that night. They were sleeping on the top floor of the mission home—sweet little darlings!

"When Sister McKay returned to Salt Lake City, she wrote to the Mission President's wife and asked her to find out how the mother of the two little children was getting along. In her reply, the Mission President's wife said,

" 'This sister thanks the Lord every day for the blessings

and the handkerchief which President McKay sent through her two children, and she has the faith that she will fully recover, and I believe so, too. Immediately after the children came home, her feet and toes began to get feeling in them, and this feeling slowly moved up into her legs, and now she gets out of bed alone and seats herself on a chair, and then, with her feet and the chair, works all the way around to the kitchen sink, where she has the children bring her the dishes to wash, and other things, and is very thankful that she is able to help now.'

"That is the faith of a mother in the Russian zone. God bless her, and all who are over there!"*

TO MY MOTHER

As an example of his style in writing and as an evidence of the tenderness and the nobility of his character, we include this tribute to his mother which he wrote more than twenty years ago:

"I cannot think of a womanly virtue that my mother did not possess. Undoubtedly, many a youth, in affectionate appreciation of his mother's love and unselfish devotion can pay his mother the same tribute; but I say this in the maturity of manhood when calm judgment should weigh facts dispassionately. To her children, and all others who knew her well, she was beautiful and dignified. Though high spirited she was even-tempered and self-possessed. Her dark brown eyes immediately expressed any rising emotion which, however, she always held under perfect control.

"In the management of her household she was frugal yet surprisingly generous, as was father also, in providing for the welfare and education of his children. To make home the most pleasant place in the world for her husband and

**Ibid.*, p. 149.

children was her constant aim, which she achieved naturally and supremely. Though unselfishly devoted to her family, yet she tactfully taught each one to reciprocate in little acts of service.

"Her soul, to quote the words of the poet was 'As pure as lines of green that streak the first white of the snowdrop's inner leaves.' In tenderness, watchful care, loving patience, loyalty to home and to right, she seemed to me in boyhood, and she seems to me now after these years, to have been supreme.

"Mother left us when she was still young, only fifty-four. During the intervening twenty-seven years I have often wished that I had told her in my young manhood that my love for her and the realization of her love and of her confidence gave me power more than once during fiery youth to keep my name untarnished and my soul from clay.

"From my beautiful, ever devoted and watchful mother, from my loyal sisters in our early home associations, and from my beloved wife during the maturer years that followed, I have received my high ideals of womanhood. No man has had inspiration from nobler, more loving women. To them I owe a debt of eternal gratitude."*

The religion which President McKay has preached and practiced all his life is a cheerful one—encouraging everything that makes life rich and full and effective; cultivating in every way the romance and gladness that comes from abundant living. It is not a straight jacket; it is not a kill joy; there is nothing forbidding in its aspects; nothing inhibited by it that would contribute to one's permanent peace and happiness. It discourages only those things which would abridge one's usefulness and curtail his happiness.

At a general Conference he said:

"Members of the Church of Jesus Christ are under ob-

**Improvement Era*, May, 1932.

ligation to make the sinless Son of Man their ideal—the one perfect Being who ever walked the earth,

Sublimest Example of nobility,	Our Savior,
Godlike in nature,	The Son of our eternal Father,
Perfect in his life,	The Light, the Life, the Way.
Our Redeemer,	

“I know he lives and his power is potent; that he is the Son of God, and that he has restored in this dispensation the complete plan of salvation.”*

*Conference Report, April, 1951, p. 98.

Parley P. Pratt, a Gifted Poet and Preacher

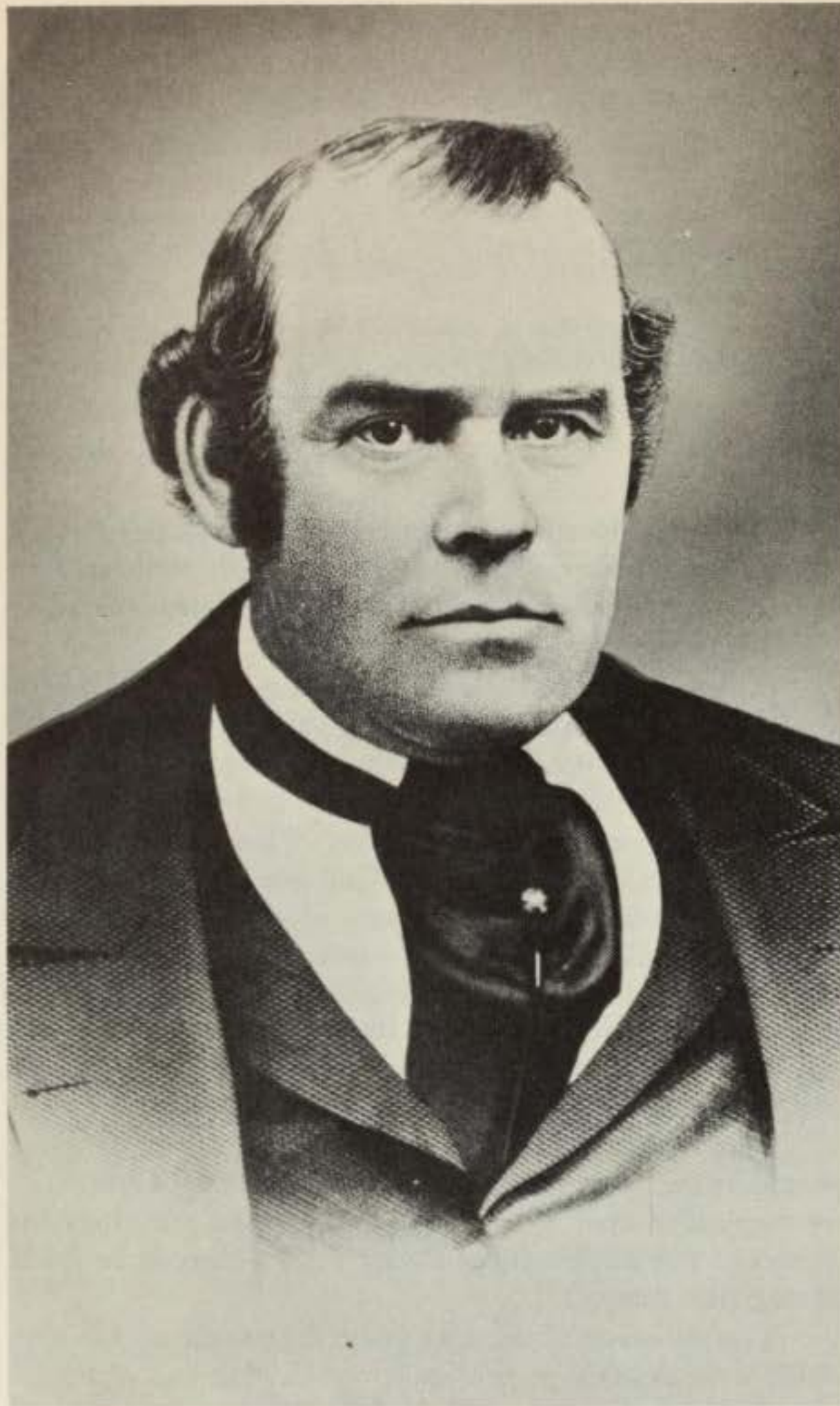
THIS great apostle and martyr of the nineteenth century was born on the 12th day of April, 1807, in Burlington, Otsego County, New York, and was assassinated on May 13, 1857, near Van Buren, Arkansas.

In September, 1830, there came into his hands a copy of the Book of Mormon, which resulted in his conversion and baptism. Parley P. Pratt was immediately ordained an Elder.

He converted his brother Orson. These brothers made a contribution to the Church that cannot be estimated. Orson Pratt was intellectually one of the most brilliantly endowed men of his generation — one of the ablest defenders of the faith, and one of its most brilliant advocates. How fortunate for them and for us that these two gifted young men, one twenty-three and the other nineteen should hear and obey the Gospel in their youth and in its infancy.

This distinguished leader was one of the most gifted preachers and writers that ever belonged to the Church. If we were called upon to name the four greatest preachers and writers of this dispensation, Parley P. Pratt would be found among that number.

Twenty-seven of the fifty years that made up his span of life were devoted to missionary work. He was a man of remarkable faith and rare spiritual discernment. Many



PARLEY P. PRATT

mighty manifestations of the gifts of the spirit were granted him.

HEALED BY THE POWER OF THE PRIESTHOOD

Very early in his career in the Church, he had this experience. A young lady by the name of Cloy Smith, a member of the Church, was very low with a lingering fever. Many of the Church members visited and prayed with her, but to no avail. She seemed to be at the point of death, but would not consent to have a physician. This outraged her relatives, who cast her out because she belonged to the Church and who, together with many people of the neighborhood, were greatly stirred to anger, saying, "These wicked deceivers will let her lie and die without a physician because of their superstitions. If they do, we will prosecute them for so doing."

He relates: "President Smith and I with several other Elders called to see her. She was so low that no one had been allowed for some days previous to speak above a whisper. Even the door of the log dwelling was muffled with cloth to prevent any noise. We kneeled down and prayed vocally all around, each in turn; after which President Smith arose, went to the bedside, took her by the hand and said to her with a loud voice: 'In the name of Jesus Christ, arise and walk.' She immediately arose, was dressed by a woman in attendance and she walked to a chair before the fire and was seated and joined in singing a hymn. The house was thronged with people in a few moments. The young lady arose and shook hands with each as they came in and from that minute she was perfectly restored to health."*

ARISE AND WALK

While traveling in Missouri with Elder John Murdock as companion, Elder Pratt was taken suddenly ill with fever and ague. He recalled: "I traveled and shook and

*Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt, 3rd Edition, p. 66.

shook, and traveled until I could stand it no longer. I vomited severely several times and finally fell down on the snow, overwhelmed with fever and became helpless and nearly insensible. This was about seven or eight miles from the nearest house. Brother John Murdock laid his hands upon my head and prayed in the name of Jesus, and taking me by the hand, he commanded me with a loud voice saying, 'In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, arise and walk,' I attempted to arise, I staggered a few paces and was about falling again when I found my fever suddenly depart and my strength come. I walked at the rate of about four miles per hour, arrived at a house and was sick no more."*

THE HOLY GHOST MANIFESTED

Soon after this at the close of a meeting, a man by the name of William Corey earnestly pleaded with Elder Pratt to go home and administer to his wife as she was lying at the point of death in consequence of a lingering sickness, not having arisen up in her bed for six days without swooning. Elder Pratt promised to call in the morning. He did call and he laid his hands upon the woman and said: "In the name of Jesus Christ, be thou made whole this instant." He then commanded her to arise and walk. The husband burst into tears, the people looked surprised, but the woman arose and walked to the fireplace and then clapped her hands with joy, gave a shout of "Glory to God in the Highest" and testified that she was every whit whole. They invited her to accompany them to the meeting. She immediately made ready, walked out, helped herself into the wagon and rode some two miles over rough road. She then got out of the wagon and walked with a strong and quick step into the meeting where she sat until the discourse was over, when she arose and testified what the Lord had done for her. She then rode home and was baptized with several

**Ibid.*, pp. 112-113.

others who came forward and obeyed the fullness of the Gospel. They afterwards laid their hands upon them for the gift of the Holy Ghost, which fell upon them in great power, insomuch that all in the room felt the power and influence and glorified God. Some spoke in tongues, others prophesied and bore testimony to the truth.†

MAJESTY IN CHAINS

Following the shameful and wicked treatment of our people at Far West, Parley P. Pratt and others spent eight months in jail in Missouri, six months in Richmond, Ray County, and two months in Columbia, Boone County, and escaped from prison on the 4th of July, 1839. All through the bitter persecution of that period, he and the other leaders were subjected to the most inhuman and barbarous treatment. Brother Pratt relates the following circumstance that took place in the Richmond jail:

"I had listened to the vile and foul-mouthed guards till I became so disgusted, shocked, horrified, and so filled with the spirit of indignant justice that I could scarcely refrain from rising upon my feet and rebuking the guards, but had said nothing to Joseph or any one else, although I lay next to him and knew he was awake. On a sudden he (the Prophet) arose to his feet, and spoke in a voice of thunder, or as the roaring lion, uttering, as near as I can recollect, the following words:

" 'SILENCE, ye fiends of the infernal pit. In the name of Jesus Christ I rebuke you, and command you to be still. I will not live another minute and hear such language. Cease such talk, or you or I die THIS INSTANT!'

"He ceased to speak. He stood erect in terrible majesty. Chained and without a weapon, calm, unruffled and dignified as an angel, he looked upon the quailing guards, whose

†*Ibid.*, p. 113.

weapons were lowered or dropped to the ground, whose knees smote together, and who, shrinking into a corner, or crouching at his feet, begged his pardon, and remained quiet till a change of guards.

"I have seen the ministers of justice, clothed in magisterial robes, and criminals arraigned before them, while life was suspended on a breath, in the courts of England; I have witnessed a Congress in solemn session to give laws to nations; I have tried to conceive of kings, of royal courts, of thrones and crowns, and of emperors assembled to decide the fate of kingdoms, but dignity and majesty have I seen but once, as it stood in chains, at midnight, in a dungeon in an obscure village of Missouri."*

A VISITOR FROM THE UNSEEN WORLD

While these brethren were in jail awaiting trial, they felt that to be tried by a set of "Gadianon Robbers and Murderers," or to remain in jail and drag out a miserable existence while their wives and children were forced to wander abroad in a land of strangers without the protection of husband and father was worse than to die a thousand deaths.

Quoting Parley's words: "Under these circumstances, and half-way between hope and despair, I spent several days in fasting and prayer, during which one deep and all-absorbing inquiry, one thought only, seemed to hold possession of my mind. It seemed to me that if there was a God in Heaven who ever spake to man on earth I would know from Him the truth of this one question. It was not how long shall I suffer; it was not when or by what means I should be delivered, but it was simply this—shall I ever, at any time, however distant it may be, or whatever I may suffer first, shall I ever be free again in this life, and enjoy the society of my dear wife and children, and walk abroad

**Ibid.*, pp. 228-229.

at liberty, dwell in society and preach the Gospel, as I have done in bygone years?

"Let me be sure of this and I care not what I suffer. To circumnavigate the globe, to traverse the deserts of Arabia, to wander amid the wild scenes of the Rocky Mountains to accomplish so desirable an object, would seem like a mere trifle if I could only be sure at last. After some days of prayer and fasting, and seeking the Lord on the subject, I retired to my bed in my lonely chamber at an early hour, and while the other prisoners and the guard were chatting and beguiling the lonesome hours in the upper apartment of the prison, I lay in silence, seeking and expecting an answer to my prayer, when suddenly I seemed carried away in the spirit, and no longer sensible to outward objects with which I was surrounded. A heaven of peace and calmness pervaded my bosom; a personage from the world of spirits stood before me with a smile of compassion in every look, and pity mingled with the tenderest love and sympathy in every expression of the countenance. A soft hand seemed placed within my own, and a glowing cheek was laid in tenderness and warmth upon mine. A well-known voice saluted me, which I readily recognized as that of the wife of my youth, who had for nearly two years been sweetly sleeping where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. I was made to realize that she was sent to commune with me, and answer my question.

"Knowing this, I said to her in a most earnest and inquiring tone, 'Shall I ever be at liberty again in this life and enjoy the society of my family and the Saints, and preach the Gospel as I have done?' She answered definitely and unhesitatingly, 'YES!'

"I then recollected that I had agreed to be satisfied with the knowledge of that one fact, but now I wanted more. Said I: 'Can you tell me how, or by what means, or when I shall escape?' She replied, 'That thing is not made known

to me yet.' I instantly felt that I had gone beyond my agreement and my faith in asking this last question, and that I must be contented at present with the answer to the first.

"Her gentle spirit then saluted me and withdrew. I came to myself. The doleful noise of the guards, and the wrangling and angry words of the old apostate again grated on my ears, but heaven and hope were in my soul.

"Next morning I related the whole circumstance of my vision to my two fellow prisoners, who rejoiced exceedingly. This may seem to some like an idle dream, or a romance of the imagination, but to me it was and always will be a reality, both as it regards what I then experienced and the fulfillment afterwards."*

A PLANNED ESCAPE FROM PRISON

These prisoners feeling that they could endure it no longer and at the very risk of their lives, planned to escape. Two of their friends were concealed in a thicket about a half a mile away with three horses saddled and ready the instant the prisoners reached them. They were to overpower the jailor when he brought their supper, and make their escape across the public square. Their plan was carried out, and in overcoming the prison guard, the alarm was given and the town alerted; almost before they could free themselves, they were being pursued. Mounted riflemen, footmen with guns and clubs, swearing and shouting, and with boys and dogs pursued them.

Over hedges and ditches the prisoners leaped with almost the speed of the wind. "Our toes barely touched the ground while we seemed to leap with the fleetness of a deer." On reaching the horses, the men were breathless and ready to drop but they mounted and were bidden to fly and fly quickly. In almost an instant, they were sepa-

**Ibid.*, p. 276.

rated. Parley fled with all speed to the thickest of the forest where he dismounted, tied his horse, walked some distance, climbed a tree and remained there until darkness relieved him. When he sought to recover his horse, he discovered that it had gone.

After his thrilling escape from the jail, to make his way back to Quincy, Illinois, through this hostile and unsettled country was a most hazardous and trying experience. The news of his escape was sent in all directions. If he were discovered, he probably would be either killed on the spot or taken back and subjected to worse indignities than those from which he had fled.

A STRANGE BEDFELLOW

He was compelled to travel nights through thickets and swamps. The hunger, fatigue, hardship, and suffering which he endured cannot be adequately described. We give one circumstance which he relates: "It was now dark and I was fairly under way for my night's journey, which at most could not exceed seven or eight miles, and feeling extremely exhausted and also at leisure, I stepped aside from the road and laid down at the foot of a tree with a block of wood for a pillow, but I didn't sleep for an hour or two. It was a wild scene in which to slumber; no human abode was near, no voice or sound stole upon the stillness of the night. The stars shown forth in unwonted splendor in the heavens, while wild and grassy hills, rocky steeps pierced with deep vales and chasms, extended far and wide on all sides, as if reposing in eternal and undisturbed quiet and loneliness. . . . As I was about to fall asleep, I turned to my right side and made a slight movement in adjusting my wooden pillow, when I heard the well-known rattle of a rattlesnake by my side, as if disturbed in his repose, or as if I had more than my portion of the bed. . . . I arose and very condescendingly sought out another bed, where I was so fortunate as to re-

main in undisturbed position till the chill of the night air reminded me to be again on the move. I then arose and after much exertion became at length able to use my limbs and thus continue my journey.”*

He made his way to the bank of the broad and rolling Mississippi, where he was taken across in a boat, and when he set foot upon the Illinois side, he reverently thanked God for his deliverance.

MISSION TO SOUTH AMERICA

Parley P. Pratt, his wife Phoebe and R. Allen sailed from San Francisco on the 5th of September, 1851, for Valparaiso, Chile, South America, to introduce the Gospel in that land. There was a revolution on at that time in Chile, and it seemed impossible to make any headway. After six months they returned. We include here a part of a letter written by Brother Pratt to President Brigham Young. It describes some of the hardships incident to missionary life in the days of Parley P. Pratt, and he suffered his full share of them. On their return trip, it required seventy-nine days to make the journey from Valparaiso to San Francisco. In midocean, he writes under date of April 29th, Lat. 27 N. “Fifty-five days passed like a dreary imprisonment to us, with but little to eat. We live on a little poor hard bread, probably baked some two or three years ago, and some beans and very poor, damaged salt beef and pork. We have no flour, potatoes, sugar, molasses, rice or other comforts, although we pay a good price for cabin passage.

“We have not had one day of good sailing in a month; it is either calm or light headwinds. We seldom sail more than from thirty to fifty miles in twenty-four hours. We are hungry, and weary, and lonesome and disconsolate. But, after praying much for fair wind and speed, we find our

**Ibid.*, First Edition, p. 304.

prayers are not answered and we have given it up, and have asked our Heavenly Father to give us patience and reconciliation to His will.

“We now are some eight or nine hundred miles from port and our provisions, poor as they are, must fail us soon. But live or die, we trust in God and try to serve Him. There is not one on board who has the fear of God or regard of man, as far as we know, except for one of the sailors and ourselves. The most horrid blasphemies resound in our ears every day, in the cabin and on the decks from Captain and mate together with gambling and braggartism.

“We are shunned and hated because of our testimony, and because our example is a reproof, but we mind our own business and study languages and the scriptures every day. . . . Brethren, I want to see you all, with a desire above all other times of my life. I feel as though I wanted to sit down with you and seek the powers and gifts of God and the powers of heaven, even that which shall be set forth for the restoration of the House of Israel. Oh, when will the time come?”* It required nineteen days more before they arrived at San Francisco.

Parley P. Pratt was not only a missionary, but he was an orator and poet, a preacher and martyr for the truth. The following popular hymn is from his gifted pen:

THE MORNING BREAKS

The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Lo, Zion's standard is unfurled.
The dawning of a brighter day,
Majestic rises on the world.

The clouds of error disappear
Before the rays of truth divine;
The glory bursting from afar,
Wide o'er the nations soon will shine.

**Ibid.*, p. 450.

The Gentile fulness now comes in,
 And Israel's blessings are at hand;
 Lo, Judah's remnant, cleansed from sin,
 Shall in their promised Canaan stand.

Jehovah speaks! let earth give ear,
 And Gentile nations turn and live;
 His mighty arm is making bare,
 His covenant people to receive.

Angels from heaven and truth from earth
 Have met, and both have record borne;
 Thus Zion's light is bursting forth,
 To bring her ransomed children home.

—Written by Parley P. Pratt
 in 1840.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PARLEY P. PRATT

Mrs. Huton H. McLean, who was a member of the Church, was separated from her husband because of drunkenness and cruelty. In the spring of 1857 while in Arkansas Elder Pratt attempted to assist Mrs. McLean to obtain possession of her children. McLean accused Elder Pratt of alienating the affections of his wife. A trial was held and Elder Pratt was acquitted. Shortly afterwards, May 13, 1857, in going from where the trial was held to join an emigrant company to Utah, he was overtaken by McLean, who plunged a bowie knife into his side. Elder Pratt had fallen from his horse and McLean shot him with a pistol. The assassin was never punished for this foul deed.*

*Joseph Fielding Smith, *Essentials in Church History*, p. 493.

Heber C. Kimball, a Prophet and a Leader of Men

“THE history of the world is the biographies of its great men.”—Carlyle.

No man of this generation with the exception of the Prophet Joseph Smith possessed in greater degree the gift of prophecy than did Heber C. Kimball. He was one of the great men of his age, commanding in appearance, benevolent and fatherly toward the poor and the lowly, fearless and powerful in rebuking the wrongdoer. He was a leader of men, chosen as one of the original Apostles of this dispensation and at the time of his death was counselor to President Brigham Young. His life abounds with prophecies and their fulfillment. If they were collected, they would make a volume. The gift of prophecy rested upon him in power.

President Brigham Young, referring to his counselors, said on more than one occasion: “Heber C. Kimball is my prophet and Daniel H. Wells is my statesman.”

Brother Kimball's prophecies often related to everyday affairs and served as a guide to his own life. He did not pretend to receive revelations or to prophesy for the guidance of the Church. That was not his prerogative. It belonged to the President of the Church. He had, however, in a remarkable degree the spirit of prophecy.

THE FAITH OF A LITTLE CHILD

During the winter of 1834-35, he attended the Theological School established at Kirtland. Here originated the



HEBER C. KIMBALL

lectures on faith, formerly published in the book of *Doctrine and Covenants*. Brother Kimball was invited to address the school on the subject of faith. Already much scriptural and rational evidences had been given, and he felt that he could not add anything along this line, so he related the following anecdote which occurred in his family. He said:

"My wife, one day when going out on a visit, gave my daughter, Helen Marr, instructions not to touch the dishes. If she broke any during her absence, she would give her a whipping when she returned. While my wife was away, my daughter broke a number of the dishes, by letting the table leaf fall and then she went out under an apple tree and prayed that her mother's heart might be softened so that when she returned she might not whip her. Her mother was very punctual when she made a promise to her children to fulfill it, and when she returned she undertook as her duty to carry this promise into effect. She went with Helen Marr into her room but found herself powerless to chastise her. Her heart was so softened that it was impossible for her to raise her hand against the child. Afterwards, Helen told her mother she had prayed to the Lord that she might not whip her."

While he related this, tears came into the eyes of the listeners. The Prophet Joseph told the brethren that was the kind of faith they needed, the faith of a little child going in humility to its parent and asking for the desires of its heart. He said the anecdote was well timed.*

PROPHECIES TO PARLEY P. PRATT

Parley P. Pratt relates the following: "It was now April. I had retired to rest one evening at an early hour and was pondering my future course when there came a knock at the door. I arose and opened it when Elder Heber C. Kimball and others entered my house and being filled with the spirit

*Orson F. Whitney, *Life of Heber C. Kimball*, pp. 69-70.

of prophecy, they blessed me and my wife and he prophesied as follows: 'Brother Parley, thy wife shall be healed from this hour and shall bear a son and his name shall be Parley and he shall be a chosen instrument in the hands of the Lord to inherit the Priesthood and to walk in the steps of his father. He shall do a great work in the earth, ministering the word and teachings to the children of men. Arise, therefore, go forth in the ministry, nothing doubting, take no thought for your debts nor the necessities of life for the Lord will supply you with abundant means for all things. Thou shalt go to Upper Canada, even to the city of Toronto, the capital, and there thou shalt find a people prepared for the fullness of the Gospel and they shall receive thee; and thou shalt organize a Church among them and it shall spread into the regions round about and many shall be brought to a knowledge of the truth and shall be filled with joy, and from the things growing out of this mission, shall the fullness of the Gospel be spread to England and cause a great work to be done in that land.'*

All of these prophecies, the one relating to the birth of his son, and the other to his Canadian Mission, were literally and marvelously fulfilled. Parley had a son born to him. He went to Toronto and he converted John Taylor, his wife, and many others, and they carried this Gospel to Great Britain. They baptized the George Cannon family, who came to America and who have made a contribution to the Church which can never be measured. The far-reaching consequences of this prophecy are amazing. This declaration of Heber C. Kimball in Parley P. Pratt's house that April night alone would have written Elder Kimball's name among the modern prophets. John Taylor became an Apostle and President of the Church, and a powerful champion of Mormonism in France, in the British Isles, and in New York City.

**Ibid.*, p. 123.

CALLED ON A MISSION TO ENGLAND

Heber C. Kimball, one of the first missionaries to carry the Gospel to England stated:

"On Sunday, the 4th day of June, 1837, the Prophet Joseph came to me while I was seated in the front of the stand above the sacrament table on the Melchizedek side of the temple in Kirtland and whispered, 'The Spirit of the Lord has whispered to me to let my servant Heber go to England to open the doors of salvation to that nation.' "

That was a memorable day in the life of Heber C. Kimball and also in the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. With great humility and many misgivings, Elder Kimball responded and on July 1, 1837, with Orson Hyde, Dr. Willard Richards, Joseph Fielding, John W. Goodson, Isaac Russell and John Snyder, he went aboard the sailing vessel *Garrick*. On July 20th, they anchored in Liverpool, England. They remained in England for eight months. After a brief time spent in the City of Liverpool, they were inspired to go to Preston, England, a manufacturing town on the River Ribble, which was about thirty miles in the north direction from Liverpool.

It was election day in Preston. The noble Queen Victoria had ascended the throne a short time before and she had called for a general election for members of the Parliament. The town was at its gayest—bands were playing; flags were flying, and men, women and children were parading. The streets were bedecked with colored streamers and ribbons bearing mottos and catch phrases such as one would expect to see on an occasion of great public moment. Nothing had been left undone that would add to the day's festivities.

Just as the coach carrying the missionaries reached its destination, a banner was unfurled almost over their heads. In bold letters, it bore this inscription: "Truth will prevail."

These missionaries caught the spirit of this favorable omen and cried aloud, "Thanks be to God, Truth will prevail."

FIRST GOSPEL SERMON DELIVERED ON ENGLISH SOIL

The next day was Sunday. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the first Gospel sermon delivered on English soil in this dispensation was preached in Vauxhall by Heber C. Kimball. This was the beginning of a great missionary work. During the one hundred years from 1837 to 1937, the recorded baptisms were more than 125,000.

These missionaries had been very successful in making converts in Preston and the neighborhood when they had a strange and dreadful experience. Elder Kimball records:

"The adversary of the souls of men began to rage and he felt determined to destroy us before we could fully establish the Kingdom of God in that land, and the next morning I witnessed a scene, a satanic power and influence which I shall never forget. Sunday, July 30, 1837, about daybreak, Elder Isaac Russell, who had been appointed to preach on the obelisk in Preston Square that day and who slept with Elder Richards in Wilfords Street, came up to the third story where Elder Hyde and myself were sleeping and called out, 'Brother Kimball, I want you should get up and pray for me, that I may be delivered from the evil spirits that are tormenting me to such a degree that I feel that I cannot live long unless I obtain release.'"

ASSAILED BY THE POWER OF SATAN

Elder Richards and Elder Hyde immediately administered to Elder Russell. While thus engaged, Elder Kimball was struck with great force by an invisible power and fell senseless on the floor. The first thing he recollected was being supported by Elders Hyde and Richards, who were praying for him. Elder Hyde and Elder Richards assisted him to get on the bed, but his agony was so great he could

not endure it and he arose, bowed his knees and prayed. He writes:

"I then arose and sat on the bed when a vision was opened to our minds and we could distinctly see the evil spirits who foamed and gnashed their teeth at us. We gazed upon them about an hour and a half by Elder Richards' watch. We were not looking toward the window but toward the wall. Space appeared before us and we saw the devils coming in legions with their leaders, who came within a few feet of us. They came toward us like armies rushing to battle. They appeared to be men of full stature, possessing every form and feature of men in the flesh who are angry and desperate. I shall never forget the vindictive malignancy depicted upon their countenances as they looked me in the eye and any attempt to paint the scene which then presented itself or portray their malice and enmity would be vain.

"I perspired exceedingly, my clothes becoming as wet as if I had been taken out of the river. I felt excessive pain, was in the greatest distress for sometime. I cannot even look on the scene without a feeling of horror, yet by it I learned the power of the adversary, his enmity against the servants of God, and got some understanding of the invisible world. We distinctly heard those spirits talk and express their wrath and hellish designs against us. However, the Lord delivered us from them and blessed us exceedingly that day."*

Years later when he related this experience to the Prophet Joseph, Brother Kimball asked him what it all meant, if there was anything wrong with him that he should have such a manifestation. "No, Brother Heber," replied the Prophet Joseph, "at that time you were nigh unto the Lord. There was only a barrier between you and Him, but you could not see it. When I heard of it, it gave me great joy for

**Ibid.*, p. 130.

I then knew that the work of God had taken root in that land. It was this that caused the devil to make a struggle to kill you."

Almost daily incidents occurred which were made important either by prophecies or promises Brother Kimball made and it was still more remarkable how all his promises and prophecies were fulfilled.

FIRST CHILD BLESSED IN ENGLAND

We give the following in his words:

"I will mention the circumstances in relation to the first child born in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Great Britain, which was on the 7th of September, 1837, at Barshe Lees. She was the daughter of James and Nancy Smithies, formerly Nancy Knowels. After she was born, her parents wanted to take her to the church to be sprinkled or christened as they called it. I used every kind of persuasion to convince them of their folly, it being contrary to the scripture and the will of God. The parents wept bitterly and it seemed as though I could not prevail on them to omit it. I wanted to know why they were so persistent. The answer was, 'If she dies, she cannot have a burial in the church yard.' I said to them, 'Brother and Sister Smithies, I say unto you in the name of Israel's God that she shall not die in this land; she shall live until she becomes a mother in Israel, and I say it in the name of Jesus Christ and by virtue of the Holy Priesthood vested in me.' That silenced them, and when she was two weeks old, they presented the child to me. I took it in my arms and blessed it, that it should live to become a mother in Israel." She was the first child blessed in all that country and the first born unto them. The child's name was Mary Smithies. She grew to womanhood, immigrated with her parents to America and became Heber C. Kimball's wife and the mother of five children.

Referring to his first mission, Brother Kimball reports that in all his labors he was greatly assisted by the Spirit of the Lord and many souls were comforted exceedingly, the sick were healed and the lame were made to walk and in several cases, persons who had lain upon their beds in a consumptive state for many years and were not able to sit up were healed. The sick were taken in carriages to places of baptism. When he laid his hands upon them and confirmed them that they might receive the Holy Ghost, he rebuked their diseases in the name of Jesus Christ and said to them, "Be thou made whole," and they would leap and shout "glory to God" and begin to mend from that hour. This, he says, was a common occurrence on their first mission to England.

PROPHESIED THAT GOODS WOULD BE SOLD CHEAPER IN SALT LAKE CITY THAN IN NEW YORK CITY

Among Brother Kimball's prophecies, the one which received the greatest publicity, and the miraculous fulfillment of which soon followed was made in 1848. It was during the time of famine when the half-starved, poorly clad settlers scarcely knew where to look for the next crust of bread or for rags to hide their nakedness, for clothing had become almost as scarce for them as breadstuff. Heber C. Kimball, filled with the spirit of prophecy, at a public meeting declared to the astonished congregation that within a short time, states' goods would be sold in the streets of Great Salt Lake City cheaper than in New York City and the people should be abundantly supplied with food and clothing. When he sat down, Charles C. Rich said: "I don't believe a word of it," and he voiced the sentiments of nine-tenths of those who had heard the astounding declaration. Heber himself was startled with his own words and as soon as the Spirit's voice abated, and the natural man had reasserted himself, he remarked to the brethren that he was

afraid he had missed it this time. But the prophetic words were not of his own utterance. And He who had inspired them knew how to fulfill them.

The occasion for the fulfillment of this remarkable prediction was the discovery of gold in California. This had set on fire the civilized world; hundreds of richly laden trains now began pouring across the continent on their way to the new fields. Salt Lake Valley became the resting place or half-way house of the nation and before the Saints had time to recover from their surprise at Heber's temerity in making such a prophecy, the still more wonderful fulfillment was brought to their very doors.

The gold hunters were actuated by only one desire—to reach the Pacific Coast. This desire overshadowed everything else with them. Impatient at their slow progress and in order to lighten their loads, they sold for a song the valuable merchandise with which they had stored their wagons to cross the plains. Their choice blooded stock, they eagerly exchanged for fresh mules or horses of the pioneers and bargained almost at any sacrifice—dry goods, groceries, provisions, tools, clothing, and such, for the most primitive outfits with barely enough provisions to enable them to reach their journey's end. Thus as the Prophet Heber had predicted, states' goods were actually sold in the streets of Great Salt Lake City cheaper than they could be purchased in New York City.*

PRAYS FOR A THOUSAND DOLLARS

His son, David H., relates the following: "One day President Young made a call upon father for one thousand dollars for public purposes. Not having the ready cash, he was at a loss to know where to get it. At his suggestion, we went down to the garden and bowed ourselves in prayer, father calling upon the Lord to direct him in this matter.

**Ibid.*, p. 165.

We then arose and started down the street and he remarked that the Lord would answer our prayer and direct him aright. When we were even with Godbe's corner, William Godbe came out of his store and told father that in looking through his safe, he had come across about one thousand dollars in gold nuggets belonging to him, which his son, Heber P., left there for him some time before, although father knew nothing about it until then."*

THE MANTI TEMPLE LOCATED

One of the Elders laboring in the Manti Temple relates that in an early day when President Young and party were making location of settlements in Sanpete, President Heber C. Kimball prophesied that the day would come when a temple would be built on this hill. Some disbelieved and doubted the possibility of even making a settlement here. Brother Kimball said, "Well, it will be so. And more than that, the rock will be quarried from that hill to build it with, and some of the stone from that quarry will be taken to help complete the Salt Lake Temple."

On July 28, 1878, two large stones weighing respectively 5,600 pounds and 5,020 pounds, were taken from the Manti stone quarry, hauled by team to York Station, then the terminus of the Utah Central Railroad, and were shipped to Salt Lake City to be used for the tablet in the east and west end of the Salt Lake Temple. In this connection, there is an interesting bit of history. At a conference held in Ephraim, Sanpete County, June 25, 1875, at 4:00 p.m., President Young said: "The Temple should be built on Manti Stone Quarry." Early on the morning of April 25, 1877, President Brigham Young asked Brother Warren S. Snow to go with him to the Temple Hill. Brother Snow recalled: "We two were alone. President Young took me to the spot where the Temple was to stand. We went to

**Ibid.*, p. 429.

the southeast corner and President Young said, 'Here is the spot where the Prophet Moroni stood and dedicated this piece of land for a temple site and that is the reason why the location is made here and we can't move it from this spot, and if you and I are the only persons that come here at high noon tomorrow, we will dedicate this ground.' **

That is one of the most commanding and magnificent sites ever chosen for a temple and the Manti Temple is one of the most beautiful buildings ever erected by this people. The temple was completed and dedicated May 21, 1888, by President Woodruff. The dedicatory services were marked by many marvelous manifestations of the spirit and power of God.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS

Robert Smith, a friend of Brother Kimball's and for many years almost a member of his family, says: "In 1857, I was working for Brother Heber and asked him for some goods which he refused to let me have. Feeling bad over it, I went home and laid the matter before the Lord. The next morning when I came to work, Brother Heber called me into his room and said, 'Robert, why have you been complaining to the Lord about his servant, Heber? Here are the things you asked me for and after this, don't go to the Lord about every little thing that happens.'†

President Kimball promised a brother that if he followed his instructions that he would be able to get a team and wagon. The man took him at his word and finally succeeded in getting a wagon and one horse, but he needed another horse so he reported to Brother Kimball that he had promised him a team, and that he had only one horse. Brother Kimball told this man to go down to his corral and get one of his horses, that he would have to help fulfill his own prophecy.

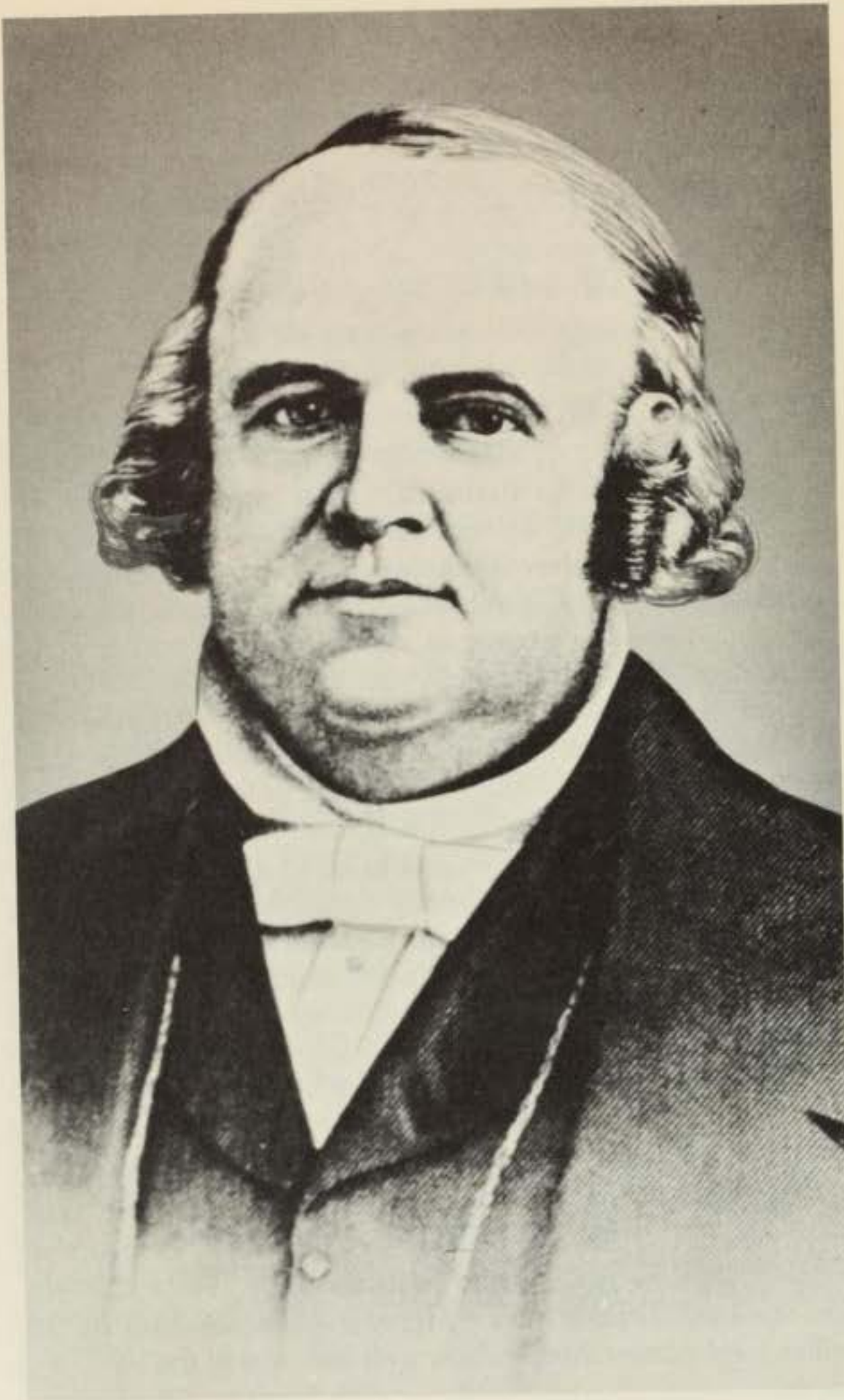
**Ibid.*, p. 428.

†*Ibid.*, p. 441.

Willard Richards, Historian and Church Leader

WILLARD RICHARDS was born in Hopkinton, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, June 24, 1804, the son of Joseph and Rhoda Richards. As a young man, he was of deeply religious nature, but found no satisfaction in the sectarian churches of the time. His investigation led him to believe that the Church of God was not upon the earth, but that it would be restored. While in the practice of his profession as a doctor near Boston in 1835, he came in possession of a copy of the Book of Mormon which he read through twice within ten days. His conviction of the truth of it was such that he discontinued his practice of medicine, and with his brother, Dr. Levi Richards, made the journey of seven hundred miles to Kirtland to make a further investigation. His inquiry resulted in his conversion, and on the last day of December, 1836, he was baptized by Brigham Young in the presence of Heber C. Kimball and several others. The following eighteen years of his life were dedicated to the Church. His qualifications were such as to enable him to make a contribution that few men of his day could do.

From 1842 to 1854 he was Church Historian and Church Recorder. In this capacity he rendered a signal service to the Church. Those were among the most critical years of our history, and to have the facts recorded with fidelity, and the history kept with accuracy, was a most important and difficult task. All who succeeded him in this office have commented on how well and wisely the work was done.



WILLARD RICHARDS

Speaking of him as a historian, Elder Orson Spencer said: "He was eminently gifted for his work. While in that office, he chronicled events, dates, circumstances and incidents with a rare accuracy and a great tenacity of memory."

Much of the accuracy and fullness of the history of the Church, which can now be given to the world covering the events of the period of his labors as Historian and General Church Recorder, is due to the impeccability of the annals written by him.

He was the postmaster in Salt Lake City at the time of his death. As such, he enjoyed the full confidence of the postmaster general, James Campbell, who respected his judgment of postal arrangements throughout the intermountain territory. He was Secretary of State during the provisional government of the State of Deseret and also exercised the function of the office of Secretary of Territory for some time after the departure of the run-away judge in 1851. He was a member of the legislature from the organization of the territory, and president of the council at the time of his death. He was ordained an Apostle April 14, 1840, and on December 27, 1847, he was sustained as counselor to Brigham Young. In the month of June, 1850, the first edition of the *Deseret News* was printed, with Willard Richards as editor and proprietor. He continued in this capacity until his death. The columns of the *News* afford the best source of historical information concerning the Church that is available. On December 13, 1841, Willard Richards was made Joseph Smith's private secretary and remained as his confidant and trusted friend until death parted them. His loyalty and devotion to the Prophet Joseph was never excelled by any man.

The following conversation took place in Carthage Jail a few minutes before the assault on the jail. The jailor suggested to the Prophet and his associates that it would be

safer in the cell. Joseph told him that they would go in after supper. Turning to Elder Richards, the Prophet said: "If we go into the cell, will you go with us?" Elder Richards: "Brother Joseph, you did not ask me to cross the river with you (referring to the time that he crossed the Mississippi en route to the Rocky Mountains). You did not ask me to come to Carthage with you. You did not ask me to come to jail with you, and do you think I will forsake you now? But I will tell you what I will do. If you are condemned to be hung for treason, I will be hung in your stead and you shall go free." Joseph: "But you cannot." Richards: "I will." In a very few minutes, Joseph and his brother, Hyrum, were both martyred.

The following graphic account of the martyrdom is copied from the *Times and Seasons*:

✓ "TWO MINUTES IN JAIL

"Possibly the following events occupied near three minutes, but I think only about two, and have penned them for the gratification of many friends.

"Carthage, June 27, 1844.

"A shower of musket balls were thrown up the stairway against the door of the prison in the second story, followed by many rapid footsteps.

"While Generals Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Mr. Taylor and myself, who were in the front chamber, closed the door of our room against the entry at the head of the stairs, and placed ourselves against it, there being no lock on the door, and no catch that was usable.

"The door is a common panel, and as soon as we heard the feet at the stairs head, a ball was sent through the door, which passed between us, and showed that our enemies were desperadoes, and we must change position.

"General Joseph Smith, Mr. Taylor and myself sprang

back to the front part of the room and General Hyrum Smith retreated two-thirds across the chamber directly in front of and facing the door.

"A ball was sent through the door which hit Hyrum on the side of his nose, when he fell backwards, extended at length, without moving his feet.

"From the holes in his vest (the day was warm, and no one had their coats on but myself), pantaloons, drawers, and shirt, it appears evident that a ball must have been thrown from without, through the window, which entered his back on the right side, and passing through, lodged against his watch, which was in his right vest pocket, completely pulverizing the crystal and face, tearing off the hands and mashing the whole body of the watch. At the same instant, the ball from the door entered his nose.

"As he struck the floor he exclaimed emphatically, 'I'm a dead man.' Joseph looked towards him and responded, 'Oh dear! brother Hyrum,' and opening the door two or three inches with his left hand, discharged one barrel of a six-shooter (pistol) at random in the entry, from whence a ball grazed Hyrum's breast, and entering his throat passed into his head, while other muskets were aimed at him and some balls hit him.

"Joseph continued snapping his revolver round the casing of the door into the space as before, three barrels of which missed fire, while Mr. Taylor, with a walking stick, stood by his side and knocked down the bayonets and muskets which were constantly discharging through the doorway, while I stood by him, ready to lend any assistance, with another stick, but could not come within striking distance without going directly before the muzzle of the guns.

"When the revolver failed, we had no more firearms, and expected an immediate rush of the mob, the doorway

full of muskets half way in the room, and no hope but instant death from within.

"Mr. Taylor rushed into the window, which is some fifteen or twenty feet from the ground. When his body was nearly on a balance, a ball from the door within entered his leg and a ball from without struck his watch, a patent lever, in his vest pocket near the left breast, and smashed it into 'pie,' leaving the hands standing at 5 o'clock, 16 minutes, and 26 seconds, the force of which ball threw him back on the floor, and he rolled under the bed which stood by his side, where he lay motionless, the mob from the door continuing to fire upon him, cutting away a piece of flesh from his left hip as large as a man's hand, and were hindered only by my knocking their muzzles with a stick; while they continued to reach their guns into the room, probably left handed, and aimed their discharge so far round as almost to reach us in the corner of the room to where we retreated and dodged, and then I recommenced the attack with my stick.

"Joseph attempted, as the last resort, to leap the same window from whence Mr. Taylor fell, when two balls pierced him from the door, and one entered his right breast from without, and he fell outward, exclaiming, 'Oh Lord, my God.' As his feet went out of the window, my head went in, the balls whistling all around. He fell on his left side a dead man.

"At this instant the cry was raised, 'He's leaped the window,' and the mob on the stairs and in the entry ran out.

"I withdrew from the window, thinking it of no use to leap out on a hundred bayonets, then around General Smith's body.

"Not satisfied with this I again reached my head out of the window, and watched some seconds to see if there were any signs of life, regardless of my own, determined to see the end of him I loved. Being fully satisfied that he was dead, with a hundred men near the body and more coming round

the corner of the jail, and expecting a return to our room, I rushed towards the prison door, at the head of the stairs, and through the entry from whence the firing had proceeded, to learn if the doors into the prison were open.

"When near the entry, Mr. Taylor cried out, 'Take me.' I pressed my way until I found all doors unbarred, returning instantly, caught Mr. Taylor under my arm, and rushed by the stairs into the dungeon, or inner prison, stretched him on the floor and covered him with a bed in such a manner as not likely to be perceived, expecting an immediate return of the mob.

"I said to Mr. Taylor, 'This is a hard case to lay you on the floor, but if your wounds are not fatal, I want you to live to tell the story.' I expected to be shot the next moment, and stood before the door awaiting the onset.

Willard Richards."*

The part which Willard Richards played in this tragedy and his miraculous escape reveals his heroism, courage and loyalty.

Dr. Richards was a large and active man and was in the thick of this tragedy yet he escaped unscathed with the exception of a ball which ticked the lower part of his left ear. His escape was in fulfillment of a prophecy which Joseph Smith made over a year previously in which he said, "The time would come when balls would fly around you like hail, and you would see your friends fall on the right and on the left, but there would not be a hole in your garment."†

His life was miraculously saved for the great work which he accomplished during the next ten years. At the time of the martyrdom, John Taylor and Willard Richards were in the jail, but they were not prisoners. They were the only apostles in Illinois at the time. The other ten were

*This account also appears in *Millennial Star*, Vol. 24, pp. 487-488. Further details of the martyrdom with facts preceding and following it are given in Chapter 4, by John Taylor, the only other eye witness.

†*Millennial Star*, Vol. 24, p. 407.

abroad in the United States doing missionary work. John Taylor was incapacitated because of his serious wounds, so that in this great crisis the responsibility of directing the Church was thrust upon Willard Richards who acted with wisdom, promptness and precision in one of the most critical times of our history. The air was full of excitement. The slightest indiscretion could have precipitated a bloody conflict. Dr. Richards plead with the saints to be patient, to have respect for the law and to leave their case in the hands of their Creator.

The next day Dr. Willard Richards addressed about 10,000 people, citizens of Nauvoo and vicinity, at Nauvoo, on the assassination of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and his brother, Hyrum Smith, stating he had pledged his honor and even his life for the Mormon people's good conduct, and promised they would keep the peace in this tragic and critical period in their history.*

He promptly advised Brigham Young, President of the Quorum of the Twelve, who at the time was in Boston and who on the death of the President, automatically became the presiding authority in the Church, of all the facts and existing conditions in and about Nauvoo.

The enemies of the saints thought that Mormonism was man-made, that it would go to pieces when Joseph Smith passed away. Not so, the blood of the martyrs proved to be the seed of the Church. Before his untimely death, the prophet had established the order of things, making it clear that the twelve apostles presided over by their president, on the death of the president of the Church automatically became the presiding authority. The order of succession in the Church was clearly set up.

Sidney Rigdon, who was Joseph's first counselor, but who had become indifferent and disaffected, and was not living at that time with the body of the Church, hastened to

**Journal History of the Church* (unpublished), June 28, 1844. P. L.

Nauvoo and aspired to become the "Guardian of the Church." Willard Richards, who had been the close associate and secretary of the Prophet, knew the order of things and the man who should be Joseph's successor. With great wisdom and courage, he counseled the saints and directed the affairs of the Church until the return of Brigham Young and his associate apostles. At a meeting held in the Grove in Nauvoo, August 8, 1844; the twelve apostles with Brigham Young as their President were sustained by the people as the presiding authority of the Church.

Willard Richards came to Utah with the first company of pioneers in 1847. He returned to Winter Quarters that fall and brought a large company across the plains in the summer of 1848. The remaining six years of his eventful life were crowded with the most exacting official duties and responsibilities. It is recorded that Willard Richards, at the time of his death, held 21 important civil and religious positions.*

Colonel Thomas L. Kane, in an address before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, March 26, 1850, said this about Willard Richards: "I knew him intimately. I found Dr. Richards a genial gentleman, a pleasant scholar of the most varied attainments and his integrity above question."†

His death was a great loss to the Church and a great blow to President Brigham Young. They were cousins. Brigham Young brought him into the Church, he baptized him, and Dr. Richards served as his counselor for eight years. Three weeks after Willard's death, the President, speaking at a general conference of the Church said of him:

"Brother Willard Richards I have known from before he became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He lived at my house for many years—boarded with me. From our first acquaintance to his death, in the Gospel

*Ezra Foss Richard, Jr., *Pedigree and Genetic Studies of Phineas, Levi and Willard Richards Family*, p. 6.

†*Ibid.*, p. 4.

and out of it, as far as I knew him, in his integrity and friendship, he was as true and unwavering in his course as the sun is to the earth, or as the earth is revolving upon its axis. There was not a shade of deviation upon his mind or unwavering in his actions, in his feelings, or in his faith, from the principles of righteousness. He was true to God, to his religion and to his brethren, and in administering blessings to all to whom he had power to administer. He was careful not to injure any person, and died a Latter-day Saint. He is gone to his rest, and is prepared to receive his body again in the resurrection, and then he will be prepared to take his seat in the Celestial Kingdom of our God. All that can be said of brother Willard's life can be summed up in these few remarks."*

"Willard Richards died on the 11th inst. at 23 minutes past 9 a.m. Heber C. Kimball and the Twelve carried the remains of our departed brother to the tomb. Pres. Orson Hyde and Heber C. Kimball made a few appropriate remarks at the grave side, after which the mourners retired, leaving the remains of one of the best and greatest men that ever trod the earth to sleep in peace until he shall awake to immortality and eternal life. May the virtues of his life be our pattern that we may be as illustrious in death."†

*Preston Nibley, *Brigham Young—the Man and His Work*, pp. 212-213.

†*Journal History of the Church* (unpublished), March 12, 1854.

Daniel Hanmer Wells, Pioneer and Statesman

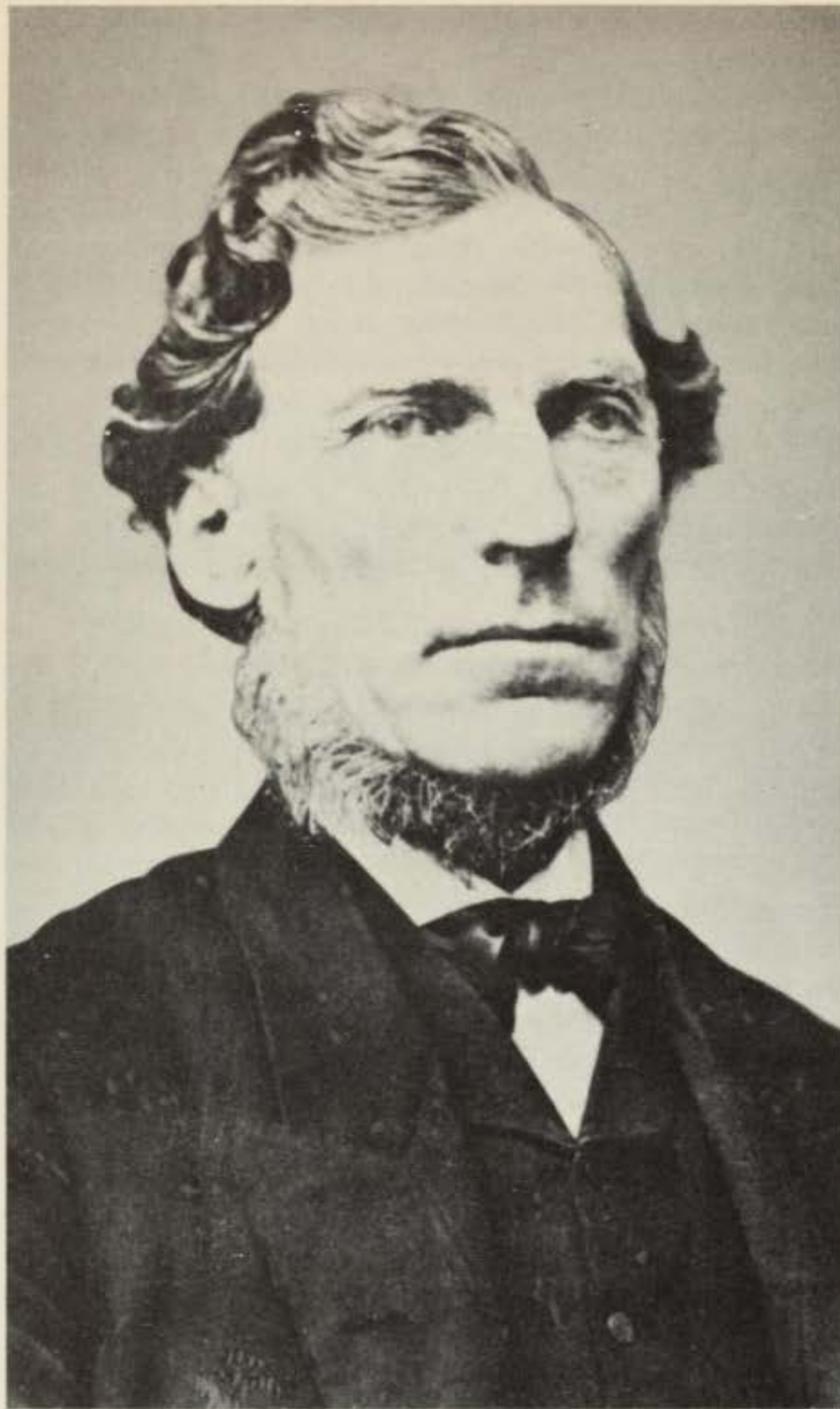
DANIEL H. WELLS, for twenty years a Counselor to President Brigham Young, was a statesman, soldier, prophet and Patriarch, beloved by all who knew him, distinguished for his manly courage and his patriotism, but most of all for his loyalty to his friends, his country, and his God.

SAVED FROM DROWNING BY UNSEEN HANDS

In the summer of 1876, Elder Wells was placed in charge of a company to visit and encourage the newly started settlements in Arizona. While crossing the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry, the boat containing his traveling wagon, oxen, and a number of the party, was capsized and they were thrown into the turbulent river. Brother Wells was only an indifferent swimmer, but though weighed down with his boots and clothing, he calmly struck out for the shore, reaching it without wetting his necktie. He always regarded his escape as miraculous, feeling that unseen hands had supported him. Bishop Roundy, a member of this party and an expert swimmer, was drowned.

This party went to Arizona in May and returned in June. Anthony W. Ivins, a young man at the time, was with them on their return trip and records in his diary:

"On the 14th of June we reached the Colorado River. It was higher and more dangerous than when the brethren came out. It was impossible to use a ferry boat. We were obliged to take our vehicles apart and carry them and the



DANIEL HANMER WELLS

members of our party over in a skiff. With great difficulty the animals were made to swim across. Brother Wells remained on the south side of the river until all the members of the party and all of our effects were safely over. I remained with him. We were then taken across.

"Brother Wells took me up the river above the landing and showed me where the accident to the ferry boat occurred and explained to me his own escape. When we had reached a secluded spot on the river we knelt down and he offered thanks to the Lord for bringing us safely over. His prayer was a remarkable one and made a profound impression upon me."*

DEFENDING THE RIGHT IN THE FACE OF GREAT DANGER

Daniel H. Wells was mayor of Salt Lake City from 1866 to 1876. The strength and splendor of his character is revealed in an election riot which occurred in Salt Lake City in August, 1874. An attempt was made by the United States Marshal to control the polls. Lawfully and legitimately the control was in the hands of the municipal officers of the city. It was a great anti-Mormon demonstration and centered around the polling place in the City Hall. Late in the afternoon the mob became so aggressive and the polls so obstructed that people wishing to vote could not get in.

Captain Burt of the police force sent word to Mayor Wells asking for instructions. The mayor soon appeared on the grounds and managed to work his way through the crowd and get in to the polling room. The regular police force was mostly on the inside of the City Hall at that time.

The mayor commanded the crowd to disperse and clear the entrance. This he did by authority of his office as mayor. There were possibly 200 persons in the crowd. The room was full and doors completely blocked, the sidewalk crowded. Many were in the street, and more coming, cursing and

*Anthony Woodward Ivins' *Diary*, p. 21.

yelling, some of the leaders now more or less intoxicated. When the order was given to disperse, instead of obeying, they made an attack upon the mayor.

They were led by Milton Orr who seized hold of Mayor Wells and attempted to drag him from his position. Mayor Wells resisted this move and several others caught hold of him, tearing his clothes. Soon the mayor appeared on the balcony of the Court House. He looked pretty disheveled, but in a clear, steady voice he commanded the rioters to disperse. At this they only shouted louder, cursing and defying his authority. He then turned to Captain Burt and said, "Captain, disperse this mob and clear the sidewalk of obstruction. In a moment after the order was given Captain Burt stepped out onto the sidewalk in front of the hall door, followed by a few regular police. Addressing the crowd immediately in front of the polling room, he commanded them to disperse. Instead of obeying orders the mob with a howl of defiance rushed at the captain who stood with his arms folded. As the mob rushed at him he let drive with his police club. Instantly others of the police pitched in. A bystander said, "I never saw so many men fall in so short a time as I saw then." Most of them were U. S. Marshals. The police were making a clearing toward the door. The mob were taken so by surprise at seeing their leaders falling that many took to their heels and ran away. During all this not one shot was fired. There were many sore heads but no one killed. All the police were arrested and brought to trial before the commissioner but were cleared. The mayor was arrested but released on a \$1,000 bond to appear one week from the date to answer a charge of resisting U. S. Marshals in the discharge of their duty. Daniel Wells was exonerated at the hearing.*

SAVED FROM DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A MOB

In August, 1885, while presiding over the British Mission, Daniel Wells held a conference in Sheffield. There was

a very strong anti-Mormon feeling in Britain. It was at its height about this time. At this conference Charles W. Penrose and President Wells were the speakers. While the meeting was in progress a mob gathered on the outside. How to get these brethren out and evade the mob was a problem. The Elders slipped President Wells out a side door, hoping he would escape unnoticed, but soon he was surrounded by a dozen or fifteen men. His white hair and beard were conspicuous above the heads of the mob. They were pushing and jostling him about trying to knock him off his feet so that if they trampled him to death no person could be held responsible. Elder Reuben S. Collett, a missionary, then about twenty years of age and a man of great physical strength, went to Elder Wells' rescue by plunging through the crowd. Brother Wells' hair and clothes were disheveled, but he was perfectly cool and calm, using a heavy walking stick to keep the men off. Elder Collett succeeded in getting him to a cab, gave the driver a silver crown and the Conference House address, and thus Brother Wells was probably saved from death at the hands of a mob.

A MAN WHO CHOSE TO GO TO PRISON AND PAY A FINE RATHER THAN BETRAY HIS RELIGION

General Wells was called to testify in court on a temple marriage which he performed, and was asked questions by the prosecuting attorney with relation to what takes place in the Endowment House. He refused to answer the questions because he felt that by so doing he would violate his temple obligations. As a result he was considered in contempt of court. In defense of this charge he made this memorable statement: "I consider any person who reveals the sacred ceremony of the Endowment House a falsifier and perjurer. It has been and is a principle of my life never to betray a friend, my religion, my country or my God. It

*Bryant S. Hinckley, *Daniel Hamner Wells*, pp. 163-165.

seems to me that this is sufficient reason why I should not be held in contempt of court." He was ordered to pay a fine of \$100 and to be confined for a period of two days in prison. He paid the fine and went to prison. His release from prison was the occasion for one of the greatest public demonstrations ever held in Utah up to that time.

A TRIBUTE TO DANIEL H. WELLS

In the pioneer life of a great people, Daniel Wells stands out as a statesman and a soldier. As a statesman he had the vision to see into the future, the capacity to measure values, and the will to move forward with confidence in his chosen course. As a soldier he was without physical fear, strong to endure hardships, decisive in judgment, brave and prompt in action, gallant in spirit, human toward the conquered, a capable strategist and a great commander.

Daniel H. Wells was typical of the best manhood of America, pure in heart, puritanical in principle, tender toward all women and children, benevolent and generous toward men. He had the divine gift of human kindness which wins the hearts of people and secures their friendships forever. People loved him for his sympathy, for his steadfastness, for the strength of his soul and the soundness of his character.

He stood at the head of a distinguished family. Among his children were church men, statesmen, military men, business men, artists and writers; all honorable men, a credit to their state and their nation. They loved their father and will revere his memory forever.

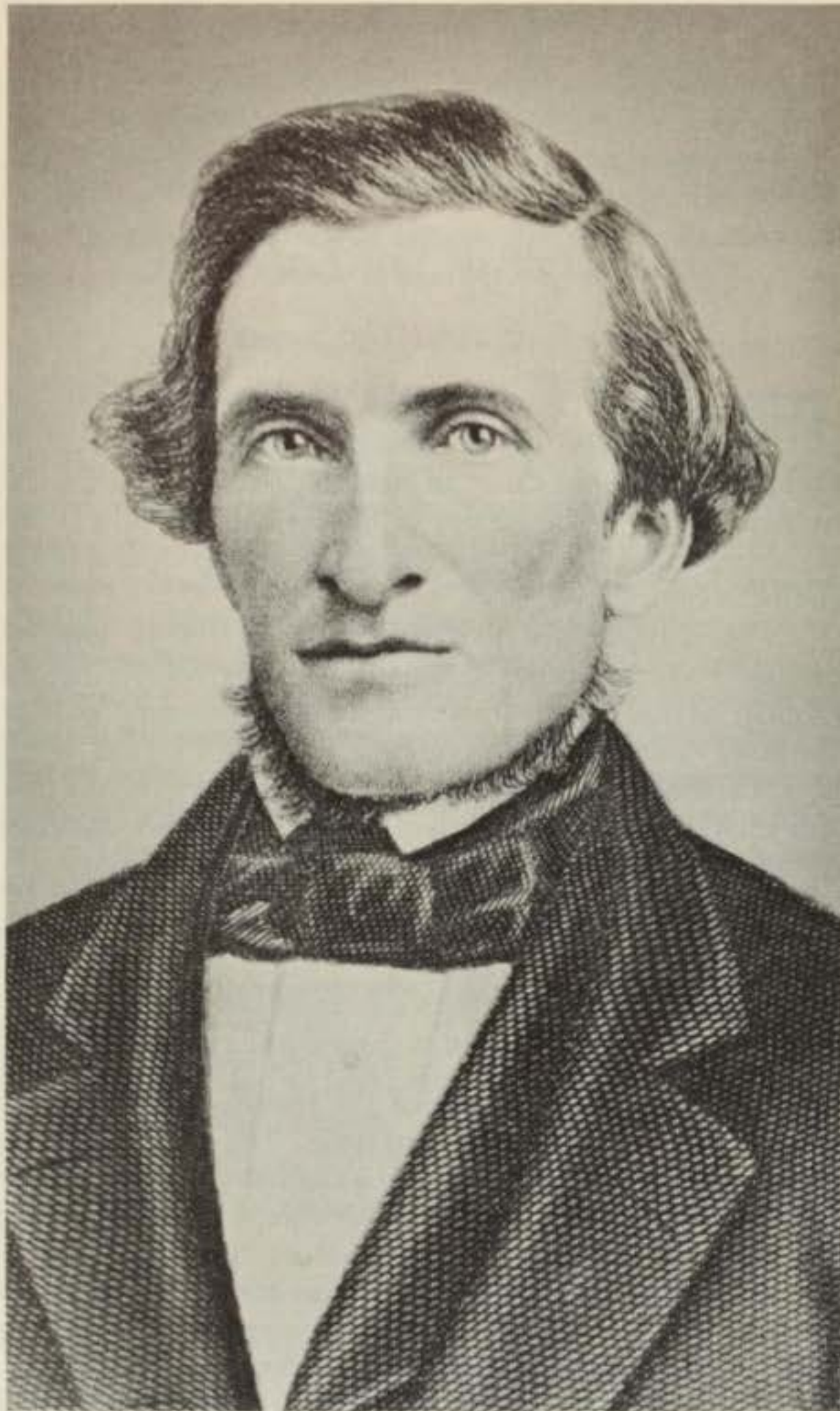
Jedediah M. Grant, Church Leader and First Mayor of Salt Lake City

J EDEDIAH M. GRANT joined the Church in his seventeenth year, and the following season went with Zion's Camp from Kirtland, Ohio, to Jackson County, Missouri. He subsequently was chosen one of the Seventies, and was one of the first Elders of the Church to preach the Gospel in the Southern States.

Two days before the martyrdom of Joseph and his brother Hyrum, (June 25, 1844), he was chosen by the Prophet as one of two trusted messengers to carry word to Governor Thomas Ford of Illinois that the Prophet would be in Carthage the following day. Those were perilous days and trust could not be lightly placed. This shows the great confidence which the Prophet had in Jedediah M. Grant.

FIRST BURIAL IN SALT LAKE CITY

He passed through the persecutions and hardships of Missouri and Illinois, and participated in all the sacrifices and activities of the saints in the early years of Utah. In the summer of 1847, he crossed the plains, arriving in Salt Lake Valley in October of that year. His little daughter, Margaret, died and was buried in a shallow grave in a lonely place on the roadside. Soon after, his wife, Caroline, sickened and died. It was her dying request to have her remains brought to the Great Salt Lake Valley for burial, and likewise to have the remains of her little daughter brought here and laid beside her. Jedediah consented to this and with his own hands made a crude coffin from rough boards and



JEDEDIAH M. GRANT

strapped it to the side of his wagon. He placed in it all that was mortal of his young and beautiful wife. He then continued his journey to the valley where she was laid peacefully away.* As soon as the necessary arrangements could be made, he went back to get the remains of his little girl. To his sorrow, he discovered that the wolves had dug up her body, devoured it, and scattered her bones so that there was nothing left to bring to the valley.

He became the first Mayor of Salt Lake City, and remained in that position until his death. On April 17, 1854, he was ordained an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ and was chosen by Brigham Young as second counselor in the First Presidency of the Church.

Very early in his life he became distinguished as a preacher of righteousness. He was noted for his originality, resourcefulness, and power of persuasion.

A READY SPEAKER

On his first mission, to the Southern States, he became widely known for his ability to speak extemporaneously. His willingness to respond without notice to invitation to speak created a great interest in the minds of the people and they asked him when he prepared his sermons. In reply, he told them that he never prepared his discourses, as other ministers did, that he studied the Gospel and stored his mind with the knowledge, but never wrote a sermon.

They could hardly believe it possible for a man to preach such sermons without carefully preparing them. In order to satisfy themselves they decided to put him to a test and asked him if he would speak at a certain time and place on a text given to him at that time, so he would have no opportunity to prepare. He consented to do this. The following account of that test was written by T. B. Lewis:

"The place was Jeffersonville, the seat of Tazewell

*Caroline Grant was the first adult buried in Salt Lake City.

County, Virginia, at that time the home of the late John B. Floyd (who subsequently became Secretary of War), and many other prominent men.

"The room chosen was in the court house. At the hour appointed the house was packed to its capacity.

"Mr. Floyd and a number of lawyers and ministers were present, and occupied front seats.

"Elder Grant came in, walked to the stand and opened the meeting as usual. At the close of the second hymn, a clerk, appointed for the occasion, stepped forward and handed a paper (the text) to Elder Grant.

A BLANK FOR A TEXT

"Brother Grant unfolded the paper and found it to be blank. Without any mark of surprise, he held the paper up before the audience, and said:

" 'My friends, I am here today according to agreement, to preach from such a text as these gentlemen might select for me. I have it here in my hand. I don't wish you to become offended at me, for I am under promise to preach from the text selected; and if anyone is to blame, you must blame those who selected it. I knew nothing of what text they would choose, but of all texts this is my favorite one.

" 'You see the paper is blank' (at the same time holding it up to view).

" 'You sectarians down here believe that out of nothing God created all things, and now you wish me to create a sermon from nothing, for this paper is blank.

" 'Now, you sectarians believe in a God that has neither body, parts nor passions. Such a God I conceive to be a perfect blank, just as you find my text is.

" 'You believe in a church without prophets, apostles, evangelists, etc. Such a church would be a perfect blank, as compared with the Church of Christ, and this agrees with my text.

" 'You have located your heaven beyond the bounds of time and space. It exists nowhere, and consequently your heaven is blank, like unto my text.'

"Thus he went on until he had torn to pieces all the tenets of faith professed by his hearers; and then he proclaimed the principles of the gospel in great power.

"He wound up by asking, 'Have I stuck to the text, and does that satisfy you?'

A HAPPY REWARD

"As soon as he sat down, Mr. Floyd jumped up and said: 'Mr. Grant, if you are not a lawyer, you ought to be one.' Then turning to the people, he added: 'Gentlemen, you have listened to a wonderful discourse, and with amazement. Now take a look at Mr. Grant's clothes. Look at his coat! His elbows are almost out; and his knees are almost through his pants. Let us take up a collection.'

"As he sat down, another eminent lawyer, Joseph Stras, Esq., still living in Jeffersonville, arose and said:

" 'I am good for one sleeve in a coat and one leg in a pair of pants, for Mr. Grant.'

"The presiding elder of the M. E. church, South, was requested to pass the hat around but replied that he would not take up a collection for a 'Mormon' preacher.

" 'Yes you will!' said Mr. Floyd.

" 'Pass it around!' said Mr. Stras, and the cry was taken up and repeated by the audience, until, for the sake of peace, the minister had to yield. He accordingly marched around with a hat in his hand, receiving contributions, which resulted in a collection sufficient to purchase a fine suit of clothes, a horse, saddle, and a bridle for Brother Grant, and not one contributor a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, though some joined subsequently. And this from a sermon produced from a blank text."*

*Preston Nibley, *Pioneer Stories*.

The year 1856 closed with what was known in the Church as the "Reformation," which was a call to repentance. Jedediah M. Grant was one of the most ardent advocates of it. He threw his heart and soul into it, sometimes holding two or three meetings in one night. He died at the early age of forty-one, as a result of overwork. Twenty-four years of his short but eventful life were spent in hard pioneering. During those trying years, he bore more than his share of the burdens of the Church. President Brigham Young said that Jedediah M. Grant lived more in 24 years than most men lived in 100 years. His illustrious son, President Heber J. Grant, was much like him. He inherited the fervent and sanguine temperament of his father. This is shown in the zeal with which he pursued any cause which he espoused.

George Q. Cannon, Statesman, Orator and Leader

IT WAS a great day for America and for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when the Cannon family set foot upon these shores. They and their descendants have made a brilliant contribution to the history and citizenship of this state and this nation. On the nation's battlefields and in its legislative halls, they have played a noble and outstanding part.

THE FIRST TO COME TO CANADA

The coming of the Cannon family to America was one of the real romances of Mormonism. All through the narrative, one is impressed with great consequences which spring from small events—little things that lead to great ones—the part that dreams and spiritual intuitions play in life.

The first to make the journey to America was Leonora Cannon. She was a young woman of unusual attractiveness, gentle in manner, intelligent and delightfully companionable. Leonora became a close friend of the Masons, a socially prominent English family. At that time there had been a change in the governor-generalship of Canada and the newly appointed official, Lord Aylmer, had insisted upon Mr. Mason accompanying him overseas in the capacity of private secretary. Mr. Mason consented only on one condition, that his family would accompany him. It is strange to say this consent depended upon his daughter's success in inducing her friend, Leonora Cannon, to go also as one of the family. At first Leonora was adverse to going, but



GEORGE Q. CANNON

later she had a dream which she interpreted as directing her to accept the offer. Mr. Mason promised that if she became homesick or wanted to return for any other reason, he would see that her wishes were fulfilled. Under these circumstances, she agreed to join the party and accordingly crossed the sea in 1832 and came at length to Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada. There she formed the acquaintance of a brilliant young Englishman named John Taylor. They were congenial and soon became greatly devoted to each other, and he proposed marriage. To his first appeal she gave a negative answer, but again—after a dream in which she saw herself happily associated with him, she gave her consent when he renewed the proposal.

Heber C. Kimball had prophesied that Parley P. Pratt would go to Toronto, Canada, and would find there a group of people who would accept the Gospel and they would be the means of carrying it to England. Elder Pratt went to Toronto and met John Taylor, who had a strong following and who was very much interested in Brother Pratt's message, but the response was slow and Elder Pratt was about to return home when Leonora Taylor prevailed upon him to stay one more night. He did, and this resulted in his baptizing John Taylor, his wife and others who became the nucleus of a strong branch.

JOHN TAYLOR GOES TO ENGLAND

They were baptized in May, 1836, and Elder Taylor accompanied Elder Wilford Woodruff in the autumn of 1839, on a mission to England. He carried with him a letter of introduction from his wife to her brother and her sister-in-law in Liverpool, and to other relatives on the Isle of Man. Soon after his arrival in Liverpool, in January, 1840, Elder Taylor called at the Cannon home and made himself known to the wife and mother, promising to return in the evening when the husband and father should be home

from his work. Elder Taylor said nothing about his mission during his short visit nor did he explain the purpose which brought him to England, but there was something about his personality and influence which profoundly impressed the mother, Ann Quayle. As he walked away after his brief visit, she remarked to her eldest son, George: "There goes a man of God. He has come to bring salvation to our father's house."

Returning in the evening as he had promised, John Taylor was warmly welcomed by his brother-in-law. The Cannon family then consisted of the father, the mother and five children. John Taylor, who had a beautiful singing voice, sang some of the songs of Zion and testified to the divinity of the message of the latter-day Prophet and presented the family with a copy of the Book of Mormon. He was obliged to leave but promised that he would be back.

The wife was a firm believer from the very beginning of his remarks. The husband had some reservations. He determined to investigate thoroughly and decided to devote as much time as possible during the visitor's absence to reading the volume which had been brought to them. As he began to read, his interest grew with each page until the spirit of the book had soon taken such complete possession of him that he could scarcely lay it down. He read it far into the night, at mealtimes, and even had it propped up on the workbench where he could glimpse a few sentences as he worked, with the result that when Elder Taylor returned within a short time, the book's contents from cover to cover had been absorbed by this ardent investigator.

The result was the final baptism of all the family who were old enough. If Leonora Cannon's girl friend had failed to persuade her to brave the broad Atlantic in a pleasure trip, how differently many a bright page and chapter in the history of the Church and of the State would have been written.

GEORGE Q. CANNON COMES TO AMERICA

After baptism, the Cannon family were filled with an irresistible desire to come to America. To this end, they saved and toiled, planned and worked. Two years passed, and they had not departed, but the desire on the mother's part became almost consuming. She was in frail health and wondered if this season also should pass and find the family still in England, what might become of her children. She was willing and eager to make any sacrifice, but embark for America they must, though she should have to be carried on board an invalid, perhaps to find a watery grave before the voyage was ended. If she were destined to die before reaching the promised land, yet would she die content, knowing that her children would reach their journey's end and join with the people with whom they belonged. It would then be too late to turn back; her children would be numbered among the saints at home; and this boon she craved above everything else in the world.

She had a sister living in New York City who did not belong to the Church. Fearful that something might arise that would delay them in joining the main body of the saints at Nauvoo, if they visited her sister, she planned their route through New Orleans. This thought, that she might not survive the voyage, was in fact more than a mere possibility. She had a definite premonition that she would not live to reach the shores of America and told her husband so, but nevertheless this intrepid soul left not one thing unturned until the family went aboard. She was ill from the beginning. We quote these lines from her husband's diary:

"I will not attempt to describe the nights in particular which I have passed while watching by the side of one of the best wives that ever man was blessed with, to see the grim tyrant approaching slowly but steadily to his victim, yet with all her suffering, no complaint ever escaped her lips, but the words: 'Dear George, what am I to do?'—these words

were never to be forgotten by me. 'O God, how mysterious are Thy ways, teach me resignation to Thy will.' This morning, Friday the 28th of October, she fell asleep without a sigh, in the performance of what she considered the commandment of God, at half past four o'clock and was buried in that element which needed no consecration, it never being cursed, in latitude 24, north 37; longitude 29, west 50 at five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day."

Ann Quayle Cannon, George Q.'s mother, though frail in physique, had the zeal and spirit of a martyr. She was a heroine and a saint. That day in mid-ocean when she looked for the last time upon the face of her first-born, little did she dream where time would take him. In yonder world where both of them have long since gone, his return must have been a source of celestial joy.

Because of the lateness of the season, the family had a tragic time making their way from New Orleans to Nauvoo, which they reached in April after a seven months' journey from England. They were forced to spend the winter in St. Louis. There George Cannon died, leaving six motherless children.

ARRIVE IN NAUVOO

At the time of their arrival in Nauvoo, a general conference of the Church was in session, and large numbers crowded the wharf to welcome the immigrants. George Q. Cannon wrote: "Familiar with the names of many of the prominent elders the author sought, with a boy's curiosity and eagerness to discover those whom he knew and especially to get sight of the Prophet and his brother Hyrum, neither of whom he had ever met. When his eyes fell upon the Prophet, without a word from anyone to point him out or any reason to separate him from others who stood around, he knew him instantly. He would have known him among

ten thousand. There was that about him which to the author's eyes distinguished him from all the men he had ever seen."*

When he arrived at Nauvoo, George Q. Cannon was fifteen years of age. He was present at the meeting in the grove at Nauvoo, after the Prophet's martyrdom, when the mantle of Joseph fell upon Brigham Young. At the frontier, he broke and trained the steers which he drove across the plains to Great Salt Lake in 1847, and the winter after arrival, he spent in the Old Fort. When the city lots were assigned to the first comers, he having now attained his majority, without having a family of his own, was given a piece of land upon which the Fourteenth Ward Chapel now stands. During the summer of 1849, he made with his own hands enough adobes for the construction of a house for Charles Lambert, who had married George's sister, and the Cannon children when they should arrive in the ensuing autumn.

GOES ON A MISSION TO HAWAII

In the fall of 1850, George Q. Cannon and nine others were called to go on missions to the Hawaiian Islands. The journey was a perilous one. They were four weeks going from San Francisco to Honolulu. They traveled in an unseaworthy and antiquated vessel, and only through the intervention of a kind Providence were they saved from a watery grave.

George Q. Cannon remained in this mission for nearly four years and during this period about four thousand people, mostly natives, were added to the Church. He experienced many remarkable manifestations of divine power, confirming the promise that signs shall follow the believers. In the Savior's name, he and his companions performed many mighty miracles, healed the sick, restored sight to the

*George Q. Cannon, *Life of Joseph Smith*, p. 26.

blind, caused the lame to leap for joy and brought thousands into the fold. A few incidents will suffice to show this.

GIVEN THE LANGUAGE

Elder Cannon had a great desire to speak the native language. This desire was with him day and night. He allowed no opportunity to talk to the natives to pass unimproved. He said, "I also tried to exercise faith before the Lord, to obtain the gift of speaking and understanding the language. One evening while sitting on the mats conversing with some neighbors who had dropped in, I felt an uncommonly great desire to understand what they said. All at once, I felt a peculiar sensation in my ears. I jumped to my feet with my hands at the side of my head and explained to Elders Bigler and Keeler who sat at the table that I believed that I had received the gift of interpretation, and it was so. From that time forward, I had but little, if any, difficulty in understanding what the people said. I might not be able at once to separate every word which they spoke from every other word in the sentence, but I could tell the general meaning of the whole."*

Elder Cannon became renowned as an orator in that language. The natives of that generation never forgot him. They referred to him as: "The *little* man with a *large* head and a *great* voice."

A HEAVENLY MANIFESTATION

The spirit of this mission rested upon him in great power. He received a marvelous manifestation from heaven. This is what he said about it: "I had never been so happy before in all my life as I was then. When I prayed, I could go to God in faith. He listened to my prayers. He gave me great comfort and joy. He revealed Himself to me as He had never done before, told me that if I would persevere, I

*George Q. Cannon, *My First Mission*, p. 132

should be blessed and be the means of bringing many to a knowledge of the truth and be spared to return home after having done a good work. Many things were revealed to me during these days, when He was the only friend we had to lean upon.

"A friendship was thus established between our Father and myself which I trust will never be broken or diminished, and which I hope has continued to grow stronger from those days to these."* It was here that he talked with the Lord, heard His voice and felt His holy presence. This was such a sacred experience that he seldom made any public reference to it. It remained with him all his life. His dying testimony to his son who sat by his bedside in his last hours was that he knew that God lived, for he had heard His voice.

He was a young man in his early twenties when he received this marvelous manifestation, and all his remaining days it sustained and guided him. His faith was now securely anchored to this knowledge of the existence of the Redeemer of the World and His willingness to reveal Himself to His children. This knowledge accounts for the great work which George Q. Cannon was able to accomplish on this mission, among those people and throughout his brilliant life. The men are few in the world's history who have been granted the glorious visitation given to George Q. Cannon in his young days on that far distant island. There he talked to the Lord as one man talks with another. Fifty years afterward when he visited the Islands, during their Jubilee Celebration, 1900, he was riding with Brother Woolley, touring the Islands. When he reached a certain place, he asked to get out, and he went alone into the garden where fifty years before, the God of Heaven appeared to him, then a lonely and humble missionary.

GUIDED BY THE STILL SMALL VOICE

Elder Cannon learned early to listen in obedience to the

†*Ibid.*

still small voice. The following is one among many such circumstances. He felt impressed to go around the island where he was laboring and visit the people. The Spirit manifested to him that he would meet some who would accept his testimony. In order to get to an important village, he had to cross a stream and in attempting to do this, he fell in. He was now unpresentable, and the weather was so unfavorable that he concluded to return home and to take a road which he thought was more direct.

He had scarcely gotten out of the village when he felt a definite impression to return. He yielded to this impression and went back. As he passed the churchyard, two native women emerged from a house and when they saw him, they called out to some men who were in the house: "Eka Haole," which means "The White Man." This they repeated two or three times, calling at the same time one of the men by name. As he walked along, Elder Cannon met three men and saluted them. Passing on a few feet the leader inquired of him where he was going and what his mission was. The man said it was Saturday, and he had better stop until Monday with him.

Elder Cannon accepted his invitation, and later said of the incident: "The moment I went into the house of this native and saw him and his two friends, I felt convinced that I had met the men for whom I had been looking. The man who owned the house was a judge, and a leading man in that section. His name was Jonatana H. Napela. His companions' names were Uaua and Kaleohano. They were graduates of a high school in that country, fine speakers and reasoners and were men of outstanding ability and influence in the community.*

These men were baptized and as a result of their training and leadership they were a very great assistance in preaching the Gospel and in establishing the Church in that land.

**Ibid.*

THE MISSIONARIES ON THE ISLANDS OFTEN FARED VERY POORLY

Speaking of the time when he was forced to live on potatoes, without salt, and molasses, he said: "What I lacked in food, the Lord made up to me in goodly degree of His Spirit which He bestowed upon me. What I had to eat was a matter of indifference to me. I was happy, and I rejoiced as I never had before. Dreams, visions, and revelations were given to me, and the communion of the Spirit was most sweet and delicious. I learned the lesson then, which I trust will never be forgotten, that there is a happiness which the servants and the Saints of God can have that is not of earth and that it is not in the least dependent for its existence upon the possession of food, raiment, or earthly things."*

MANIFESTATIONS OF THE GIFTS OF THE SPIRITS

Notwithstanding the faults and weaknesses of the natives, many became converted and were baptized into the Church. The power of God rested mightily upon them. Their faces would shine with the light of heaven. They knew that Jesus was the Christ, the Redeemer of the world, and that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God. There were many miracles and manifestations of the gift of the Spirit among them. Elder Cannon, in his writings, relates a few of these. He tells about a young man who had been so sick, he was not expected to live, and who made application for baptism. The evening previous to this baptism, the elders were called to administer to him. They did so, and he was so much restored by morning that he was able to attend the meeting and was baptized and healed.

MIRACULOUS HEALINGS

That same day, Brother Napela, a native elder, and companion visited a woman who believed in the Gospel and

**Ibid.* p. 153.

who wished to be baptized. She had been unable to walk upright for five years, but she was anxious to be administered to. They laid their hands upon her and commanded her in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to arise and walk. She immediately stood up straight and walked and was baptized. She was very well known in the community, and her restoration caused a great deal of excitement.

Another case was that of a woman whose limbs were withered and who was afflicted with palsy. She was baptized and was immediately restored to her health. The niece of this same woman was afterwards afflicted similarly. She requested baptism and was restored to her health.

The same day that this occurred, following a meeting, three persons requested to be administered to, one of whom was a blind man. He had been blind for more than thirty years. He began to mend from the moment hands were laid upon him, and the next morning he could see. His restoration caused a great stir in the community because his blindness was so well known.

THE DEAD RESTORED TO LIFE

Elder Cannon relates the following incident of which he was not an eye witness. A native elder of great faith was away from home, his wife was stricken and to all appearances had been dead for three hours when he returned. In the islands, it was the practice, when a person died, for the friends and relatives to manifest their grief by wailing. They were indulging in these lamentations when this man arrived, supposing of course that she was dead. He was greatly disturbed, but he anointed her with oil and laid his hands upon her and blessed her, and to the astonishment of all who were assembled, she immediately recovered.

These incidents might be multiplied. The natives had great faith in the power of healing. When George Q. Cannon departed from the islands, the people clung to him and

wept as if he were more than a human friend and leader about to be taken away.

OBEDIENT TO EVERY CALL

In September, 1857, the news of the invasion of President James Buchanan's army under Albert Sidney Johnston resulted in calling home the saints from all scattered outposts of the Church. Consequently, Elder Cannon returned from California where he was editing the *Western Standard*, a newspaper published by the Church. He became editor of the *Deseret News* and was directed to take the press to Fillmore and publish the paper there, which he did for a short time.

On his return north, an incident occurred which illustrates his faith. He had reached Payson and was unhitching his team for noon when a messenger arrived bearing a letter to him from President Brigham Young in Salt Lake City. It informed him that he had been called to go on a mission to the Eastern States, to take charge of the immigration and other business, and that the company with which he was to travel across the plains awaited his arrival. He calmly read the letter and asked the messenger how soon he would be ready to start back. The messenger answered that he needed only time enough to feed his mules, perhaps an hour. "Call for me in an hour," said Elder Cannon, "I will be ready to go with you." Leaving his little family by the roadside with his younger brother David and without a home to go to except that which might be furnished by relatives, he proceeded to Salt Lake City, and after an all night drive, reported to Brigham Young early the next morning. On seeing him, President Young turned to the others in the office and said, "Didn't I tell you it would be so? I knew I had but to call; here he is."

"In the fall of the year 1858 I was called on a mission to the East. The call was so urgent that I had to get ready in a few hours. It was the month of September when our

party, less than a dozen, began our journey through the mountains and across the plains.

"This journey across the plains was not marked by any particular event until we reached the Loup Fork of the Platte River. By the time we had reached that point, the weather was quite cold. There was no ferry over the stream, and a ford had, therefore, to be found. We knew it would not do to use a horse for that purpose, as the bed of the stream was full of quicksand. Genoa, a place settled by the Latter-day Saints, was on the opposite bank, but too far away for us to communicate with without crossing. Somebody had to wade the river and find a ford for the teams and wagons.

"Joseph W. Young and I took off our boots, coats and vests, and started in, he taking a direction somewhat down the river, and I going in an upward direction. It was cold, toilsome wading, for the quicksand was heavy. We waded about for some time, but though we found bars on which the water was shallow, we could not find a crossing which we thought safe. Finally, I decided to cross to the other bank and see if some communication could not be had with the town. I started out to do this when I saw a man, whom I knew, standing on the opposite bank. I soon swam across and told him what I wanted. He immediately went to the settlement, and soon a Brother Davis who was well acquainted with the stream, came with a yoke of oxen, and by taking a winding course from one bar to another, he brought them safely over to where we were. I had meanwhile crossed the river again to our company.

"The oxen were hitched on to one of our wagons, and brought safely over. I went with them, wading the river for the third time. By the time we reached the opposite side, the sun had gone down, and it was getting dark. I was urged to go on up to the settlement for the night, for I was tired and chilled and hungry. However, I decided to return to my fellow travelers for fear they might worry about my safety. I perceived that it was getting dark fast, and so to

save time I decided not to follow the longer route which the wagon had taken, but to plunge into the deep part and swim across.

"But I was more tired than I was aware of, due to my wading and swimming and exposure. I soon became conscious of this. My clothes hung heavily upon me. To add to my danger, darkness had closed around me. I was a good swimmer in those days, and in the daylight, the condition would not have seriously bothered me; but that night I felt the darkness to be deep, alone as I was, and far from human help with the water boiling around me.

"As I recall the scene now, I see the thick darkness which hides everything from view. I hear the rush of the stream as I battle desperately with it, and I feel the sinking of the heart at the thought of being lost in that strange place, with not one of my family or friends to ever know my fate. I thought of all my past life, the promises that had been made to me, the sweet hopes I had entertained for the future, the important mission that had been given me. And was this to be the close of my career? What a message to send to my fellow servants and my family—that I had disappeared, no one knew how or where, but presumably by drowning in the Loup Fork of the Platte River.

"And with these thoughts I prayed. I called upon the Lord to help me, for I was lost in the darkness in the river. I was benumbed and tired; I was without human companionship; and the distance appeared long. But I exerted all my powers and kept on swimming and praying. Can I make anyone understand the unspeakable joy I felt when I struck the bar and found myself in shallow water! I sank on my knees exhausted in the sand, inexpressibly thankful for my deliverance from death. The rest of the distance I was careful to make in shallow water. I wandered around considerably, but whenever I found myself going where it was deep, I retreated and tried some other spot.

"When I reached the other bank, to my surprise and

disappointment, the wagons had gone, and I found myself in a bad condition to pass the cold night. The embers of our campfire were still smoldering and I consoled myself with the reflection that I could sit by a good fire all night, for timber was abundant. My companions evidently had supposed that I had too much sense to attempt to cross the river again. After some time the moon arose. By its light I succeeded in tracking the wagons which had been moved back into the timber to be more sheltered.

"I have crossed the Loup Fork in the cars many times since then, and I never see the stream without recalling the memories of this narrow escape. It is not a very large stream to look at now, but that night I thought it awfully wide."*

THE MOST DIFFICULT EXPERIENCE IN ELDER CANNON'S LIFE

The most trying experience in Elder Cannon's life occurred in 1886 when he was fifty-nine years of age. He had come to be recognized at home and abroad as a distinguished leader. Under date of February 8, 1886, a reward of five hundred dollars was posted for his arrest on the charge of polygamy. He was at that time on the underground. In view of this reward, it was deemed prudent by his brethren to have him leave the territory. Consequently, he and two or three associates were on their way to Mexico to secure a place of refuge for their religious associates who were then persecuted in the United States. While passing through Nevada at Humboldt Station, midway through the state, President Cannon was arrested. United States Marshal Ireland immediately went to Nevada and took charge of the prisoner at Winnemucca, to which point he had been brought by the Nevada officers.

On the 16th of February when they were at Promontory Station, about fifty miles northwest of Ogden, Elder Cannon early in the morning stepped to the rear platform

**Juvenile Instructor*, April 15, 1893.

of the car to get relief from the stuffiness, and as a result of a sudden lurch, he lost his balance and fell from the train. The result of this fall to the frozen ground was a broken nose, face badly lacerated and severe injuries to his arm and hip. He was discovered in this plight and taken to a hotel in Promontory where he remained a day or more. The mistress of the hotel was particularly kind and sympathetic toward this injured man, who was her involuntary guest. She did everything she could to comfort and help him. This lady's husband was very ill at the time and had been for several months, and they were in financial distress. When the soldiers arrived to take President Cannon, he said to this lady, "You perhaps think that I am a wicked man, but I am not. You have befriended me, and the Lord will bless you and reward you for this kindness, and as a servant of God, I bless you and your household."

The detachment of United States soldiers took this helpless man to Salt Lake City where he appeared for trial. A special train bearing them reached Salt Lake City at 7:45 a.m. The bandaged and feeble prisoner was assisted into a hack and driven to the U. S. Marshal's office. Being very faint, he ascended the stairs leading to the Marshal's office with difficulty. He was permitted to recline upon a couch on the office floor. Judge Zane and U. S. Attorney Dickson, were sent for. Upon their arrival, the question of the prisoner's bail was fixed. Mr. Dickson ordered it placed at \$25,000. John Sharp and Feramor Little were accepted sureties for the sum specified. He was charged with two other offenses and \$20,000 additional bonds were required which were furnished. So President Cannon was liberated on the exorbitant bail of \$45,000.

On the morning of March 17th, at ten o'clock, the time set for hearing his case, he did not appear. His bond was declared forfeited and the \$25,000 was paid; the other sureties protested. The case passed through the Utah courts and was taken to Washington, D.C., where through the kindness

of influential friends at the Capitol, President Cannon succeeded eventually in getting this case dismissed and procuring Constitutional action restoring to him the amount of the \$25,000, paid by his bondsmen. It should be said here the sole reason for his not appearing in court that morning was due to the advice of President John Taylor. President Taylor said that during the night it had been revealed to him that if President Cannon went to trial he would be killed. Elder Cannon said that not to appear was the hardest thing he ever did.

This was one of the darkest periods in George Q. Cannon's history. His very life seemed in jeopardy. The leaders of the Church were forced into hiding. Men were being thrown into prison and women harassed and haled into court. It required stout-hearted, heroic people full of faith to endure what they were called upon to undergo. The property of the Church was confiscated, and the whole fabric of the Church seemed threatened with dismemberment and disintegration, but the Lord kept watch over His flock and preserved it and brought it out of obscurity and gave it a place of honor in the world.

A PROMISE FULFILLED

Several years after this event, a stylishly dressed lady called at the office of the First Presidency in Salt Lake City, and asked for an interview with President Cannon. He was in the office and received her kindly. She explained who she was and told him of the promise which he had made to her when the soldiers came to take him at Promontory. She said: "My husband, who had been sick for a long time, soon recovered his health, and we were prospered in our affairs." Explaining: "I have just been back to Harvard University to attend the graduating exercises of one of my children. I am now on my way to California." She reminded him that all he had promised her (that the Lord would bless her and her household!) when she befriended him, had been fulfilled.

GEORGE Q. CANNON

We have dealt, briefly, with only a few faith-promoting incidents in the missionary career of this distinguished leader. He was successful in secular affairs; as an orator he shone among the brightest and was equally gifted as a writer. His preeminence, however, was in the field of statesmanship and diplomacy.

George Q. Cannon was born January 11, 1827, in Liverpool, England, and died in Monterey, California, April 12, 1901. He attained a fame that spread far beyond the confines of the community in which he was one of the most illustrious leaders; being reckoned among America's greatest statesmen and holding even an international prominence in reputation.

At the close of 1901, the year of his death, the show windows of the celebrated commercial emporium of the most noted Avenue in Berlin, Germany, the magnificent Unter den Linden, displayed his portrait along with six others, as the principal world personalities whom death had taken during the previous twelve months. His seat was indisputably among the mighty. The historian Whitney says, "He would have been a man of mark in any community. Had he remained in his native England he probably would have been heard of in Parliament, and it is within the bounds of conservative calculation to imagine such a one the peer of such men as Gladstone, Disraeli and other premiers of the realm."*

*Orson F. Whitney, *History of Utah*, Vol. 4, p. 663.



MARRINER WOOD MERRILL

*Marriner Wood Merrill, Distinguished
for His Wisdom, Faith and Leadership*

MARRINER W. MERRILL, a Utah Pioneer and an Apostle of the Lord, was born September 21, 1832, at Sackville, New Brunswick, and died at Richmond, Cache County, Utah, February 6, 1906.

He was a man of clear understanding, sound judgment and great faith. Elder Merrill stood at the head of a large family, distinguished for their learning and their leadership. The following experiences show the character of this good man and the quality of his faith.

TRADED LUMBER FOR FLOUR

In the year 1855, the grasshoppers did great damage in Utah. Before the harvest in 1856 wheat was scarce and great suffering for want of bread was experienced by many. Elder Merrill relates this experience:

"My crop being short in 1855 only raising that year forty-nine bushels of wheat, and out of that paying my tithing, blacksmith bills, threshing, etc., I was left with only a few bushels for the year's bread—not enough to last us. On finding that I would be short of breadstuff I got lumber from the canyon and took seven hundred fifty feet to Salt Lake City to trade for flour, but found that kind of a trade very difficult. I could sell my lumber for money in different places, but could not buy flour for money. Finally, as the last resort for flour, I took my lumber to Daniel H. Wells, then Superintendent of Public Works for the Church, and asked him if he would give me flour for it. I must here confess

that I had but little hope or faith to get flour for my lumber, as the Church had many work hands depending on the Superintendent for bread, besides a great many old and infirm people who looked to that source for supplies.

"But to my surprise, after Brother Wells asked a great many questions as to what I wanted with so much flour, he said, 'Yes, I will take your lumber and give you flour for it.' I did not expect to get much flour for my load of lumber, as flour was worth, at that time, twenty dollars in cash per one hundred pounds, when it could be bought at all, as it was a rare thing to hear of any flour for sale. Hence when Brother Wells asked me what I wanted with so much flour for my family, I could not understand him, as one hundred fifty pounds of flour was all I expected to get for my seven hundred fifty feet of lumber, and in fact I had offered it for that many times during the day.

"Brother Wells did not ask me how much flour I wanted for my load of lumber, but simply said to me: 'Drive it over to the Temple Block and Brother Fordham will measure it for you.' I told Brother Wells that my father-in-law with a large family and many of my neighbors also were out of flour, and that I expected to divide what I got with them. On getting my lumber measured and a receipt from Brother Fordham, and finding that I had thirty dollars worth, it being considered worth four dollars per one hundred feet, which was the market price at that time, I went back to the Store House (then Tithing Office) with a light heart and cheerful countenance expecting to get one hundred fifty pounds of flour to take home to my family and neighbors. When I handed the receipts to Brother Wells, he looked at it for a moment, and that moment seemed a long time to me, for I expected to hear him say, 'Can't afford to give you all flour for your lumber, you must take some cash with it.' But to my surprise he said: 'Brother Hill, go and put Brother Merrill up five hundred pounds of flour.' Six dollars per one hundred pounds was the Church price then and for

many years afterwards, and two dollars per bushel for wheat. I felt like weeping for joy, but suppressed my feelings and said secretly: 'God bless you, Brother Wells, for your kindness to me.' And I am glad to say I have the same feeling toward Brother Wells today, thirty-two years later in life.

FEEDS THE HUNGRY

"Getting my five hundred pounds of flour stacked on the running gears of my wagon, I started homeward, it being eight miles to where I then lived north of Salt Lake City. I was extremely glad when I passed beyond the limits of the city, as I was accosted at every block with, 'Say, Brother, won't you sell me a little flour? I will give you twenty dollars in gold for a hundred pounds,' etc. I was almost sorry I did not stay in the Tithing Yard until it was dark so people could not see what I had on my wagon, as I had no blanket or quilt to cover it up. But I had to say sorrowfully, 'No, Brother, (or Sister) I cannot peddle out this flour, it is all engaged.'

"When I arrived home we felt to thank the Lord for His kindness to us. And we did not feel selfish with our store of bread, for we divided it with our brethren and sisters around us, and fed all who came in and asked for bread. We did not sell one pound of the flour, but loaned it and gave it to the poor, etc. We let it go so freely that before our little crop came in or got ripe we found ourselves nearly out again.

"One day a poor Danish or Swedish brother came along and asked for some bread to eat. My wife told him we had but little but she would divide with him. When she set a little bread and milk before him, he blessed it in his own language. I happened to be in the house at the time and felt that the Lord was with that man, and that although he was almost destitute of clothing the power of God was with him. And I have wondered since whether he was a man or an angel or an ancient Nephite. But he left a sweet influence in the house, and our flour was increased to us in a

manner unknown and we never have wanted for bread. God will bless all persons who will feed and comfort the poor of His people, and all such will never want for bread. Thus the hand of the Lord was over us and we were enabled to pass through those scanty times and gain an experience that has been valuable in after years."

HE RELATES THIS MARVELOUS EXPERIENCE OF BEING SAVED BY UNSEEN HELP

"During the winter of 1855 and '56 I worked in North Mill Creek Canyon, as I had done the previous winter. And in this connection, I will here relate a circumstance that occurred to me that winter while working in the canyon. During the month of January, 1856, the weather was very cold, the temperature ranging twenty to thirty degrees below zero at times. On one occasion I found myself in the canyon alone, as it was so cold no one else cared to risk going out in the canyon that day. I was hauling, at that time, house logs, usually five to a load. After getting my logs cut and dragged down to the loading place, I commenced loading them on my bobsled, one end on the sled and the small end to drag on the snow. I had the five logs laying side by side. The loading place being very slippery, I was—as I thought—very careful. But after getting the first one loaded on the sled, I turned around to load another one. The one I had on the sled slipped off, like it was shot out of a gun and struck me in the hollow of the legs and threw me forward on my face across the four logs laying on the ground, or ice.

"In falling, my hand spike, which I had used in loading the first log, slipped out of my hand and out of reach. And thus I found myself with my body lying face downwards, across the four logs and the fifth log lying across my legs, and I was pinned to the ground with a heavy red pine log, ten inches through at the large end, and twenty-two feet long, lying across my legs. And there I was with no visible means to extricate myself and there was no aid at hand, as

no one but myself was in the canyon that day. I made up my mind that I must freeze and die all alone in the mountains of Utah. Many serious thoughts passed through my mind, as you may imagine. In falling on the logs my breast and stomach were hurt and it was difficult for me to breathe. I did not conceive what to do under this trying ordeal, but concluded to ask the Lord to help me, which I did in earnest prayer. After calling upon the Lord for some time, I began to make an effort to extricate myself, but all in vain as I could not move the log that was lying on me. However, I continued my efforts until I was exhausted and lost all recollection of my situation.

"And the first I remembered afterward, I was one mile down the canyon sitting on my load of logs and the oxen going gently along. My overcoat by the side of me, and feeling very cold, I spoke to my oxen and stopped them and looked around in wonder and astonishment. Then I remembered being under the log at the loading place some time previous. But how long I was there I could not determine, but supposed about two hours, as I was two hours later getting home than usual. I looked at the load and found I had the five logs on the sled, three on the bottom, and two on the top, nicely bound, my ax sticking in the top log, my whip lying on the load by my side, my sheepskin (with the wool on, which I used to sit on) also on the load and I sitting on it. I made an effort to get off the load and put on my overcoat, but found I could not do it, as I was so sore in my legs and breast that it was with great difficulty that I could move at all.

"I put my overcoat on, in a sitting position—as I was, and wrapped it around my legs the best I could and started on down the canyon. My oxen being gentle and tractable and the road smooth and all down hill, I arrived home without difficulty. On arriving there, I found my wife was anxiously waiting for me and quite uneasy about me, as I was so much later than usual. She lifted me from the load

and helped me into the house, placed me by the fireside (as we had no stoves in those days), and made me as comfortable as possible and took care of my team, etc. I was confined to the house for some days before I could get around again.

"Who it was that extricated me from under the log, loaded my sled, hitched my oxen to it, and placed me on it, I cannot say, as I do not now or even at that time, remember seeing any one, and I know for a surety no one was in the canyon that day but myself. Hence I must give the Lord, or my Guardian Angel, credit for saving my life in extricating me from so perilous a situation."*

HIS SON APPEARS TO HIM

Elder Merrill was a man of many interests. His business of farming, merchandising, milling, stock-raising, dairying, etc., called for careful supervision and wise management. These latter tasks were largely entrusted to his older sons. His oldest son, and namesake, was the one upon whom he leaned most heavily. In the prime of his life this oldest son died. This loss Elder Merrill endured with great difficulty and much sorrow. In truth, it seemed that his son's departure caused him to mourn unduly.

Apostle Merrill presided over the Logan Temple. He frequently traveled by horse and carriage from Logan to Richmond where his families were located.

On one occasion soon after the death of his son, as he was returning to his home, he sat in his carriage so deeply lost in thought about his son that he was quite oblivious to things about him. He suddenly came into a state of awareness when his horse stopped in the road. As he looked up, his son stood in the road beside him. His son spoke to him and said, "Father, you are mourning my departure unduly! You are over concerned about my family (his son left a large family of small children) and their welfare. I have much

**Utah Pioneer and Apostle Marriner Wood Merrill and Family*, pp. 41-46.

work to do and your grieving gives me much concern. I am in a position to render effective service to my family. You should take comfort, for you know there is much work to be done here and it was necessary for me to be called. You know that the Lord doeth all things well." So saying the son departed.

After this experience Elder Merrill was comforted, for he realized that the death of his son was in keeping with God's will.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF APOSTLE MERRILL RELATED BY HIS SON, DR. AMOS N. MERRILL

"The following incident transpired a short time after Father settled in Richmond, Cache County:

"Indians were never very troublesome in Cache Valley and the country north, yet at times threatening situations arose. It was during one of these occasions that Father and a number of other men from northern Cache Valley were called to go to the protection of the settlers further north.

"A heavy rain fell just before their departure which made the roads and the countryside extremely muddy and slippery. As Father took a detour, he had gone out a short distance from the company when his horse slipped and fell with Father under him. When the other men of the party reached the scene Father was motionless and from all appearance, dead.

"Father relates that his spirit left his body and stood, as it were, in the air above it. He could see his body and the men standing around and he heard their conversation. At his option he could re-enter his body or remain in spirit. His reflection upon his responsibility to his family and his great desire to live caused him to choose to enter his body again and live. As he did so he regained consciousness and experienced severe pains incident to the injuries which he had suffered from the accident."

A DREAM FULFILLED

Brother Merrill told President Grant a dream he had the night before the latter's brother, B. F. Grant, ran away from Beeson Lewis' home in Richmond and went to Montana. He said the night after Fred (B. F.) ran away, he remarked to his wife, "I feel almost rebellious. Jedediah M. Grant, Fred's father, wore himself out during the reformation and died when he was only forty years old. This boy's mother left the Church, married a Gentile and now this boy will be without father or mother and will undoubtedly go to the bad."

He recalled further, "I felt as if the Lord ought to have inspired me to take this boy away from Beeson Lewis. I learned to love him almost like one of my own children. I went to bed feeling rebellious and I had a remarkable dream. I saw your brother traveling from one place to another with the vilest kind of company, but wherever he was he was surrounded always by a light. In my dream I asked, 'What does that light mean?' A voice answered, 'That light is the influence of a faithful father to protect the boy from committing sin, whereby he could not come back to the fold.' Then I saw him come back to Utah, saw him join the Church, become a very hard, diligent worker, traveling through the Stakes of Zion, laboring among the wayward, callous, indifferent, and profane men all over the Church, and meeting with marvelous success. That is why I have told you time and again that during the years that your brother took no interest in the Church and was a very profane man, that he would eventually come back and labor among the youth of Zion."

All of this was literally fulfilled.

LOCATION OF LEWISTON

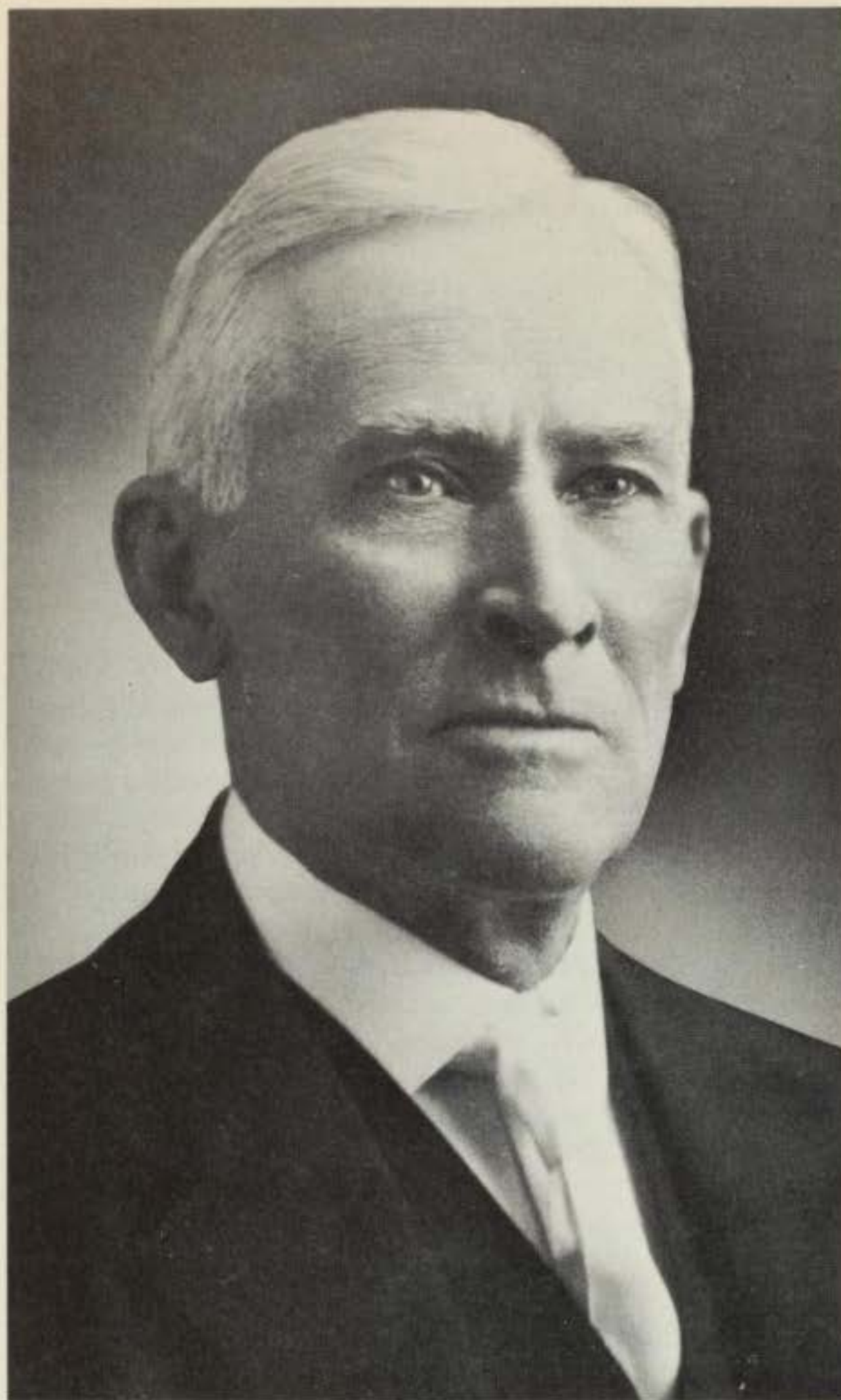
It seems that Brigham Young was in Brother Merrill's home, and he pointed over to where Lewiston is now located and said, "Brother Merrill, this will be the granary of the

Cache Valley!" He told Brother Merrill to call a man to go over to that place to preside as bishop. So Brother Merrill called William H. Lewis to go there and act as bishop. Brother Lewis went over, but the wind blew and the sand piled up against the fences and he came back and said that he would not give his small farm in Richmond for all of Lewiston, and wanted to be released. Brother Merrill told him that the Prophet of the Lord had said that that would be the granary of Cache Valley, and suggested that he go back there and stay with it. Brother Lewis did so and later became one of the wealthiest farmers of Cache Valley, and the Lewiston Sugar Factory has been one of the best and most successful that was built.*

MARRINER W. MERRILL

To all who were acquainted with Marriner W. Merrill, these recorded experiences have an added weight and meaning. He was recognized as a man of worldly wisdom and good judgment, possessing unusual spiritual insight and understanding. His faith in God and in his directing influence in the affairs of man was simple and flawless. Apostle Merrill was typical of the soundest and best manhood of the hard pioneer days in which he lived. He walked among his fellows as a giant of strength and leadership in both spiritual and secular affairs.

**Ibid.*, p. 373.



ANTHONY WOODWARD IVINS

*Anthony Woodward Ivins, Writer,
Preacher, Humanitarian*

ANTHONY WOODWARD IVINS was born at Toms River, New Jersey, September 16, 1852; ordained an Apostle October 6, 1907; sustained as a Counselor in the First Presidency March 10, 1921; and died at the age of 82.

Brother Ivins spent a large part of his early life on the frontier as a pioneer of Mexico. He was rather small of stature, but a man of great physical prowess; able to care for himself in any emergency or under any circumstances. He was at home on the range or in the legislative halls of his State; at ease with the lowly Red Man, or with the aristocracy of the world; a man of native refinement and of brilliant and diversified accomplishments — highly gifted as a writer and a speaker.

President Ivins was greatly beloved by all who knew him. These words of Mark Anthony's spoken over the mortal remains of Brutus are descriptive of him: "His life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

He has left many literary gems descriptive of his experiences and his accomplishments. From these classics two stories have been selected. To paraphrase or change either of them in any way would only mar them. They are (1) a Testimony of Conversion—"The Book of Mormon Changes the Course of a Man's Life," and (2) a Desert Tragedy—"The Tragic Story of a Family Claimed by the Desert."

THE BOOK OF MORMON CHANGES THE COURSE OF A
MAN'S LIFE

"When I was a boy, I had close friends, as all boys

have, neighbors with whom I was chummy, and among them was a boy about my own age. We lived near together; we went to school together. This boy had two older brothers. His parents were devoted Latter-day Saints. The country at that time was wild and lawless along the frontier. These older brothers became freighters; they loved horses and mules, and they delighted in putting together splendid teams, and drove those teams into Montana, and west into Nevada, and down to the coast in California, freighting back merchandise which in those days was needed for the use of the people. They became two of the most profane men I ever knew, indifferent to the faith of their fathers, and intemperate.

"One day the body of the elder of those two boys was brought into our town and his funeral services were held there. He had been killed in a difficulty with another man. The other, the next older brother, drifted away, and I lost sight of him. But this boy, who was my chum I grew up with, and pretty soon he obtained a team and he went off to Silver Reef to freight, and learned to swear, and he was following the very road that his older brothers had followed.

"About that time I lost track of him. I went to Mexico. I came back after fifteen or twenty years, and had occasion to go up into Idaho to visit one of the stakes of the Church. I found this man there, presiding as bishop of one of the wards! I found one of his sons the bishop of another ward. I found another son president of the Mutual Improvement Association; and one or two of the boys had been on missions. He had a splendid home there, presided over in dignity by his good wife.

"I looked at it all with wonder, and he smiled and said, 'I know what you are thinking about.'

"I said, 'Tell me how it all happened.'

" 'Well,' he said, 'you know that I was going just the way my brothers went.'

" 'Yes,' I said, 'That is what surprises me.'

" 'My parents had always taught me a better way,' he said. 'They had urged me to read the scriptures, and finally I decided that I would read the Book of Mormon, and I did so while I was freighting. I read it through, and when I came to certain words in the last chapter of Moroni, I was very deeply impressed with them.' These are the words to which he referred:

And I seal up these records, after I have spoken a few words by way of exhortation unto you.

Behold, I would exhort you that when ye shall read these things, if it be wisdom in God that ye should read them, that ye would remember how merciful the Lord hath been unto the children of men, from the creation of Adam, even down until the time that ye shall receive these things, and ponder it in your hearts.

And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, He will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost.

"He said, 'When I read these words, I thought I would put the Lord to the test, and I stopped my team, wrapped the lines around the brake, and got down from that high seat, on one of those old-fashioned California wagons that were common in early days, and I turned off from the road; and you remember that piece of straight road,' he said, 'just below the twist?'

" 'Yes,' I said, 'I remember every rock there is on it, because I have freighted over it.'

" 'Well, I went out there,' he said, 'under those high cliffs to the east of the road, and went around behind some rocks where no one could see me, kneeled down there, and thought I would pray, and I couldn't say a word.'

"Have any of you boys and girls ever tried to pray for the first time and found it difficult to say a word? There is always someone right there near you telling you you cannot pray, and it would not do any good if you did. That is one of

the devices of the enemy of truth to prevent you from placing yourself in harmony with the Lord.

"'But,' he said, 'by making a great effort I managed to appeal to the Lord, told him that I wanted to know the truth, and I want to tell you that those fellows on the day of Pentecost never received a stronger testimony than I did; I felt that I was surrounded by consuming fire, and I got up on my feet knowing just as well that the Lord lived, that Christ was the Redeemer of the World, that the gospel had been restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith, and that the Book of Mormon is a divine record, as I knew that I was there; and I got on my wagon, drove home, left the road and came up here, located on this quarter section of land, and you can see the rest.'"

No. 2

STORY OF A FAMILY CLAIMED BY THE DESERT

The toil, fatigue, hunger and tragedy which some of the early settlers of southern Utah, southern and southwestern Nevada and northern Arizona suffered will never be told. Those who endured them have gone.

The fortitude of the brave men and women who were called to settle "The Muddy Valley" is not surpassed in the annals of this people. Those who lost their lives in obedience to this call are entitled to a place among the martyrs for the truth.

Here is the account of this tragic occurrence as related by Brother Ivins.

At first thought, this "Desert Tragedy" seems to be a somber record of "faith unrewarded." Not so; they will have their reward.

"Attack by hostile Indians was not the only danger which confronted the early pioneers of southern Utah and southeastern Nevada. The country which they were sent to reclaim was a desert; roads were well nigh impassable; and

feed for livestock and teams was exceedingly scarce. Medicine and proper medical attention were not obtainable, and consequently many lives were lost from accident and disease which, under present conditions, might have been saved.

"In no part of the south did this condition prevail to a greater extent than in the Muddy Valley. It was a country of rocks and sand, ninety miles from St. George, the nearest settlement, and that only an outpost of civilization, and could be reached only over one of the most difficult roads on the continent.

"The southern route to California bore southwest from Cedar City to the Mountain Meadows, and from there six miles southeast to Cane Springs, from which point it passed on to Magotsa and Santa Clara, which it followed to the present site of the copper smelter at Shem, where it turned south to Camp Spring, the only water between the Santa Clara and Beaver Dams, on the Rio Virgin, twenty-five miles away. From the Beaver Dams the road followed the Rio Virgin sixty miles to the present site of St. Thomas, on the Muddy, crossing the river as many as forty times.

"It was a dangerous road, and often impassable, because of the treacherous quicksands which prevailed in the river bed. To reach the Muddy Valley by any other than the river route, it was necessary to leave the main road twelve miles north of the Beaver Dams and strike off to the west, over the desert country, to the Upper Muddy, at West Point, a distance of sixty miles without water, except at certain seasons of the year when the scant rainfall filled shallow pockets in the rocks, at the To-quop (Tobacco) Wash, about half-way across the desert.

"In order to avoid the difficult route, and make the desert road passable, Erastus Snow, who was in charge of the southern settlements at the time, sent men to sink a well at a point on the Beaver Dam Wash, which would

reduce the distance between water to fifty miles, over a desert where, in the summer, the heat was almost unbearable.

"Among the people who went from Salt Lake to assist in the reclamation of the Muddy Valley, and who located at St. Thomas, at the junction of the Muddy with the Rio Virgin, were James Davidson, his wife, daughter Maggie, and son, a boy twelve years of age. They were from Scotland, without experience in pioneer life, but with that faith which characterized the members of the Church in those early days of its history. They willingly undertook the task assigned them.

"On the 9th of June, 1869, James Davidson, his wife and son left St. Thomas, in company with other travelers, to go to St. George. Their conveyance consisted of a light spring wagon, drawn by a single horse. The vehicle was so shrunken by the arid atmosphere that before the family reached St. Joseph, twelve miles up the valley, a tire 'ran off' one of the wheels; and they were obliged to stop until it could be reset. This was done by their son-in-law, B. F. Paddock, and they started to overtake their traveling companions, who had left them and gone on. Paddock, who was an experienced frontiersman, warned them not to attempt to cross the desert alone, but to return home, or wait at St. Joseph for the other company, unless they overtook the party in advance. They did not reach St. Joseph until the following day, and remained there that Thursday night, one day behind the people with whom they had expected to travel. On Friday morning, heedless of the warning received, they started on alone.

"In June and July the heat on the deserts of Nevada and Arizona is often unbearable. During the day the sand and rocks, exposed as they are to the scorching sun, become so hot that the heat can be seen rising in waves. Nor does the night bring relief. The unfortunate traveler who is caught on one of these desert wastes without water has little

chance to survive. With the exception of an occasional lizard, which scuttles over the burning sand from one cactus bush to another, there is no sign of a living thing. The birds, even the crow and coyote, those scavengers of the desert, seek the few water courses in order to sustain life.

"During the night, on the 12th of June, a horse, famishing for water, came staggering into camp on the Beaver Dam Wash, where a party of men were at work on the well referred to. It was watered and fed by the men at camp, and the following morning William Webb, one of the well-diggers, went back on the road, in the direction from which the horse had come, and there found only a half a mile from the camp, with a canteen and one-gallon keg lying near the body, a boy, so swollen and distorted by the heat that recognition was impossible. A grave was dug, and there on the desert the body was interred, a headboard without inscription marking the spot.

"The following Thursday morning, four days after the interment of the body, Lorenzo Young, traveling from St. George to the Muddy, arrived at the well, and hearing the story of the boy and the horse, pressed on over the desert road, his knowledge of frontier life suggesting that a tragedy had been enacted. Upon arriving at the rock pockets he found that the boy had passed near them, but being ignorant of their existence had gone on toward the well. Five miles farther west he found the bodies of the parents lying together on a bed they had made under a desert palm, over which a blanket had been spread to shield them from the sun which had slowly burned out their lives. To Lorenzo Young the whole tragedy was revealed. Leaving St. Joseph alone, they had traveled to within five miles of water where the tire had again 'run off' the wheel which had then broken down. Helpless, alone with their meager supply of water, exhausted, the boy had mounted the horse, and with the keg and canteen had gone to seek a fresh supply. He had missed the

water in the pockets and had heroically struggled on, to fall exhausted within sight of his goal.

"The suffering from thirst, the anguish of the parents for the welfare of their son, the despair of the boy as he struggled on, knowing that the lives of his parents depended upon his effort, will never be told. They cannot be, for no one but them could tell it.

"No beast or bird had disturbed the bodies, but their condition precluded the possibility of their removal, with the means at hand, so men were sent out to bury them where they died.

"The road is never traveled now; it is one of the forgotten trails; but the two graves, on opposite sides of the desert, one covering the remains of the parents, the other, the boy, are mute witnesses of the dangers to which the pioneers of the Muddy Valley were constantly exposed."*

It is interesting to note that St. Thomas was evacuated when Hoover Dam was built and was buried under the waters of Lake Mead until the summer of 1953, when the water level was so low that the remains of the town were again on dry land.

**Improvement Era*, Vol. 19, pp. 512-515.

Reed Smoot, a Church and Civic Leader

IN 1903 Reed Smoot was elected to the United States Senate. The right to his seat was challenged because he was prominent in the "Mormon" Church. After one of the bitterest contests ever waged against an innocent man, he won his seat, remained in the Senate for thirty years, and came to be recognized as one of the leading statesmen of America.

When World War I was declared by the U. S. Congress, he arose in his seat in the Senate Chamber and offered voluntarily the following prayer:

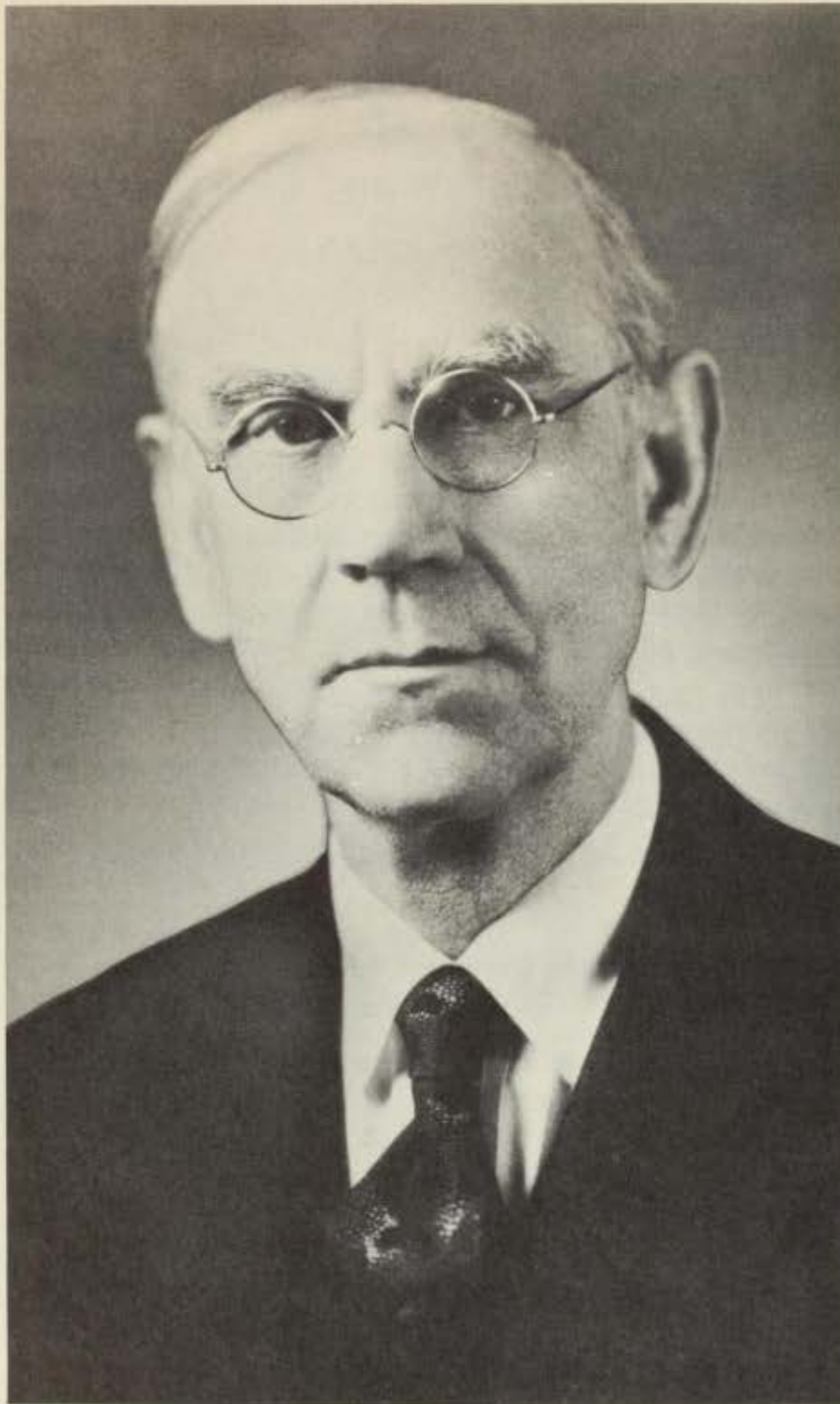
"Oh God, bless and approve the action taken by the Senate this day. Oh, Father, preserve our government, and hasten the day when liberty will be enjoyed by all the people of the earth. Amen."

This instance is without parallel in the history of the Congress.

A MARVELOUS EXPERIENCE VINDICATING THE WORD OF WISDOM

This fascinating and thrilling story told by Dr. Creed Haymond, vindicating the Word of Wisdom, is no part of the experience of Senator Reed Smoot. He knew nothing of it until it was told to him by Dr. Haymond. You may ask, therefore, does it properly claim a place in the life of this distinguished leader. This is our answer: the events leading up to this marvelous achievement show how great results often spring from very small beginnings. All of this came from something that Reed Smoot said.

In 1903 at one of the meetings of a Stake Conference



REED SMOOT

of the Utah Stake of Zion, held at Provo, sat a mother and her eight-year-old son. Reed Smoot, as an Apostle, promised the boys who were there that if they would do certain things, referring to the Word of Wisdom, they would be blessed accordingly. After the meeting, on their way home to Springville (this was in the horse and buggy days), this fond mother stopped the horses and said to her boy, "Will you promise me that you will never use tobacco or liquor?" He promised her and she kissed him on his forehead. He has kept inviolate to this day the promise which he made to his mother on the road between Provo and Springville fifty years ago. It was nothing that Reed Smoot did but it was something that he said that resulted in the wonderful experiences related by Dr. Haymond.

A CRUCIAL EVENT

This is the story substantially as he dictated it in my office:

"It was in 1903 when I was only eight years of age that I gave the promise. Then a period of sixteen years passed and I found myself in Boston, representing the University of Pennsylvania, running in the I.C.A.A.A. track meet. The night before the finals, Lawson Robertson, coach of the University of Pennsylvania track team and coach of five Olympic teams, came to me and said: 'Creed, you are captain of this track team, and on your shoulders rests the responsibility of winning this championship tomorrow. You have been training faithfully since Christmas. (It was then June.) I want you to take this glass of sherry wine, because I fear that by tomorrow you may go stale.' I had a great shock. A deep emotion went through my soul. I said, 'Robbie, ask me anything but that, and I will do it. But that I cannot do.' He replied, 'I ought to know what is best for you. I have been in this business for a long time, and I know that men over-train and go stale. I am not trying to corrupt your

morals or your ideals. I am doing this for your benefit.' I said, 'I can't do it, Robbie, and I won't do it.' He said, 'All right, but if we lose you must shoulder the responsibility.'

"I felt very badly. This was one of the crucial events of my life. I had won the championship the previous year in the sprints and wished to repeat, as it never had been repeated two years in succession. I went to my room, undressed and knelt beside the bed to pray, having decided to take the problem to the Lord. I prayed: 'Heavenly Father, I have been taught all my life that the Word of Wisdom was divinely given to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and was meant for the benefit of Thy children of the Covenant. Will Thou manifest to me if this principle is true in its portents, that I might know for myself of its divine authenticity, and whether or not I have acted wisely in this matter. If Thou will bless me with a witness, a testimony of this principle, I will pledge my life in Thy service wherever I may be called. This I will do if Thou will bless me with a witness.'

"I jumped into bed and for the only time in my life, on the night preceding a track meet, I slept soundly for nine hours without waking. The next morning at seven o'clock, hearing a knock on my door, I jumped up and opened the door, and there stood my coach. He was pale and concerned. He inquired, 'How are you?' I told him that I felt fine. He informed me that all the men were ill and were vomiting. I asked the cause of their illness, and if it could have been the wine. He answered that he did not know the cause.

A SERIES OF STARTLING EVENTS

"This was event number two of a series of startling events. We went out to the field, and these things happened: Carl Johnson, sprinter of the University of Michigan, was six feet one inch tall. When you start in a race, you dig holes in the ground so that you can get a fast start. In the semi-finals, he had picked lane number two, and the

spread between his feet was long. In the finals of the one hundred, I had picked the same lane. Being short-legged, the spread between my feet was shorter than his. I dug my holes in front of the place where his holes had been dug, which place was filled with soft dirt. There were six men in the final event, having won through the elimination of fifty-four starters the day before. Every man was keyed for the one hundred-yard sprint championship of America. We got on our mark; the starter pulled the gun, and we went. I made a terrific surge and my hold broke, and I slipped and fell on my knee. I didn't stay there, but in desperation I got up and was after the other men, the leading man being four yards ahead of me. It seemed an impossible task; I gave everything that I had. When I got to eighty-five yards, I still was in third place; at ninety-five yards I was in second place. It seemed that I was literally picked off my feet as I hit the tape, winner of the one hundred-yard dash championship. I know I shouldn't have won the race and couldn't have done so under any conditions dependent upon myself alone.

"Then another startling thing happened. It was the only time of my life of eleven years of running that I have ever seen a condition exist where the field events were completed before the finals of the track events. The semi-final of the two hundred twenty was held after all other events were finished. I was in the last semi-final. Just before I got on my marks, it was announced to the crowd that Haymond of Pennsylvania was going to try for a world's record in the two hundred twenty straight-away, as I already had broken the record on a curved track in the two hundred twenty in 1915. In desperation to break a record I gave everything I had. Instead of running out easy and free, I was bound up and ran straight up and down and ran the two hundred twenty in twenty-one and three-fifths of a second, which missed the world's record by two-fifths of a second. As I

finished the race, the clerk of the course came over and said, 'Go right back to the start; the day is late and they are going to run the two hundred twenty finals.' I was out of breath and said, 'I cannot run in this condition!' He stated, 'But you have to!'

"So as I went to the start of the two hundred twenty. Billy Moore, captain of the Harvard Team, who had run just previous to me, came up and said: 'Haymond, they are going to make us run now. You are in no condition to run and you have a right to demand a rest.' So I went over to the starter and said, 'Mr. Reynolds, you can see that I am in no condition to run. I demand a rest before the finals.' He said, 'All right, Haymond, I will give you ten minutes.' Just as he said that, the telephone rang and the referee said: 'Run the race immediately.' The clerk of the course said, 'Gentlemen, I am sorry, but come to your marks.'

BREAKS THE WORLD'S RECORD

"I was exhausted. As trained, the runner should take a deep breath. As I took a deep breath, it seemed that a draft went through me and cleared my whole system of exhaustion. I was as rested and as free of exhaustion as I was in the early morning. When the gun went off, we were gone. In place of running tied up, I ran free and easy and won the race. I was thrilled, having won under these conditions, and started off the field without inquiring as to the time. Half-way to the gymnasium, I felt someone pick me up in his arms. It was my coach. He weighed two hundred twenty pounds and I weighed one hundred thirty-five. As he took me in his arms and squeezed me, he said: 'I wanted to be the first to tell you that you just ran the fastest two hundred twenty of any human who ever ran. You just ran twenty-one seconds flat.'

"Of course I was thrilled. I dressed, went back to the hotel and being very tired, I went to bed early. I suppose

this was the first time in my life that I had ever gone to bed without saying my prayers, but I am human. I had broken a record; I had received congratulations from men of all stations; I was somewhat of a hero. When I went to bed, I wasn't thinking of prayer. I was thinking of the thrills of the day. I was just about to drop off to sleep when I heard within my mind these words: 'Were your prayers answered?' I woke up with a start. Then as I thought of the conditions that existed, having slept all the previous night without waking; the other men having taken the wine were sick; and although we had five intercollegiate champions, not one of the other four placed better than third place in times that were slower than their try-out times the previous week; having won the one hundred when I shouldn't have won it—I know I wouldn't have won it and God knows I wouldn't have won it alone; having won the two hundred and twenty and broken the record under conditions which normally would have made it impossible for me to win; as I meditated and reflected upon this series of events, I decided that my prayers had been answered. Now I hoped that I would be able to fulfill my part of the pledge, and that in the great future following 1919 I would be able to live and give service according to the promises I made with my Father in Heaven."

RATHER BE A DEACON IN THE CHURCH THAN PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

In a conversation with Dr. Haymond, James A. Farley, Postmaster General under President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, said: "I am a Democrat of some national prominence, and Reed Smoot is a Republican; but I consider him to be the greatest diplomat in the United States Government. He knows more of what is going on, attends more meetings, and is a better authority on all that goes on than anyone else I know. I wish we had more men exactly like him."

"I have been reliably informed that Reed Smoot was offered the nomination for the Presidency of the United States, on the Republican ticket, if he would deny his faith—his being a Mormon would make it impossible for him to receive any such a nomination."

Dr. Haymond continued: "Fifteen years later, Senator Smoot was in my office and during the conversation, I told him what James Farley had told me. He said: 'In two national Republican Conventions, I was offered the nomination for President of the United States, if I could turn against my Church.'

"I said to him: 'Wouldn't it be worth it?'

"He whirled on me, took me by the arm and said: 'Young man, maybe you do not know my stand in regard to my Church. If I had to take my choice of being a deacon in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or being the President of the United States, I would be a deacon.'"

LOYAL TO HIS TEACHINGS

Dr. Haymond put this question to Senator Smoot: "Has a condition ever arisen in your life where you hesitated to act according to the teachings of the Gospel?" And he replied, "No sir!" Then he hesitated a few moments and said, "Yes, there was one occasion." "Tell me about it." He said that it was in 1926. As Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee he went to Great Britain to see if he could make arrangements with them to settle their war debt with the United States.

"While here," related the Senator, "I was a guest in the home of the Governor of the Bank of England, the wealthiest individual in the British nation. Diplomats as they are, they did everything they could to impress me; and the highlight of their arrangements was a banquet in my honor. That banquet was attended by many titled heads of

Europe. We met in the banquet hall of his palatial residence. The women were dressed in their finery and jewelry and the men were in formal dress. We sat down to the banquet. I was seated at the right of the Governor of the Bank of England, and at every plate was a glass of champagne and a glass of water. During the proceedings of the banquet the time came for speeches and the Governor, who was the host, arose and pledged a toast to Senator Reed Smoot, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the United States Senate. Everyone arose and picked up their glasses of champagne. In answer to the toast, I reached over and picked up my glass of champagne and lifted it toward my lips. As the glass was half-way to my lips, with a start I said to myself, 'Reed Smoot, do you not know that you are an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ. If so, you must live according to the principles of the Church that you represent.' So I set down the glass of champagne and deliberately picked up the glass of water. As I did so I could almost see the people freeze in their positions, as they watched me break the custom of the people. But gentlemen and ladies as they are, they said nothing and I sipped my glass of water. The banquet was over.

"We went to bed eventually and as is my custom, I arose before daylight and went out to take a walk in the beautiful, palatial gardens of the Governor. I usually do my best thinking while walking before daylight. As I was walking along the fine-graveled path, beside a hedge-row, I heard coming toward me, and to the right, feet moving in the gravel. I was somewhat startled because the dawn was just breaking, and the speed of the other individual was such that we would meet at the corner. As I stepped to the corner, I met face to face with the Governor. We greeted each other and he said to me, 'Senator, I slept very little last night because of a very small thing that you did, which has caused me to wonder. I heard you go out early this morning, so I dressed

as rapidly as I could and have been trying to find you. Now, little as this may be, here is my problem. Last night at the banquet, as we pledged a toast to you, you picked up your glass of champagne and took it to your lips, then abruptly you set it down, reached over and picked up your glass of water and sipped the water in response to the toast. I knew you realized that you were breaking social custom in England, but you did it deliberately and I have been wondering about the cause for it.' I explained to him my position as an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, and as a member of the Church of Jesus Christ; and that in the Church we have the 'Word of Wisdom' in which we are taught that we are not to use intoxicating liquors, etc. That seemed to be an opening to discuss the Gospel principles.

CONVERSION FOLLOWED DISCUSSION

"Discussions followed which lasted nearly two weeks in regards to the American debt, but the Governor appeared to be disinterested in the discussion of the debt. Just as soon as the meetings were over, he would get hold of me, and we would spend the interim in discussing the tenets of the Church of Jesus Christ and the revelations of the Prophet Joseph Smith. For two weeks, we discussed the Gospel principles at every interval, and the time came when the conferences concerning the debt were completed, and I wanted to go to Denmark to see some of the graves of my ancestors. He solicited a promise from me that I would stop on my way to bid him good-bye, which I did. He took me to the boat at Liverpool, and as he told me good-bye, he said: 'Brother Smoot, I am convinced beyond any shadow of doubt that the Gospel, which you represent, is truly of God; that this is the only true church in existence. And if I had the courage that you exhibited the night of the banquet, I would join the Church. I realize now that I am taking my chances with the Creator, and possibly will be damned for it, but if

I were to accept the Gospel I would have to give up my place in the social world of Great Britain and my place in the financial world, and this I do not feel that I can possibly do. Know this—I have a testimony of the divinity of your Church. Good-bye Brother Smoot. I am very unhappy."

Apostle Matthew Cowley, who as a young man was in Senator Smoot's office from 1921 to 1925, had this to say about the Senator:

"He was a prayerful man. More than once I stepped into his private office across the hall and found the Senator kneeling in prayer. He was a man of great faith in the power of administration. A small boy of Allan Tingey's fell from a four-story apartment window on to the pavement and was badly hurt. The Senator heard of this and rushed across the city of Washington to Brother Tingey's home, where he administered to the child, who was healed and able to attend Sunday School the following Sunday.

"He was one of the most devoted husbands I have ever known, and a man of great faith and a very tender heart, responsive to appeals of those in trouble or need."

Elder Matthew Cowley related the following incidents in the life of Senator Reed Smoot:

SOME INTERESTING EVENTS

"The Senator went on some diplomatic mission to England and Dr. John A. Widtsoe accompanied him. At that time the British press was very hostile in its opposition to the Church, and Brother Widtsoe's assignment was to see if he could not in some way allay their bitterness.

"Soon after arriving in England the Senator arranged a meeting with Lord Beaverbrook and some of the other leading publishers. At this meeting he said, 'You know me, I have been here several times representing my country. I am just one of the plain people of my Church. You publish many things about us. We would like you to continue to

do this, but ask only this consideration: Will you be sure when you publish anything, that it is true. That is all we ask.'

"That seemed a fair proposition to them, and from that time on the attitude of the British Press toward the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was changed. Those five minutes settled an important problem."

Brother Cowley also related this circumstance:

"The Senator's wife prevailed on him to attend a show in one of the theaters in Washington. During this show a monologist came out and in the hopes of provoking a laugh, said some things derogatory to Brigham Young. On their return home and before he had gone to bed the Senator wrote a letter to this actor explaining that his reference to Brigham Young was offensive to him and that it was not true. He sent this letter by special delivery and before the Senator was out of bed in the morning he had a letter by special delivery from the monologist, in which he regretted sincerely what he had said if it were offensive to the Senator, assuring him that he had friends in Salt Lake City and that the last thought he had in mind was offering an offense. He hoped only to create a laugh and in the future he would see that nothing derogatory to the Latter-day Saints would be said by him."

Brother Cowley also related another circumstance concerning Senator Smoot:

"It came to the Senator's knowledge that some moving picture company was filming Zane Grey's *Riders of the Purple Sage*, and that in it were several references to our people which were, if not offensive, at least uncomplimentary. He called this to the attention of those who were filming it and pointed out what he regarded as derogatory to our people. The company called in the films, and at great expense, deleted the objectionable parts, making it conform to what the Senator thought was acceptable."

FULFILLMENT OF A PROMISE MADE BY BRIGHAM YOUNG

When the Senator was a small boy, Brigham Young came to Provo and, at a conference meeting, said that the day would come when the human voice could be heard from New York to San Francisco. This was more than seventy-five years ago.

Reed's mother had taken him to this meeting, and on the way home he said (referring to what President Brigham Young had said), "Now that's a big lie. That's absolutely impossible. It couldn't be." His mother, who was a woman of very great faith, told her son, "Yes, you'll live to see the fulfillment of what the President has said today." He did not believe it. Time went by and while he was in the United States Senate, a broadcasting system was built so you could speak from New York City to San Francisco. One of his colleagues in the Senate had charge of this enterprise and when it was completed and they were to celebrate the event, he invited Senator Smoot to come to New York City and be the first man to speak over the completed network, which he did, and his voice was heard clearly and distinctly across the continent.

Thus he lived to literally fulfill the promise by President Brigham Young in Provo years before.

The Senator told this story on several occasions.

A TRIBUTE TO SENATOR SMOOT

Reed Smoot entered the United States Senate a comparatively young man, without the ornaments of oratory or the advantage of classical training and a member of an unpopular Church, and the representative of a small western state. All of these seemed to be against him.

No Senator started more humbly and few, indeed, rose to positions of more influence and power. His rise was steady and unspectacular, but constant. The time came

when he was called the business manager of the United States. The major work of his life was his thirty years in the Senate. He was connected with important legislation. One of the minor things he did, and it was one of the most compensating and satisfying things he did, was finding employment for ambitious young men, so that they could obtain technical and professional training in the schools in Washington. Literally hundreds of prosperous young men acknowledged that he was the source of their success.

Senator Smoot was loyal to his friends, his people, his country and his God. He died soon after his retirement from the Senate.

Orson F. Whitney, Historian, Poet and Orator

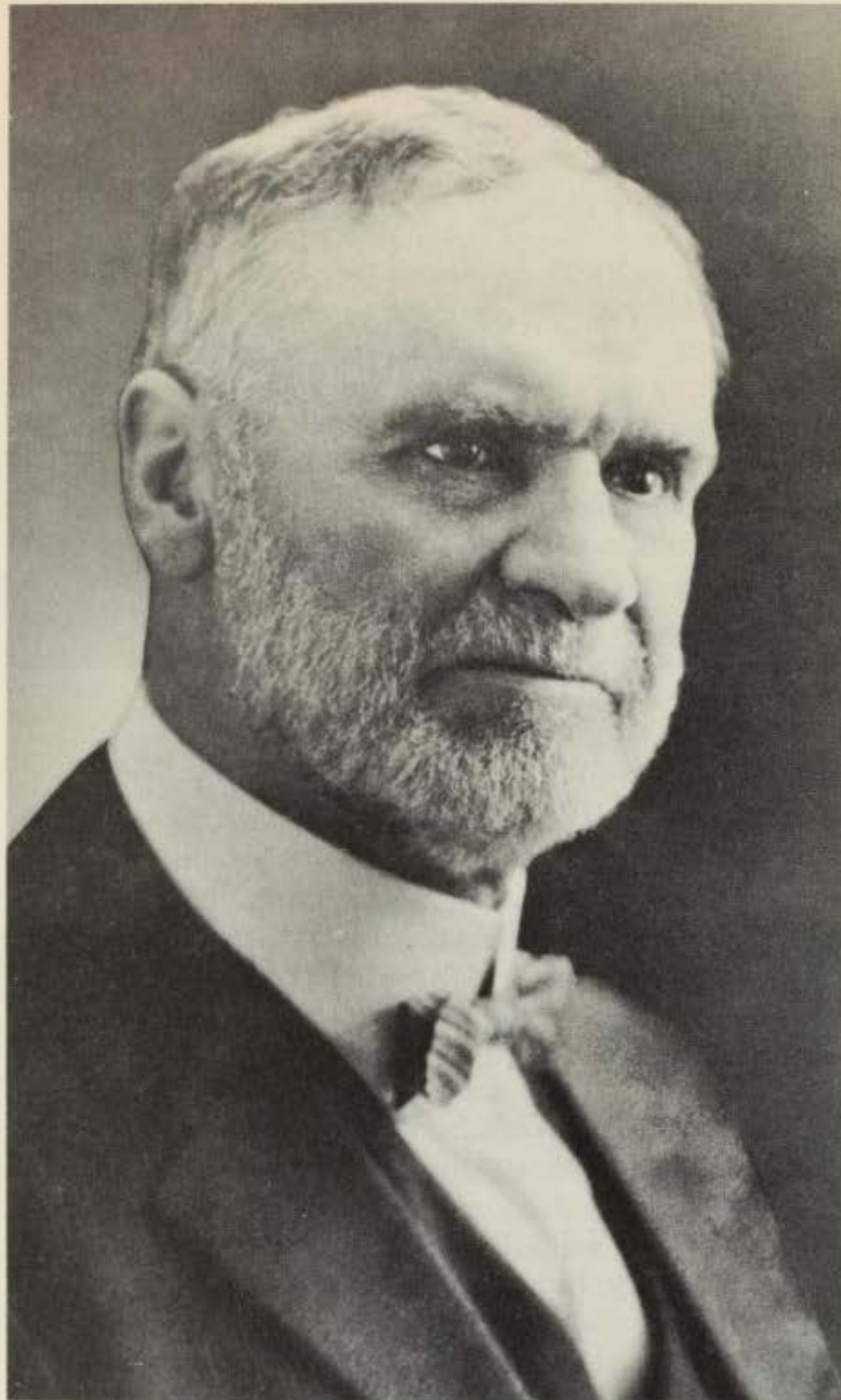
ORSON F. WHITNEY was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, July 1, 1855. At the age of fifty he was ordained an Apostle, and died at the age of 76.

Elder Whitney was one of the most highly gifted writers and one of the most eloquent speakers of his day. As poet, actor, and orator he had no superior in the Church. He was scholarly, dignified and handsome, a man of great spiritual depth and understanding.

BEGINNING OF A GREAT CAREER

This brilliant Apostle, in his boyhood days, was obsessed with a desire to become an actor. And he, no doubt, would have distinguished himself in that field had he followed it. His mother discouraged him, but finding that she could not dissuade him, said resignedly: "Well, Orson, since you are determined to go, I shall not oppose you, and if I can sell a piece of land (she had inherited several lots from her father's estate), I will give you two hundred dollars to take you to New York." He was overjoyed at this suggestion, and earnestly sought to bring it about.

There was no sale for the land; they tried in vain for three months to sell it, but could not. At the October conference following, he was called on a mission to the Eastern States. He signified his willingness to accept the call. His mother sold her land without difficulty and gave him two hundred dollars to take him to the state of Pennsylvania,



ORSON F. WHITNEY

his field of labor as a missionary. This was the beginning of a great career.

Brother Whitney was correspondent for the *Herald*, a Salt Lake morning paper. He devoted some time to this, until his mission president, Elder A. Milton Musser, chided him for it, and told him: "You were sent out to preach the Gospel and not to write for a newspaper."

Brother Whitney related the following experience that occurred while on his mission:

HEAVENLY MANIFESTATION

"Then came a marvelous manifestation, and admonition from a higher source, one impossible to ignore. It was a dream, or a vision in a dream, as I lay upon my bed in the little town of Columbia, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. I seemed to be in the Garden of Gethsemane, a witness of the Savior's agony. I saw Him as plainly as I have seen anyone. Standing behind a tree in the foreground, I beheld Jesus, with Peter, James and John, as they came through a little wicket gate at my right. Leaving the three Apostles there, after telling them to kneel and pray, the Son of God passed over to the other side, where He also knelt and prayed. It was the same prayer with which all Bible readers are familiar: 'Oh my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will but as Thou wilt.'

"As He prayed the tears streamed down His face, which was toward me. I was so moved at the sight that I also wept, out of pure sympathy. My whole heart went out to Him; I loved Him with all my soul, and longed to be with Him as I longed for nothing else.

"Presently He arose and walked to where those Apostles were kneeling—fast asleep! He shook them gently, awoke them, and in a tone of tender reproach, untinged by the least show of anger or impatience, asked them plaintively if they could not watch with Him one hour. There He was,

with the awful weight of the world's sin upon His shoulders, with the pangs of every man, woman and child shooting through His sensitive soul—and they could not watch with Him one poor hour!

“Returning to His place, He offered up the same prayer as before; then went back and again found them sleeping. Again He awoke them, readmonished them, and once more returned and prayed. Three times this occurred, until I was perfectly familiar with His appearance — face, form and movements. He was of noble stature and majestic mien—not at all the weak, effeminate being that some painters have portrayed; but the very God that He was and is, as meek and humble as a little child.

“All at once the circumstance seemed to change, the scene remaining just the same. Instead of before, it was after the crucifixion, and the Savior, with the three Apostles, now stood together in a group at my left. They were about to depart and ascend to Heaven. I could endure it no longer. I ran from behind the tree, fell at His feet, clasped Him around the knees, and begged Him to take me with Him.

“I shall never forget the kind and gentle manner in which He stooped, raised me up, and embraced me. It was so vivid, so real. I felt the very warmth of His body, as He held me in His arms and said in tenderest tones: ‘No, my son; these have finished their work; they can go with me; but you must stay and finish yours.’ Still I clung to Him. Gazing up into His face—for He was taller than I—I besought Him fervently: ‘Well, promise me that I will come to you at the last.’ Smiling sweetly, He said: ‘That will depend entirely upon yourself.’ I awoke with a sob in my throat, and it was morning.

“‘That’s from God,’ said Elder Musser, when I related to him what I had seen and heard. ‘I do not need to be told that,’ was my reply. I saw the moral clearly. I have never thought of being an Apostle, nor of holding any other office

in the Church, and it did not occur to me then. Yet I knew that these sleeping Apostles meant me. I was asleep at my post—as any man is who, having been divinely appointed to do one thing, does another.

“But from that hour, all was changed. I never was the same man again. I continued to write, but not to the neglect of the Lord’s work. I held that first and foremost; all else was secondary.”*

A MANIFESTATION OF DIVINE POWER IN HEALING

Elder Whitney relates: “It was April 8, 1877, when I left Columbia for Elyria, Ohio. Arriving at my destination, I walked three miles into the country, to the farm where dwelt the Frinks. They were not aware of my coming, but had been praying that an Elder of the Church might be led that way, several of their neighbors, with whom Sister Frink had conversed, having expressed a desire to hear more of the Gospel, and hear it from the lips of a ‘Mormon’ missionary. I was the only one in that part of the country.

“On the other side of the country road passing the farm house where I was staying, stood the residence of Truman Frink’s brother, a bitter anti-Mormon, who been heard to say that if one of our Elders crossed his threshold he would kick him into the street. Being crippled with rheumatism, he might have found it difficult to do much kicking; but he had all the will to carry out his threat, I did not doubt. His wife, Margaret Frink, was an excellent woman, childless by him but by a former husband the mother of several daughters, all married. The eldest, a widow with one child, shared her mother’s home.

HEALS A WOMAN SUFFERING WITH NEURALGIA

“Mrs. Frink had been confined to her room with an attack of neuralgia, which for many weeks had caused her

*Orson F. Whitney, *Through Memory’s Halls*, p. 82.

intense pain. Her daughter had learned, through Sister Frink, that faith-healing was practiced by the Latter-day Saints, and had heard me testify that the miraculous 'signs' promised by the Savior to 'follow them that believe,' were manifested now the same as in days of old. She therefore invited me to come and bless her mother, that she might be healed. Sister 'Angie' seconded the suggestion—if, indeed, she did not originate it—and again I was all but paralyzed at the prospect.

"Never did I feel so helpless—or so humble. I besought the Lord with all my soul to stand by me in this critical hour, to perfect my faith, and use me, if He could consistently, as an instrument for showing forth His merciful power upon the afflicted one. I then consecrated, as best I could, some olive oil provided by Sister Frink, and went with her and her husband to Mrs. Frink's abode.

"It was evening and the family were all at home. The daughter met us at the door, and ushered us into her mother's apartment, on the right of a hallway leading through the house, with rooms on either side. We had heard, as we entered, men's gruff voices and loud laughter in a room to the left; and presently Eli Frink thrust his head through a rear doorway, glanced around suspiciously, and then retired without uttering a word.

"Mrs. Frink, with her head bandaged, was sitting up, but still suffering much pain. Laying my hands upon her head, which I previously had anointed, I proceeded to bless her. Scarcely had I begun, when a power fell upon me that I had never felt before, nor have I ever felt it since in the same degree. It was a warm glow in my throat and breast—not painful, but powerful, almost preventing utterance, and it ran like liquid flame to the very tips of my fingers. The effect was instant. 'Thank God!' said the sufferer, 'the pain has gone.' Sister Angie almost shouted, 'Glory to God!' As for me, I was so overcome by a sense of gratitude for this

signal manifestation of divine favor, that I sank into a chair and burst into tears. The date of this incident was the 24th of April."*

HEALS HIS COMPANION

Subsequently, Elder Whitney had been called on a mission to Great Britain, and while laboring in the London Conference, he and Joseph A. West set out upon a tramp through Essex County attempting to travel and preach without purse or scrip. On the outskirts of the first village, they retired behind the hedge in a field, and prayed asking the Lord to direct them in all they were about to do. They entered the village, and sought, but failed to find, a hall in which to preach. However, they met a Mr. Sargent, of a sect called "Scripture Readers." They told him they were ministers from America, traveling without purse or scrip, preaching wherever opportunity afforded, stopping where night or necessity overtook them. And like their Lord and Master they were without a place to lay their heads. His interest was at once awakened. He invited them to his home and introduced them to his wife as brethren out on the Lord's business.

"The family having gathered round, we improved the opportunity to lay before them the principles of the Gospel. While so doing Brother West became ill—we both had severe colds—and at his request and by permission of our host, I administered to him the healing ordinance. During this strange proceeding, the family went down on their knees, and their reverence was equaled by their wonderment when they perceived that the administration was effectual."†

SIGHT GIVEN TO THE BLIND

In May of 1909, Elder Whitney spent ten days in Wayne Stake, and visited every Ward and Branch in the

**Ibid.*, p. 151.

†*Ibid.*, p. 157.

Stake. "This visit was chiefly notable for a miraculous incident," he said, "which had passed out of my mind until recalled by one of the chief actors therein. A Sister Hanks, wife of one of the bishops, had become blind. She craved from me a blessing, which I gave. While my hands were on her head her sight came back, restored by faith and the power of God. Strange to say, I had forgotten this until Sister Hanks reminded me of it in after years."*

NEEDING THE SPIRIT TO PRAY HELPS BROTHER WHITNEY

Brother Whitney relates this experience, which he had while in Liverpool, serving as Editor of the *Millennial Star*.

"I found myself in an overworked, run-down condition, manifesting a decided lack of physical and mental vigor. One morning I was endeavoring to write the usual editorial, but could make no headway, and wore out the whole day in a vain attempt to produce something worth reading. At last I threw down my pen and burst into tears of vexation.

"Just then the Good Spirit whispered: 'Why don't you pray?'

"As if a voice had addressed me audibly, I answered, 'I do pray.' I was praying five times a day—secret prayers, morning, noon and night; and vocal prayers, with the rest of the household, at breakfast and dinner time. 'I do pray—why can't I get some help,' I asked almost petulantly, for I was heartsick and half-discouraged.

"'Pray now,' said the Spirit, 'and ask for what you want.'

"I saw the point. It was a special, not a general prayer, that was needed. I knelt and sobbed out a few simple words. I did not pray for the return of the Ten Tribes nor for the building of the New Jerusalem. I asked the Lord in the name of Jesus Christ to help me write that article. I then arose, seated myself, and began to write. My mind was now

**Ibid.*, p. 269.

perfectly clear, and my pen fairly flew over the paper. All I needed came as fast as I could set it down—every thought, every word in place. In a short time the article was completed to my entire satisfaction."*

PROMISES GIVEN IN BLESSINGS FIND FULFILLMENT

In a blessing given Brother Whitney by Abraham O. Smoot, it states:

"Thou shalt have power, if necessary, to command the elements, and they shall obey thee. . . ."

"More than once I have put this promise to the test," Brother Whitney said. "I will mention an instance. At Wasatch, in Little Cottonwood Canyon, a fierce mountain storm was beating upon the tent where lay my sick wife, trying to sleep. The thunder and lightning were terrific, and nearly drove her wild. Offering up a silent prayer, I rebuked the tempest in the name of the Lord, commanding it to depart. Not another flash, not another bolt was seen or heard, where we were. But far down the canyon muttered the faint remnant of the retreating storm."*

In the same blessing from Brother Smoot he was promised: "If need be, thou shalt commune with the spirits that have gone hence, and they shall visit and revisit thee. . . ." Brother Whitney then relates how this promise was fulfilled:

"Early on the morning of April 24, 1918 (Paul and Virginia's birthday) while I lay on my pillow, half asleep, half awake, a pair of hands were laid upon my head. My first thought was that someone was in the house who ought not to be, and that I must lie perfectly still in order to be safe. But the touch was so soft and gentle that all fear left me, and with my own hands I took hold of those resting upon my

**Ibid.*, p. 78.
†*Ibid.*, p. 413.

head. They were a woman's hands. Presently I saw my wife Zina, who had been dead for eighteen years. She was hovering over me. I held out my arms to her, and she came into them. It was all so real. I could not doubt that she was actually there, a Guardian angel, watching over her children and me."*

**Ibid.*

Melvin Joseph Ballard, a Renowned Preacher of Righteousness

MELVIN JOSEPH BALLARD was born in Logan, Utah, February 9, 1873, and died in Salt Lake City, Utah, on July 30, 1939. He lived only 66 years and a few months. The last 30 years of his life were given, unbrokenly and completely to the Church. During these years he pursued, without deviation, the path of service and of rugged endeavor, rising to distinction as a missionary and preacher, recognized for the prophetic character of his utterances and for the moving power of his faith. He was a great crusader, stirring men to deeds of service and devotion. He had a brilliant intellect, a humble and contrite heart, dauntless and unconquerable courage, backed by an unfailing faith in God and an exalted love for the truth and for mankind. Elder Ballard was a gifted leader of youth. He could make convincingly clear the glorious promises contained in the plan of salvation and the golden future of those who accepted this plan in their youth and marched forever after in the ranks of the faithful. Young people listened to him, gladly, and followed him cheerfully because they esteemed him as their friend and champion, which indeed he was. No other leader had a better following of the youth of this Church than Melvin J. Ballard. We give the following experiences, which show his spiritual foresight and power.

THE NAMES OF THE DEAD MIRACULOUSLY GIVEN

On the 17th of May, 1884, the Logan Temple was dedicated. The second day after the dedication, President John Taylor said that all members of the Church who were



MELVIN JOSEPH BALLARD

worthy, and who desired to go through the Temple, might do so the next day. Mrs. Ballard, Melvin's mother, relates the following: "My husband being a bishop was very busy writing out recommends to all who wished to go through the Temple, when my daughter, Ellen, came in and asked for her father. I told her that her father was busy and asked her to give me the newspaper, which she had in her hand, so that I might give it to him. She said, 'No, the man who gave the paper to me told me to give it to no one but Father.' I let the child take the paper to her father, and when he looked it over, he was greatly surprised for he saw that the paper had been printed in Berkshire, England, his birthplace, and was only four days from the press. He was so amazed at such an incident that he called Ellen and asked her where the man was who had given her the paper. She said that she was playing on the sidewalk with other children when two men came down the street walking in the middle of the road. One of them called to her, saying, 'Come here, little girl.' She hesitated at first, for there were other little girls with her. Then he pointed to her and said, 'You.' She went out, and he gave her the paper and told her to give it to her father. This paper contained about sixty names of dead acquaintances of my husband, giving the dates of their birth and death. My husband was baptized for the men, and I for the women, and all of the work was done for them."*

While Elder Ballard did not participate in this, he had a vivid recollection of the event as here related, and he quoted it on several occasions.

When the Logan Temple was dedicated, Zebedee Coltrin came to assist in the ordinance work of the Temple, and stayed with the Ballard family. Melvin soon discovered that Patriarch Coltrin had known the Prophet Joseph Smith. So he proffered to black his shoes each morning if

*Bryant S. Hinckley, *Sermons and Missionary Services of Melvin J. Ballard*, p. 18.

he would tell him all about the Prophet, whom he knew personally. He did that, and before leaving, Patriarch Coltrin asked for Melvin, saying, "I have a blessing for him." On May 16, 1884, he gave him a blessing which contained, among other promises, the following:

A REMARKABLE PATRIARCHAL BLESSING

"Inasmuch as thou wilt keep all the commandments of the Lord, thou shalt attain to all the blessings of eternal exaltation, and the choice blessings of the heavens shall rest down upon you and the light of the Lord shall dwell within you, and every organ of your body shall be filled with the inspiration of the Lord. Thou shalt go forth in the midst of the nations of the earth proclaiming the gospel of the Son of God; and thou shalt proclaim the gospel unto the seed of Manasseh and shall do many mighty miracles in the midst of the Lord. The Lord has raised thee up to become a mighty man in proclaiming the gospel of the Son of God; and thou shalt become a mighty prophet in the midst of the Zion of the Lord, and the angels of the Lord shall administer unto thee and converse with thee face to face. Thou shalt be wrapped in the vision of the heavens and clothed with salvation as with a garment. The eye of the Lord has been over thee from the day of thy birth, and the angels have rejoiced over thee, because of the mighty power of God that shall be given unto thee. The angels of the Lord shall be thy daily companions, for thou art destined to do a great work upon the earth, and thou shalt behold the Lord, when he shall come in the clouds of heaven with all his angels with him, for thou shalt attain to all that truth once delivered to the Saints."*

Elder Ballard was twelve years of age at the time this was given, and he lived to witness the fulfillment of these marvelous promises.

**Ibid.*, p. 19.

A PROMISE TO THE CANADIAN SAINTS

Elder Ballard, in his ministry, visited the Canadian Saints on many occasions and was inspired to make some remarkable promises to them, which were literally fulfilled. They were so miraculously fulfilled that the farmers who did not belong to the Church came to have such confidence in his word that they followed his advice to the Saints. We relate two or three of these circumstances.

A CALAMITY AVERTED BY THE INTERVENTION OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE

In August, 1928, while visiting the Canadian Stakes, Elder Ballard made a remarkable promise to these people and witnessed its fulfillment. The crops were well advanced and promising, but they were threatened with a killing frost which would have been a major disaster to that community, and naturally the people were full of grave anxiety. Elder Ballard wrote in his diary, "Cold—cold and rainy. I promised the people if they would do their duty, the frost would be stayed, and their crops would be saved." This is his record of the next day, "Very cold tonight—cold and wet. At 3:00 p.m. started to clear—still cold and snow." A killing frost was imminent. Only the intervention of Divine Providence, it would seem, could avert this calamity. His record continued, "A south wind began to blow the frost away." This saved the crops. Here a servant of the Lord promised the people that if they would serve Him, their crops would be saved, and they were saved.

PROMISED THAT RAIN WOULD COME

N. Lorenzo Mitchell of Davis County, Utah, wrote under date of December 17, 1947, the account of a remarkable experience which he witnessed twenty years ago:

"I was present at a stake quarterly conference of the

Taylor Stake, which was held in Raymond, Alberta, Canada. Elder Melvin J. Ballard was the visiting authority. He had spoken inspiring, during the various sessions of the conference, but there seemed to be an unexpressed desire pervading the conference for a blessing from the lips of this great man. Elder Ballard remarked about this and felt impelled to say what is here recorded. 'I advise you brethren to plant every available acre of wheat land that you have, even if you have to stubble it in, and I promise you that the rains will come and that you will harvest the biggest crop of wheat ever known in the history of this country.' This prophecy was made in the month of May, at a time when the Canadian farmers feel that they have gone beyond the date when crops can be planted which would mature before the early frosts came, but the brethren took Elder Ballard at his word. So strong was the spirit, they were moved to plant every available acre they owned. Elder Ballard had said that the rains would come, but it went on for some time, and the rains did not come, and it seemed that the grain would rot before germination.

"The brethren began to despair and some felt to complain that Elder Ballard had made a mistake this time, that he had spoken out of the emotion of his heart and had not been prompted by the Lord. But the rains did come in greater abundance than anyone probably had witnessed in that locality for many years. The fields were in the southern parts of the province of Alberta, Canada.

"The grain germinated and grew to a height of more than six feet in some of the fields. Early frosts came and went throughout the western provinces in Canada, and when the Canadian Pacific Railway published its crop report in December of that same year, it showed that where the Latter-day Saints were living, the early frosts had not affected their wheat, and they were about to garner the greatest wheat crop in the history of that country up to that time.

Many fields of wheat harvested eighty bushels to the acre, and truly it was a bounteous return, a literal fulfillment of the prophecy made by Elder Melvin J. Ballard."*

A REMARKABLE DREAM

Brother Ballard not only prophesied, but he healed the sick, dreamed dreams, had visions and manifestations from Heaven. We have heard him relate the following experiences:

On Wednesday, March 4, 1917, on his way to Helena, Montana, Elder Ballard had an impressive dream. He dreamed that he was crossing a great desert, when he came upon the remains of a Pony Express rider. As he looked around, he discovered some leather pouches, kicked them, and they broke open and out fell nuggets of tarnished gold. He picked up some of them and rubbed them together with his hands until they became brilliant.

The meaning of the dream was made known when, during that year, he discovered more than one hundred Mormon boys who had drifted away from the teachings of the Church. As he talked to them, they became interested, so he hired a hall and began to round them up. He visited them often, and at the close of the year he had established a number of branches of the Church. One of these boys later became a president of the Northwestern States Mission.†

COMES HOME IN A DREAM

While Elder Ballard was on his first mission, a son was born to him, whom he did not see until the boy was almost two years old. During his father's absence, this child became desperately ill. They did everything they could, but in spite of their faith, the doctor's help and the care given to the child, it grew steadily worse until they despaired of his life.

**Ibid.*, pp. 107-109.

†*Ibid.*, p. 66.

When Elder Ballard learned of its critical condition, full of sorrow and anxiety, he went alone into the woods to plead with the Lord to save his first born. Under this weight of grief, he fell asleep and in spirit he came home and blessed the child, rebuked the destroyer and when he awoke, he had the assurance that all would be well with his son.

On this particular night, Sister Ballard, the mother of Melvin J., was taking care of the little one. The doctor told her he could do nothing further, that the child would probably pass away before morning. During the night the child took a sudden change for the better and while Mrs. Ballard did not see anything, she felt the unseen presence of Elder Ballard and knew something miraculous had happened. The change took place the very hour he went into the woods to pray.

A MOST GLORIOUS EXPERIENCE

"When I was doing missionary work with some of our brethren, laboring among the Indians, seeking the Lord for light to decide certain matters pertaining to our work there, and receiving a witness from Him that we were doing things according to His will, I found myself one evening in the dreams of the night, in that sacred building, the Temple. After a season of prayer and rejoicing, I was informed that I should have the privilege of entering into one of those rooms, to meet a glorious Personage, and as I entered the door, I saw, seated on a raised platform, the most glorious Being my eyes ever have beheld, or that I ever conceived existed in all the eternal worlds. As I approached to be introduced, he arose and stepped towards me with extended arms, and he smiled as he softly spoke my name. If I shall live to be a million years old, I shall never forget that smile. He took me into his arms and kissed me, pressed me to His bosom, and blessed me, until the marrow of my bones seemed to melt! When He had finished, I fell at His feet, and as I

bathed them with my tears and kisses, I saw the prints of the nails in the feet of the Redeemer of the world. The feeling that I had in the presence of Him who hath all things in His hands, to have His love, His affection, and His blessings was such that if I ever can receive that of which I had but a foretaste, I would give all that I am, all that I ever hope to be, to feel what I then felt!"*

This experience was very sacred to him. He seldom referred to it.

Elder Ballard had a golden voice. This hymn, which he discovered while on his first mission, was the motto of his life. It symbolized his feelings. He sang it soulfully, frequently and with wonderful effect.

I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO

It may not be on the mountain's height
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me;
But if, by a still small voice He calls
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine:
I'll go where you want me to go.

Perhaps today there are loving words
Which Jesus would have me speak;
There may be now in the paths of sin
Some wand'rer whom I should seek;
O Savior, if thou wilt be my guide,
Though dark and rugged the way,
My voice shall echo the message sweet;
I'll say what you want me to say.

There's surely somewhere a lowly place
In earth's harvest fields so wide,
Where I may labor through life's short day
For Jesus, the Crucified;
So trusting my all to Thy tender care,
And knowing Thou lovest me,

**Ibid.* p. 156.

I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere;
I'll be what you want me to be.

— Chorus —

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or plain, or sea;
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord;
I'll be what you want me to be.

—Mary Brown

Elder Ballard had a magnetic personality and an orotund voice, both of which added to the effectiveness of his spoken word, so that his discourses lose much when reduced to cold type. The following taken from a sermon delivered in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, October 19, 1936, is typical of his style:

"Man is a child of God, therefore he partakes of the divine nature of his Father. Within him lie germs of infinite development. Potentially he is a godlike being. Therefore he may rise eternally towards the likeness of his Father in Heaven. Upward, divine, unending is man's destiny.

"Were this conception, which raises the individual man to immeasurable importance, more fully comprehended, there would come great modification of man's treatment of man. The inhumanity of man to man would soon vanish from the earth. The law of the beast would be replaced by the law of God. Love would triumph over hate. The record of history declares that nations which have recognized in part the true nature of man have prospered most and lived longest.

"Little men who seek to take advantage of one another, rulers who look upon their people as pawns in the game, nations who wantonly toss thousands into battle to be maimed or killed, all these would falter in their evil designs before the knowledge of a divine origin and destiny of every human being, of his God-achieving nature, Righteousness would increase in the earth."

Alonzo A. Hinckley, a Practical Man of Faith and Ability

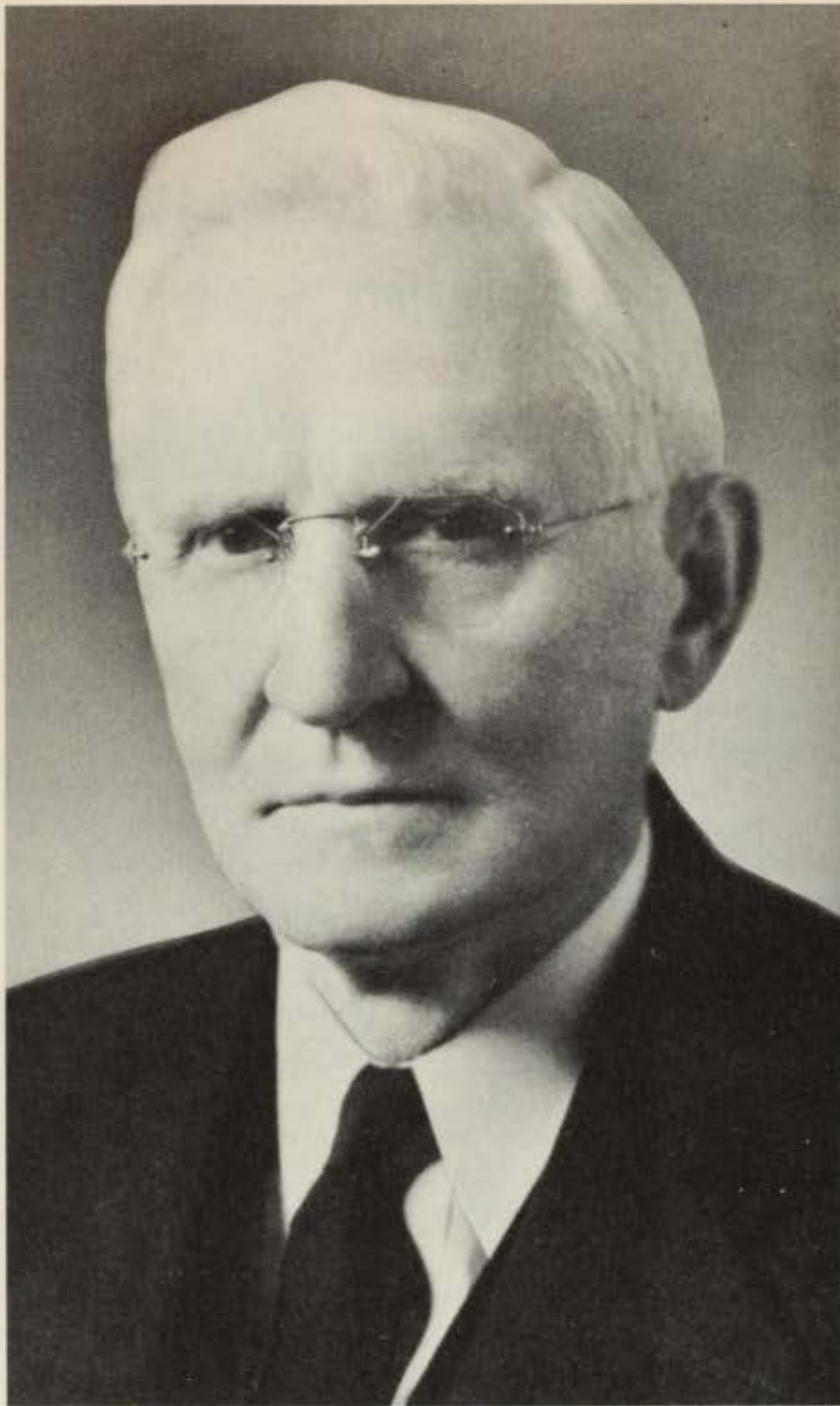
ALONZO A. HINCKLEY was born in Cove Fort, Millard County, Utah, April 23, 1870. He attended the public schools at Fillmore, the Millard Stake Academy, and the Brigham Young University. For two years he taught in the public schools. Thereafter he engaged in farming and merchandising in Hinckley.

For two sessions of the State Legislature he represented that county, and was State Secretary of Agriculture under Governor Charles R. Mabey.

In the settlement and reclamation of western Millard County, including Deseret, Oasis, Hinckley, Delta, and adjacent territory he was prominent among the leaders and bore a large responsibility in pioneering that section. That was pioneering in a hard land. To redeem and make it productive tested the fiber of the stoutest souls. He grew up under adverse surroundings and understood the problems of the common people. He was one of them—their advocate, friend and leader.

Alonzo A. Hinckley was ordained an Apostle of the Lord, Jesus Christ, on October 11, 1934. At the time, he was not in robust health and lived only four years and a few months thereafter.

On returning from his mission to the Netherlands in 1901, he succeeded his father, Ira N. Hinckley, as president of the Millard Stake of Zion. After the division of that stake he presided over the west half known as Deseret Stake. In



ALONZO A. HINCKLEY

all, he served about 27 years as stake president. At the time of his selection as an Apostle he was presiding over the California Mission.

Elder Hinckley was a practical man, sound in his thinking, patient and kindly in his ways, persuasive in speech, full of faith and with a profound knowledge of the Gospel.

He stood at the head of a strong and brilliant family of sons and daughters, and left a name and memory that will be cherished forever by those who knew him. The following incident is taken from a discourse which he delivered at the general Priesthood meeting of the Church in October, 1934:*

THE GIFT OF A NEW TONGUE

"When I first arrived in Holland to fill a mission in 1897, I was unable to learn the language. I wrote home to my father and asked him to call upon the Bishop of the Ward, the Patriarch of the Stake, and other men in whom he had confidence, and invite them to join him in praying to the Lord in my behalf that I might acquire the language and be able to deliver my message to the people.

"I had never sought for a sign because I was fearful of them, but I did seek the Spirit of the Lord to help me touch the hearts of men. I not only prayed to the Lord to assist me to learn the Dutch language, but I also studied it as faithfully as I could. I succeeded in learning two or three sentences which enabled me to deliver my literature from door to door.

"One day, when I was alone, visiting among the people at Rotterdam, it was my duty to go back to the homes in which I had left tracts and take up the literature. As I went to gather the booklets, some power, that I cannot understand, possessed me until I quaked and trembled. I stood and looked at the house at which I was to call and felt as if I could not go to the door. But I knew my duty and so, with

*Conference Report, October, 1934.

fortitude and determination I went to the house, raised the knocker and dropped it. Almost instantly, the door opened and an irate woman stepped out and closed it behind her. She talked in a very loud, shrill voice, berating me most severely.

"I did not realize for the moment, that I was understanding Dutch as clearly as though she had been speaking English. I felt no supernatural power, or influence, or feeling. I just knew every word she was saying. She spoke so loudly that a carpenter, who was working across the street, building a porch on a little store, heard her and, I suppose, thought I was abusing the woman, for he came over to where we stood and brought his son with him and, greatly to my alarm, he carried a broadax. The man took his position near me and listened to the woman, who continued her tirade against me in a shouting voice.

"I did not grow angry because of the woman's abuse, but to the contrary, my soul was filled with a burning desire to speak her language and to testify of the divinity of the Gospel and of the Lord Jesus Christ. I thought if I could only explain to her the importance of my message and the good it would do her, she would not berate me as she does now.

"In a few moments she ceased her abuse and I began speaking. And I spoke the Dutch language. I defended the Truth and bore testimony of the restoration of the Gospel.

"I had forgotten the large man who stood near me with his ax, and, as I looked at the woman and delivered my message of truth, he put his arms across my shoulders and, looking the woman in the face said, 'The Mormon Church may have its black sheep, but this is a man of God.'

"Her bitterness now gone, the woman replied, 'I know it.'

"After the conversation, I went back home, hardly touching the ground. It dawned upon me that the prayers

I had offered—and perhaps as a result in part, of the hard study I had made—and the prayers of those at home, had been answered in a moment, for I had spoken the Dutch language intelligently for the first time in my life.

"In ecstasy, I rushed home to tell Brother Thatcher in the office, and to tell the president of the mission; but when I attempted to speak, to my great dismay, I was the same as before. I could not understand nor speak the language.

"President Farrell asked me if I would go to meeting that night.

" 'Yes, President Farrell,' I answered, 'after a man has been blessed of the Lord as I have been, I will gladly go. But I beg of you not to call upon me to speak even if you call upon someone to interpret what I say.'

" 'Very well,' he agreed, 'I promise you, Brother Hinckley, that if you go you will not be asked to speak.'

"I went to meeting, and everything progressed nicely, as I thought, until Brother DeBry, the Branch President arose and, contrary to Brother Farrell's promise, announced 'We shall now hear from Elder Hinckley.'

"President Farrell stepped forward, greatly embarrassed, and, addressing me, asked, 'Brother Hinckley, shall I interpret for you?'

"I felt a power I can not describe. 'Wait, President Farrell,' I said as I stood upon my feet. And then I began to speak, not in my native tongue, but in the Dutch language. And, then and there, I delivered the first discourse in my life in the tongue of that mission. The following morning I was sent to preside over the Amsterdam District.

"I know that the Lord can give power to his servants, can equip the honest soul for his work and that the inspiration and power of the Spirit of God, with all the gifts and blessings that pertain to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as he, himself, established it anciently, are the Latter-day Saints today."

HIS VISIT HOME IN A DREAM

While Elder Hinckley was on this mission to the Netherlands his second son was born. His heart was filled with great anxiety concerning the birth of this boy. When he received word from his wife that all was well, he wrote as follows:

"November 18, 1897. I have never received better news than I have received from you this morning. I am so happy and relieved of anxiety that I actually am beside myself. I cannot keep from laughing when I meet any one, and tell them of my good fortune. I am the most thankful man in Holland; and I tell you, it did not take me long to get on my knees and pour out my heart in gratitude to God for his mercies unto us.

"I have had such a lovely dream. I have been with you all—seen you, my dear wife, and the little newcomer, and all those kind ones who have surrounded you. I saw you made comfortable and happy. It seemed that I was in a hurry to get off again for Holland. But I first thanked all, with my heart so full of love that I gathered you all in my arms and embraced you, and then took one more peek in the door at Rose (his wife) and the children, and then landed back in Holland. Was this not a beautiful dream for one in my mood?"

In that far off land he knew the very day and hour that his son was born and his heart was filled to overflowing with joy.

A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING FULFILLED

In a patriarchal blessing given October 21, 1903, to Elder Hinckley in his thirty-third year, by John Ashman, this faithful Stake Patriarch said to him: "Your spirit is a noble spirit of the House of Abraham, and Prince of the Tribe of Ephraim. If you continue faithful in this calling, wherein you are called to labor, you will accomplish much

good in your day and generation. You already have done a great work. And if you continue to labor with the zeal with which you have started, you will be numbered with the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

Elder Hinckley never made reference to this promise either in private or in public, until after he was ordained an Apostle, thirty years later.

Elder George A. Seamon, who recorded this blessing and who at the time was Elder Hinckley's counselor in the Presidency of the Millard Stake, wrote: "As I recall, it was at the first Stake conference, after we, with the late Thomas C. Callister, were set apart to preside over the Millard Stake of Zion. I remember the earnestness of the aged Patriarch when he asked if he might confer upon you the blessing which was in his heart to give you. I acted as scribe, and felt the inspiration that prompted the words of the blessing. I have waited patiently for their fulfillment, knowing that you have unceasingly followed the admonition given therein, and by your labors merited those blessings and even greater ones."

This letter of Elder Seamon was dated Salt Lake City, May 21, 1935, after Alonzo Hinckley was ordained to the apostleship.

The following incidents are from a letter written by Afton Hinckley Badger of Holden, Utah, the oldest daughter of Alonzo:

HIS LAST DAY AT THE CHURCH OFFICE BUILDING

"So long as father's strength would permit him to do so he came to the Church office and worked to the limit of his strength. He had tried for a number of days to finish reading some manuscripts which he had been called to pass upon. It was afternoon and at least two books were still untouched. His strength was spent, he was too weary to hold a pen and too tired to think. Feeling that he could not

do this work without divine assistance, he prayed for strength to finish the task. Following his prayer the tired feeling left him and with his head on his desk he fell asleep. When he awoke he said, 'That was one of the sweetest sleeps of my life.' It could only have been a very short sleep. After awakening, with renewed strength and clear vision, he was able to go through the remaining manuscripts, write his criticisms and finish his work. He did this to his complete satisfaction and at 5:00 p.m. he left the office. His work was done."

HEAVENLY VISITORS

Shortly before Elder Hinckley's death, his daughter, Afton, was with him in his home in Salt Lake City. The family had gone out. Everything was quiet, there was an indescribably sweet influence in the house. She supposed her father was asleep and after some little time she went to his room. When she appeared at the door, he said, "Come in, I have had a wonderful afternoon. Three heavenly messengers dressed in the robes of the Holy Priesthood have been my visitors." He spoke of them teaching him to sing a hymn. At that juncture, the family began to appear and he never mentioned the matter again.

The following circumstance no doubt occurred during Elder Hinckley's first mission:

A little boy who was lame and unable to walk wanted Elder Hinckley to baptize him. As he carried the little fellow into the water he said, "Brother Hinckley, you pray for me," and Elder Hinckley replied, "You pray for me." As the little fellow's feet touched the water a shock ran through his system and when he came out after the baptism he was able to walk naturally and was well forever afterward.

HIS LIFE SAVED THROUGH PRAYER

In his boyhood days, Elder Hinckley worked with his brothers on a ranch. On two or three occasions he narrowly

escaped death. We have heard him relate this story: He was herding horses on the hills adjacent to Cove Fort. It was his responsibility to see that none of these horses was lost. Once while they were peacefully grazing in the flat below, he took the bridle off his saddle horse so that it might eat, and slipped one end of the lariat over his boot, the other end was around the horse's neck. This was so his horse would not get away. He lay down and probably fell asleep. Suddenly his horse became frightened and at the first lunge the lariat tightened around Alonzo's foot. Away the horse went at a terrific speed, dragging him over stones and through brush. He was perfectly helpless and thought any moment it might be his last. He prayed to the Lord for deliverance, when suddenly off came his boot and his life was saved.

LIFE MIRACULOUSLY SAVED

On another occasion, he was playing in the upstairs of an unfinished house. The wind was blowing and the roof was insecurely fastened. The chimney was not yet built but the hole for it was in the roof. The roof collapsed. Alonzo was sitting right where the chimney was to be built, and so the hole in the frame saved him. There he sat with the roof flat and his head sticking upon through the opening made for the chimney. If he had been any other place on the floor he would have been killed.

So for some good end and purpose, his life was spared.

A PROMISE TO A CHILD FULFILLED

Mrs. Jeannette Mills, 1037 Gladys Avenue, Long Beach 4, California, wrote on March 15, 1953, that when she was fourteen years of age, living in Holland, she was seriously afflicted with tuberculosis. She was taken to a specialist who gave her a prescription and said if that did not cure her, she would live about three months.

It did not cure her. One night she was taken very ill, and her father sent for Elder Hinckley and his companion to come and administer to her. They came, and Brother Hinckley blessed her and promised her that if she would be baptized and have faith, that she would recover and go to Zion and become a mother in Israel.

The next Saturday they went to see the Elders and arrangements were made for her baptism. It was the latter part of November, and in Holland at that season it is exceedingly cold. They had to break a hole in the ice to perform the ordinance.

Through this baptism, she was completely healed. She came to Utah, later was married, and is the mother of eleven children. She has eighteen grandchildren. Mrs. Mills has sung in many choirs, and has been active in the Church, and at the present time is in robust health. The promise made by Elder Hinckley was literally fulfilled.

There are several living witnesses who testify to this miraculous healing.

HIS DEPARTED FATHER VISITS HIM

Dr. Harold Hinckley of Long Beach, California, Alonzo's oldest son, related this circumstance.

Shortly before Alonzo died he went to Southern California, hoping that a change in climate might help him. While there on one occasion, he was pondering the fact that his health had not permitted him to discharge his duties as an apostle in a way that was satisfactory to him. While in this mood, his father, Ira N. Hinckley, who had been dead for more than thirty years, appeared to him and told him that he greatly needed his assistance on the other side of the veil, that he had more work than he could possibly do, and really needed him.

Alonzo explained that there was so much here to do, that his health had retarded him, and he would like to stay

and finish it. And so they talked face to face with one another. The experience was repeated the second time, and with the same results. Then his father appeared for the third time, and told him he would have to have him. That was the final word.

Soon after Alonzo returned to Salt Lake City, and died, but not until after he had fought a brave and gallant fight for his life, did he pass away in peace to his great reward.



JOHN MORGAN

John Morgan, a Soldier, Educator and Missionary

JOHN MORGAN was a brave and brilliant defender of the faith in days requiring the courage of a martyr. At the same time, he radiated an influence which fascinated people. He was a deeply religious man, but there was no trace of fanaticism in him, nor was he of the emotional type. He had, however, in a high degree, that elevation of soul which lifts people up and awakens the good that slumbers in the human heart. He was a soldier, an orator, and an educator.

Brigham H. Roberts, in a sermon at the funeral of Sister Morgan, held years after Brother Morgan's death, paid him this tribute:

"John Morgan was one of the most outstanding men of this generation. He has left to us one of the richest legacies of all of those honored dead who, in their lifetime were instrumental in establishing in the earth in the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times, the Gospel of the Redeemer of the World. . .

"A Prince in the spirit world, he was princely here—I have met no man who surpassed him in the possession of those fine qualities of manhood and power which are universally admired."

Elder Morgan joined the Church in his twenty-fifth year and from that time until the end of his brilliant career, he gave to it his undivided and steadfast allegiance.

He kept a comprehensive daily journal but in it there were but few modest references to the many splendid things

which he accomplished. We have selected from that journal a few interesting and faith-promoting incidents.*

AN IMPRESSIVE DREAM

John Morgan's first home in Salt Lake City was with the family of Joseph L. Heywood, Bishop of the Seventeenth Ward. He was not, at this time, a member of the L. D. S. Church nor had he given it much consideration. One morning, on coming down to breakfast, he related to Mrs. Heywood an impressive dream he had had during the night in which he dreamed that he was back in North Georgia near the battlefield of Chickamauga where he had fought in the Civil War and he was traveling southward on a road running from Chattanooga, Tennessee, to Rome, Georgia. He was perfectly familiar with the road, as it was one the soldiers had used many times.

In this dream he suddenly came to a fork in the road and for a moment was undecided as to which fork led to Rome. Then he was amazed to see President Brigham Young standing in front of a large tree in the fork. President Young told him the right hand road led to Rome, but that if he would take the left-hand road, he would have an experience that would give him a strong and abiding testimony of the divinity of the Book of Mormon. Laughingly, he asked Mrs. Heywood what she thought of it. "I am not interested in the Book of Mormon or its divinity, but I am interested in knowing what you think of my dream."

Mrs. Heywood answered: "Mr. Morgan, I think I can give you some light concerning your dream. It is my conviction that the time is not far distant when you will become a member of our Church and that in due time you will be

*The faith-promoting and brilliant chapter taken from the life of Elder Morgan, who was a member of the First Council of Seventy, has never before appeared in print. Because of its merit and because of his part in the early missionary service of the Church, we have given it a place in this collection. This account of John Morgan's missionary experiences was written by his son, Nicholas G. Morgan, Sr.

called to do missionary work in the Southern States. It is my thought that in your missionary work you will one day be following the road and will arrive at the fork you saw in your dream—but President Young will not be there. However, I counsel you to remember his instructions and take the road that will lead to the left."

Mr. Morgan thanked Mrs. Heywood for her interpretation of his dream and soon forgot about it.

A year later John Morgan became a convert to Mormonism and was baptized.

Ten years later while traveling as a missionary from Chattanooga, Tennessee, to Rome, Georgia, he came to a fork in the road which confused him and caused him to stop. He was undecided as to which of the two roads might lead to Rome. As he was pondering, he suddenly realized that the fork in the road that lay before him was the identical place which he had seen in his dream when he resided in the Heywood home in Salt Lake City ten years before. The large tree in the fork was there, but as Sister Heywood had predicted, President Young was not there; but he vividly recalled the counsel given in the dream not to take the right-hand road which he said led to Rome but to follow the left-hand road which would lead him to a remarkable experience from which he would gain a testimony of the divinity of the work in which he was engaged and a knowledge of the divine teachings of the Book of Mormon. Thrilled with his experience, he took the left-hand road and continued his journey. After an hour's walk, the road led him to the rim of a beautiful valley in North Georgia. From a passerby, he learned that the name of the place was Heywood Valley, having the same spelling as the Heywood family, and that it was settled and farmed by some twenty-three prosperous families.

In high spirits he traveled on and called at the first house he came to where he was received with true southern

hospitality. Filled with the spirit of his mission, he spent the entire evening in gospel conversation. Three hours were engaged in his effort to explain the first principles of the Gospel to his newly-made friends. As the interview closed, the head of the house brought out the family Bible, and, to Elder Morgan's amazement, he found that many of the passages of scripture which he had used in explaining the principles of the Gospel, were underscored and in asking who had marked the passages, was advised that ten days before, a kindly looking man in very tidy apparel, and seemingly possessed of great intelligence, had come to their home and had, with their permission, marked their Bible, explaining to them that another would come in a few days who would teach them the meaning of the marked passages and explain to them in its completeness the great Plan of Salvation. They knew not who the stranger was—his name, or from whence he came, or where he went. During the following six weeks, Elder Morgan called successively on each of the families in Heywood Valley and in every home where the stranger had called and had marked the family Bible and had indicated that another would soon visit them and explain to them the scriptures in their fullness, he was successful in converting and baptizing the inhabitants thereof until all but three families were led into the water of baptism. Among those converted was a Methodist pastor, who was made the Presiding Elder of the Heywood Branch and the building he had previously used as a Methodist church, now became a Mormon meeting house.

John Morgan's dream had come true and in his heart he felt he had gained a missionary companion in none other than one of the Three Nephites.

AN EPISTLE IS WRITTEN—A TRACT IS BORN

On Saturday morning, June 1, 1878, while a guest at the home of his first converts in Heywood Valley, Elder Morgan started the writing of an epistle to the Saints in

Georgia and Alabama in particular, and to the people of the world generally, setting forth clearly and convincingly the answers to three weighty questions which have addressed themselves to thinking people since the dawn of time—Whence come we? Why are we here? and Where do we go from here? He spent most of June 1st in writing. The next day being Sunday, he met with and preached to the people. On June 3rd, he continued his writing and on the afternoon of June 4, 1878, he completed it. This treatise which soon became one of the best and most universally used tracts published by the Church since that time, was written in long-hand by President Morgan in three days.

The writing having been completed, he walked ten miles southerly to Rome, Georgia, where he visited the Mosely Printing Shop to whom he awarded the printing job. It was then he decided to change the designation of his writing from epistle to tract and gave it the name of *The Plan of Salvation*.

On Sunday, June 9, 1878, he met with the Saints of Rome, Georgia, and organized the first Sunday School in the Southern States and appointed Brother John P. Daniels as Superintendent and Miss Joan Manwaring as Secretary.

June 25th, he and his assistant, Miss Manwaring, finished the folding and with needle and thread sewed the printed pages of the new tract together and on the following day started mailing and otherwise distributing its first issue. No one can measure the contribution which it has made to the Church and the people it has brought into the Church. It was the first of its kind used in missionary work in the United States. Its publication was paid for by John Morgan and its distribution was general several weeks before the Church Authorities knew of its existence. In a letter to Elder Morgan from John Taylor, dated July 9, 1878, President Taylor, in a postscript, stated that he would like "a copy of the tract recently published." Thus a new method was inaugu-

rated for the presentation of the Restored Gospel of Jesus Christ to the people of the world. Millions of copies have been published and distributed in many languages and in all parts of the world, and at the present time more than a quarter of a million copies are being printed and distributed annually. Truly, a great compliment to the genius and inspiration of John Morgan.

AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION

There is associated with the printing of this tract an interesting incident. The printer had never before met John Morgan at the time he brought his manuscripts to be printed, although he had heard wild tales about the Mormons, and naturally suspected him and was determined to be cautious in any business he might transact with him. Having learned that it was but a small treatise on Mormon doctrine Mr. Morgan wanted printed, he quoted him a reasonable price for the job, and it was accepted. That evening, on returning home, Mr. Mosely told his wife about the incident and stated that he was favorably impressed with the Mormon Elder. "He appears to be a perfect gentleman," he told her. "He is a very fine looking man and seems possessed of a most delightful personality."

"Well, tell me," said Mrs. Mosely, "did he try to convert you to be a Mormon?" Mr. Mosely's reply was to the contrary. Nothing more was said in the Mosely home concerning Mr. Morgan until the next evening when Mr. Mosely told his wife, on his return home, of a further conversation he had with Mr. Morgan during the day.

"You know," said he, "the better I become acquainted with John Morgan, the better I like him. He is a very intelligent man and impresses me greatly."

Later that evening, Mrs. Mosely intimated that she would like to meet Mr. Morgan and suggested that he be invited to their home to dinner the following evening. This

suggestion met with Mr. Mosely's approval, and on the following day Elder Morgan was invited to the Mosely home for dinner. After a good meal, the evening was spent in a pleasant conversation, no reference, whatever, being made to religion by either of the parties. Shortly before Elder Morgan's departure, Mrs. Mosely's curiosity got the better of her and she asked the guest to tell them something about Mormonism. Elder Morgan replied that he would be very happy to do so, but that her husband was printing a booklet or tract that would give her considerable information on the subject. He suggested that as soon as a copy of the tract was available, she read it and then if she had any questions concerning it, he would be pleased to answer them. Thus the conversation ended.

The following morning Mrs. Mosely asked her husband to bring the manuscript of Mr. Morgan's tract home with him that evening, as she was very anxious to read it. He did, and he and his wife spent the evening until midnight reading and discussing the *Plan of Salvation*. As a result, they finally were both baptized and became active members of the Church—the first fruits of *The Plan of Salvation* tract.

PREACHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

On the evening of November 14, 1878, Elder Morgan was concluding his first mission among the Southern people and on this occasion was holding a meeting at the home of Mr. Dixon Bailey. It was a short distance from the city of Rome, Georgia. For some time he had been vigorously preaching to the people and had been eminently successful—so successful that the clergy and the Ku Klux Klan had made serious threats against him and demanded that he leave that part of the country. A few days before this, he had received the following warnings:

"Elder Morgan, we are well acquainted with the dealings of your people in Utah, also with their history. The

fate of your Bishop Lee should be another warning to you. Be that as it may, we will not suffer you any longer to impose upon some of the ignorant men of these mountains. This is our last warning. Quit or take the consequences.

"Signed K.K.K."

Among those who were most vigorous in opposing Elder Morgan was a Methodist preacher by the name of William Green. He was a leader in the Ku Klux Klan. At this same time, he had written an unsigned letter to the Elder which read as follows:

"Reverend Mr. Morgan: We want to do right in the sight of God and abstain from every appearance of evil. We love and fear the Lord. We mourn, we thirst after righteousness. We believe in the Lord, our God. We believe we have charity, but fallible is our nature. We want to get to Heaven on the terms of the Bible. We entertain strangers. We pray for our enemies, we live as best we can—illiterate but honest, I hope. Now, sir, you are causing great excitement and confusion in this, our quiet community. Now will you return to your country in peace, or take what follows

"In haste."

Many such threats had been made against Elder Morgan and some of his trusted friends had advised that he leave for the present. Elder Morgan, however, remained unafraid, knowing that he was engaged in the work of the Lord and did not hesitate for one moment in his labors of converting and baptizing those who believed. On one occasion, while traveling through a forest to attend a meeting at the home of one of the saints, he found tacked to a tree a crude drawing of a missionary being hanged to a tree by a member of the K.K.K.

On the aforesaid evening of November 14th he had arranged for a meeting to be held at the home of Dixon Bailey. Country folk from all around had gathered to hear the Mormon Elder talk on the first principles of the Gospel.

The meeting was being held in the front yard of Brother Bailey's home. A song was sung and invocation offered, when Miss Dolly Bailey, a daughter of Dixon Bailey, came hurriedly to the stand, whispering in the ear of Elder Morgan, advising him that the Ku Klux Klan was assembling preparatory to breaking up the meeting and forcefully driving Elder Morgan from the community. Calling Mr. Bailey to the stand, the Elder inquired if there were any firearms in the home. Mr. Bailey hurriedly entered his home and returned with three rifles. The Elder, first ascertaining that they were loaded, stacked them beside the table which was temporarily being used as a pulpit. He then advised the congregation of the situation and counseled them to remain undisturbed and proceeded to deliver his sermon. Being a speaker of great persuasion, he soon had his audience completely engrossed in his subject, when down the road there came galloping horsemen dressed in the accustomed white robes and headgear of the Klansmen. In a cloud of dust the horsemen stopped in front of the Bailey home and hesitated, apparently amazed to see the Elder behind his armed pulpit. Undisturbed by the appearance of the Klansmen, Elder Morgan counseled his audience that there was nothing to fear, but advised them that he would like to digress from the subject upon which he had been speaking and enlarge for a few moments upon the rights and privileges guaranteed by American citizenship. Then directing his remarks to the mounted and disguised members of the Klan, he spoke eloquently on the American right of free speech and told them of the ancient English doctrine that a man's home was his castle and that he had full right to defend it, and finally he advised his listeners that he was but a humble Mormon Elder, preaching the Gospel of the Redeemer, yet it was his intention to continue preaching and that with his life, he would defend his inalienable American right of free speech. It was then that the leader of the Klan was heard to say to

his fellows: "That d—— Mormon appears to know what he is talking about." Then, apparently influenced by the presence of the three loaded rifles ready for instant use and realizing that the large congregation was in sympathy with Elder Morgan, the leader continued: "Maybe we had better let him go." And the armed and hooded Klansmen rode away. John Morgan continued his sermon on the first principles. On the following day, seven souls were baptized and confirmed members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints under the hands of Elder John Morgan.

MIRACULOUSLY PRESERVED

John Morgan was an eloquent and convincing preacher of the Gospel. President Heber J. Grant testified to this in a letter written to Elder Morgan's son, Nicholas G., April 22, 1937, in which he said:

"At the time that Brother Morgan was President of the Southern States Mission, he was often requested to speak in the Thirteenth Ward in Salt Lake City, and it gives me great pleasure to say that his sermons were among the most impressive and most inspiring that I recall. One sermon of all others delivered by John Morgan that I recall and one that made the most profound impression upon me lasted for one hour and a half. In this sermon Brother Morgan related many incidents in his life in which he had been miraculously preserved from injury or death in his missionary labors in the South. He stated that on walking down one of the main streets in Rome, Georgia, on one occasion, an unseen power seemed to compel him to jump to one side. As he jumped he heard the hum and felt the air concussion of two bullets as they passed exactly where he had been standing, and just ahead of him he saw a man fall dead. He hurriedly turned about in time to see another man staggering who evidently had fired one of the fatal shots, but before falling dead, in

his own tracks, he fired another shot and killed the son of the first man who had been shot.

"On another occasion, Brother Morgan related that he was preaching the Gospel in the city of Rome, Georgia, explaining to the people that the Priesthood and all the powers that were upon the earth in ancient times and in the days of the Savior were upon the earth today; that miracles were being performed, the sick made well through administration by those endowed with the power of the Priesthood, the lame made to walk; that there were those who saw visions, spoke in tongues and prophesied, and he explained to his listeners that if they would but humble themselves and have faith, repent of their sins and through the ordinances of baptism and confirmation come within the folds of the Church, that they too could participate in these marvelous blessings. At this time a large well-dressed and apparently influential man arose in the audience and addressing his remarks to Brother Morgan said, 'Mr. Preacher, I have been much interested in your remarks and especially those that infer that signs will follow the believers. Now, sir, I live in an adjoining county; have lived there for many years and am what you would call a really influential man among the people, but I want to say to you now that after what you have just said, unless you can give us a sign right here and now I am warning you that it would really be unpleasant for you to ever visit our community. I will see to it that you are handled pretty roughly and driven out.' Thereupon Brother Morgan, in answer to the man's request, quoted the saying of the Savior to the effect that a wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and he further said that what applies to a generation applies to a community, what applies to a community applies to an individual and, 'Sir, I am amazed that a man of your standing and influence would stand up before this large audience of several hundred people and proclaim yourself an adulterer.' The man, terribly enraged at Brother

Morgan's rebuttal, started with an oath toward the pulpit with the intention of doing bodily injury to the Elder. He hadn't gone far when an officer of the law arose. He was dressed in his official uniform and in a stern voice commanded the enraged man to return to his seat. Then turning to Brother Morgan, he said, 'Mr. Peacher, I happen to be the Chief of Police in the city in which this man lives, and it is very apparent that when you stated that he was a self-confessed adulterer, you hit him in a vulnerable spot. The fact is,' continued the Chief of Police, 'that it was only last month that I arrested this man for that offense in our town and when taken before the court, he pleaded guilty to the charge.' The man seeking for a sign, according to Brother Morgan, sneaked out a side door and he continued with his sermon."

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER

The presidency of John Morgan covered a period of persecution in the Southern States. He was thoroughly acquainted with the people of the South. As a young Union officer, he had, over a period of three years, fought in many of the battles which occurred in Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia, and assisted in subjugating the Confederate Army. During his ministry, he became acquainted with many people of the South and learned to love them. In the days when he was President of the Mission it was customary for the missionaries to travel without purse or scrip and to rely upon the hospitality and generosity of the people of the country to whom they were preaching and teaching the principles of the Gospel. On one occasion when President Morgan was holding a council meeting with a group of traveling missionaries in the backwoods of Tennessee, a number of Elders had reported very poor results in interesting the people. In an endeavor to ascertain the reason for this lack of interest on the part of the people, President Morgan inquired of the Elders reporting negligible results if they had

sufficient money to purchase the food they had needed and lodging whenever it was necessary. The Elders stated that they had; that they had never missed a meal and that they had been paying regularly for their lodging. So far as their travels were concerned, they were enjoying themselves greatly. The following morning, President Morgan directed Elder James Ford of Centerville, Utah, and his companion, two of the Elders reporting unsatisfactory results, to start on their journey by foot to a hitherto unvisited section of the country and to travel without purse or scrip.

Here is a story of pathos. It was early when they started. They had walked briskly until dark, without meeting anyone or seeing any habitation where food or lodging might be obtained. Nevertheless they continued on their journey. Shortly after dusk, very dark clouds developed in the sky and there was a great deal of thunder and lightning. The two missionaries quickened their pace but still the entire countryside seemed uninhabited. It started to rain, raining lightly at first, and then very heavily.

Coming to a trail that led through some heavy timbers, they left the main road and hurried to the shelter of the trees. The rain rapidly developed into a torrent and the Elders were soon drenched to the skin. It grew desperately dark. The trail through the trees was a heavy one; sticky clay, making it most difficult to travel. Tired, hungry and cold, they stopped to rest. The rain had ceased, but they did not know where they were or what to do. In that moment, Elder Ford's companion, trembling with cold and emotion, suggested that they kneel on the damp ground and pray; that President Morgan had promised them divine aid should circumstance require it.

Surely they had done their duty and were willing and desirous of carrying on. Surely, God would hear and answer their prayer. Then on bended knees, far from home and loved ones, lost in what they thought was a wholly uninhab-

ited country in the cold and dampness of the woods, the two young Elders knelt in prayer. Elder Ford did the praying. He had prayed daily since he was a boy at his mother's knee, but never until now had he known the true meaning and power of prayer. He talked to the Lord as though He was very near and pleaded for the help necessary to assist them out of their miserable dilemma; and as he prayed, they felt a divine influence about them and in that moment of supplication they received assurance that the Lord would help them to security and peace of mind. In closing his prayer, Elder Ford in deep humility, thanked their Heavenly Father for His blessings and for His Spirit which had enlightened their minds and assured them the security for which they prayed.

They arose to their feet and scarcely had risen when they heard measured footbeats as though a horse was approaching; then through the darkness of the night, they saw the flickering light of a lantern through the trees and they knew that someone was approaching. Not knowing what else to do, they stood still until the man with a lantern, astride his horse, rode up to them. "What are you boys doing here?" the stranger asked. "We are lost," the Elders replied, "but we are very happy to see you." The man dismounted. "Well," said he, "you boys are in pretty bad shape; you better climb onto this horse and I will lead you back to my house. I went to bed pretty tired tonight and I just couldn't go to sleep. I tossed and turned in bed with a constantly growing feeling that someone out here needed help. I don't know why I did it, but I got out of a nice warm bed and came out into the rain and cold and through these woods because I felt that someone was in trouble. I guess it was you boys who just wouldn't let me go to sleep." Astride the horse, the Elders felt the warmth of the animal's body and in their hearts was deep gratitude for their miraculous escape.

Nothing further was said between them and the man until they arrived at his house, and they had been given warm clothing and their hunger appeased. Then the man asked them what their business was and how they happened to be out in that part of the country. The Elders explained to their benefactor the purpose of their mission and explained to him the first principles of the Gospel. It was very late when they retired, but on arising on the following day they learned that the man of the house had left early to invite neighbors and farmers and friends in the valley to a meeting to be held in his home that evening in which the two Elders would be the speakers.

The meeting was held; the house was crowded to its capacity. The two Elders taught the first principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as revealed in this the Dispensation of the Fullness of Time. Filled with the spirit of their mission, they spoke with great power in the delivery of their message. The assembly was thrilled and other meetings were arranged. Soon one family and then another sought baptism until most of the people in the valley were baptized as members of the Church, and their benefactor whom God had sent to them was made the Presiding Elder of the newly organized branch.

RESTORATION TO LIFE

In the year 1880, while attending various conferences in Virginia, President Morgan had a remarkable experience in the little settlement of Burgesgarten, in the State of Virginia. It was not customary for him to record in his journal or to take credit for divine powers bestowed upon him during his ministry; consequently it was not until years later that the fuller details of the following event were made available and this was through a letter written by President John L. Herrick. We quote from Elder Herrick's letter:

"In about 1910, when I was President of the Western

States Mission, I had occasion to visit Pueblo, Colorado, to hold a regular conference. On my arrival at Pueblo I met a Brother Henager who had driven from his home in Victor, Colorado, down to Pueblo to attend the conference. He was a man of about forty years of age.

"I was much impressed with his personality and during our several meetings of the conference he was constantly in my mind. During the final session, Sunday evening, I felt impressed to invite him to the stand to bear his testimony. He accepted my invitation and in his opening remarks gave expression, substantially to the following:

"My father's family lived in a mountainous region in Virginia, and during the period that President John Morgan was in charge of the Southern States Mission, he came into our country to hold a series of meetings; one of which was about thirty miles distant from our home.

"Apparently he had known our family and when the evening meeting was finished, he made inquiry concerning my father and mother. One member of our family who had gone to the meeting told President Morgan that his folks were unable to attend because of the serious illness of his brother. "Well," replied President Morgan, "I have a message for them and we must get it to them immediately."

"He arrived at our home at about 3:00 o'clock the following morning. In the meantime the boy who was sick had died several hours previously. President Morgan went into the room where the boy of ten years lay and prayed for him; blessed him and raised him to life.

"The boy went to school the following morning and when the school teacher arrived, he was sitting on the fence in front of the school. She thought he was an apparition since the word had traveled around the neighborhood that he had died the night before, and she wouldn't believe otherwise until she looked for and found a scar that he had upon his wrist—' Then he continued: 'I was that boy.'

"I may add that several years later I was called to Victor, Colorado, to preach at Brother Henager's funeral. There I found the funeral parlor packed with local business people among whom he had evidently been very popular. At the time we had but few families of our Church living in Victor."

A MOTHER'S LETTER SAVES HER SON'S LIFE

In the early days of the Southern States Mission, it required men of heroic mold to face persecutions and to persist in their endeavors to reach the honest in heart. Many instances of heroism could be chronicled, but one of the most interesting was when a mother's letter played a very important part and directly saved a young Elder from being cruelly whipped and which may have been instrumental in saving his life.

Elder Frank Croft was a missionary in the State of Alabama. Because he persisted in his legal rights guaranteed under the Constitution of the United States in preaching righteousness unto the people, he was forcefully taken into a secluded spot of the backwoods for the purpose of receiving lashings across his bare back at the hands of armed and vicious men. Having arrived at the place where they had concluded to administer the torture, Elder Croft was commanded to remove his coat, shirt, garments and bare his body down to his waist and then he was stood against a nearby tree to which his arms and body were tied to prevent his moving while being lashed across the back until the blood would flow.

Having no alternative, he complied with the demands of the mob but in so doing, there fell from his pocket a letter he had recently received from his mother who lived near Morgan, Utah. Elder Croft, a short time before, had written his parents and in this letter had seriously condemned mob violence, the Ku Klux Klan and others for their cowardly treatment of the Elders. The letter which had fallen

from his coat was an answer from his mother. In it she counseled: "My beloved son, you must remember the words of the Savior when He said, 'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven;' also 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my name's sake. Rejoice and be exceedingly glad for you will have your reward in Heaven for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.' Also remember the Savior upon the cross suffering for the sins of the world when He had uttered these immortal words, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Surely, my boy, they who are mistreating you Elders know not what they do or they would not do it. Sometime, somewhere, they will understand and then they will regret their action and they will honor you for the glorious work you are doing. So be patient, my son; love those who mistreat you and say all manner of evil against you and the Lord will bless you and magnify you in their eyes and your mission will be gloriously successful. Remember also, my son, that day and night, your mother is praying for you always."

Elder Croft, tied to the tree, was so situated that he could see that the leader of the mob had picked up the fallen letter and evidently had decided to read it before giving the word to his men to start the lashing. The Elder observed the hardness of his features, the cruelty in his eyes. He then realized that no sympathy could be expected from him; for his every action was characteristic of cruelty and vindictiveness. He closed his eyes in resignation to his fate and while awaiting the moment when the beating would begin, he thought of home and loved ones and in particular of his beloved mother, and then he silently uttered a prayer in her behalf. Opening his eyes a moment or two later, feeling that the leader had had time to finish reading the letter, he was amazed to see that the man had retired to a nearby

tree stump and having seated himself, was apparently re-reading the letter; but what was more amazing to the Elder was the change in the man's countenance. Much of the hardness and cruelty in his face were gone; his eyes were slightly dimmed by moisture. His whole personality appeared to have changed. He would read a line or two or a paragraph and then sit and ponder, and deep down in the Elder's conscience was the hope, yes, the conviction that the man's heart had been touched by the loveliness and beauty of his mother's letter.

To Elder Croft, it seemed an interminable time had elapsed when the mob leader arose and approaching the helpless Elder said: "Feller, you must have a wonderful mother. You see, I once had one, too." Then, addressing the other members of the mob, he said, "Men, after reading this Mormon's mother's letter, I just can't go ahead with the job. Maybe we had better let him go." Elder Croft was released and went his way, and the loving influence of his mother seemed very near and in his heart and mind rang clear and distinct the words and melody of a beloved song, "God Moves in a Mysterious Way, His Wonders to Perform."

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